



“THE DRIVER POINTED WITH HIS WHIP—‘BASKERVILLE HALL,’ SAID HE.”

(See page 371.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.

By CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER V.

THREE BROKEN THREADS.



SHERLOCK HOLMES had, in a very remarkable degree, the power of detaching his mind at will. For two hours the strange business in which we had been involved appeared to be forgotten, and he was entirely absorbed in the pictures of the modern Belgian masters. He would talk of nothing but art, of which he had the crudest ideas, from our leaving the gallery until we found ourselves at the Northumberland Hotel.

"Sir Henry Baskerville is upstairs expecting you," said the clerk. "He asked me to show you up at once when you came."

"Have you any objection to my looking at your register?" said Holmes.

"Not in the least."

The book showed that two names had been added after that of Baskerville. One was Theophilus Johnson and family, of Newcastle; the other Mrs. Oldmore and maid, of High Lodge, Alton.

"Surely that must be the same Johnson whom I used to know," said Holmes to the porter. "A lawyer, is he not, grey-headed, and walks with a limp?"

"No, sir, this is Mr. Johnson the coal-owner, a very active gentleman, not older than yourself."

"Surely you are mistaken about his trade?"

"No, sir; he has used this hotel for many years, and he is very well known to us."

"Ah, that settles it. Mrs. Oldmore, too; I seem to remember the name. Excuse my curiosity, but often in calling upon one friend one finds another."

"She is an invalid lady, sir. Her husband

was once Mayor of Gloucester. She always comes to us when she is in town."

"Thank you; I am afraid I cannot claim her acquaintance. We have established a most important fact by these questions, Watson," he continued, in a low voice, as we went upstairs together. "We know now that the people who are so interested in our friend have not settled down in his own hotel. That means that while they are, as we have seen, very anxious to watch him, they are equally anxious that he should not see them. Now, this is a most suggestive fact."

"What does it suggest?"

"It suggests—halloa, my dear fellow, what on earth is the matter?"

As we came round the top of the stairs we had run up against Sir Henry Baskerville himself. His face was flushed with anger, and he held an old and dusty boot in one of his hands. So furious was he that he was hardly articulate, and when he did speak it was in a much broader and more Western dialect than any which we had heard from him in the morning.

"Seems to me they are playing me for a sucker in this hotel," he cried. "They'll find they've started in to monkey with the wrong man unless they are careful. By thunder, if that chap can't find my missing boot there will be trouble. I can take a joke with the best, Mr. Holmes, but they've got a bit over the mark this time."

"Still looking for your boot?"

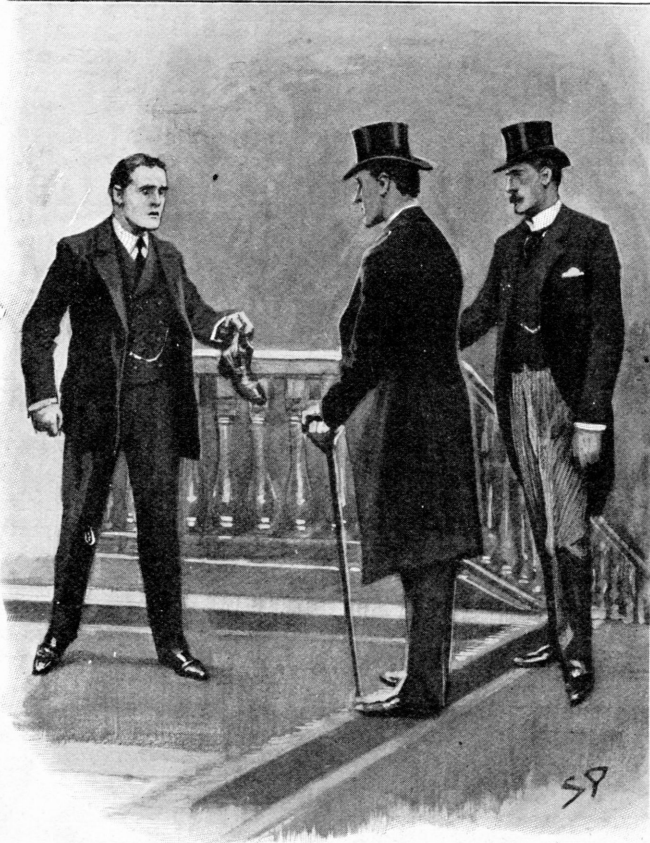
"Yes, sir, and mean to find it."

"But, surely, you said that it was a new brown boot?"

"So it was, sir. And now it's an old black one."

"What! you don't mean to say——?"

"That's just what I do mean to say. I



"HE HELD AN OLD AND DUSTY BOOT IN ONE OF HIS HANDS."

only had three pairs in the world—the new brown, the old black, and the patent leathers, which I am wearing. Last night they took one of my brown ones, and to-day they have sneaked one of the black. Well, have you got it? Speak out, man, and don't stand staring!"

An agitated German waiter had appeared upon the scene.

"No, sir; I have made inquiry all over the hotel, but I can hear no word of it."

"Well, either that boot comes back before sundown or I'll see the manager and tell him that I go right straight out of this hotel."

"It shall be found, sir—I promise you that if you will have a little patience it will be found."

"Mind it is, for it's the last thing of mine that I'll lose in this den of thieves. Well, well, Mr. Holmes, you'll excuse my troubling you about such a trifle——"

"I think it's well worth troubling about."

"Why, you look very serious over it."

"How do you explain it?"

"I just don't attempt to explain it. It seems the very maddest, queerest thing that ever happened to me."

"The queerest, perhaps," said Holmes, thoughtfully.

"What do you make of it yourself?"

"Well, I don't profess to understand it yet. This case of yours is very complex, Sir Henry. When taken in conjunction with your uncle's death I am not sure that of all the five hundred cases of capital importance which I have handled there is one which cuts so deep. But we hold several threads in our hands, and the odds are that one or other of them guides us to the truth. We may waste time in following the wrong one, but sooner or later we must come upon the right."

We had a pleasant luncheon in which little was said of the business which had brought us together. It was in the private sitting-room to which we after-

wards repaired that Holmes asked Baskerville what were his intentions.

"To go to Baskerville Hall."

"And when?"

"At the end of the week."

"On the whole," said Holmes, "I think that your decision is a wise one. I have ample evidence that you are being dogged in London, and amid the millions of this great city it is difficult to discover who these people are or what their object can be. If their intentions are evil they might do you a mischief, and we should be powerless to prevent it. You did not know, Dr. Mortimer, that you were followed this morning from my house?"

Dr. Mortimer started violently.

"Followed! By whom?"

"That, unfortunately, is what I cannot tell you. Have you among your neighbours or acquaintances on Dartmoor any man with a black, full beard?"

"No—or, let me see—why, yes. Barrymore, Sir Charles's butler, is a man with a full, black beard."

"Ha! Where is Barrymore?"

"He is in charge of the Hall."

"We had best ascertain if he is really there, or if by any possibility he might be in London."

"How can you do that?"

"Give me a telegraph form. 'Is all ready for Sir Henry?' That will do. Address to Mr. Barrymore, Baskerville Hall. Which is the nearest telegraph-office? Grimpen. Very good, we will send a second wire to the postmaster, Grimpen: 'Telegram to Mr. Barrymore, to be delivered into his own hand. If absent, please return wire to Sir Henry Baskerville, Northumberland Hotel.' That should let us know before evening whether Barrymore is at his post in Devonshire or not."

"That's so," said Baskerville. "By the way, Dr. Mortimer, who is this Barrymore, anyhow?"

"He is the son of the old caretaker, who is dead. They have looked after the Hall for four generations now. So far as I know, he and his wife are as respectable a couple as any in the county."

"At the same time," said Baskerville, "it's clear enough that so long as there are none of the family at the Hall these people have a mighty fine home and nothing to do."

"That is true."

"Did Barrymore profit at all by Sir Charles's will?" asked Holmes.

"He and his wife had five hundred pounds each."

"Ha! Did they know that they would receive this?"

"Yes; Sir Charles was very fond of talking about the provisions of his will."

"That is very interesting."

"I hope," said Dr. Mortimer, "that you do not look with suspicious eyes upon everyone who received a legacy from Sir Charles, for I also had a thousand pounds left to me."

"Indeed! And anyone else?"

"There were many insignificant sums to individuals and a large number of public charities. The residue all went to Sir Henry."

"And how much was the residue?"

"Seven hundred and forty thousand pounds."

Holmes raised his eyebrows in surprise. "I had no idea that so gigantic a sum was involved," said he.

"Sir Charles had the reputation of being rich, but we did not know how very rich he was until we came to examine his securities. The total value of the estate was close on to a million."

"Dear me! It is a stake for which a man might well play a desperate game. And one more question, Dr. Mortimer. Supposing that anything happened to our young friend here—you will forgive the unpleasant hypothesis!—who would inherit the estate?"

"Since Rodger Baskerville, Sir Charles's younger brother, died unmarried, the estate would descend to the Desmonds, who are distant cousins. James Desmond is an elderly clergyman in Westmorland."

"Thank you. These details are all of great interest. Have you met Mr. James Desmond?"

"Yes; he once came down to visit Sir Charles. He is a man of venerable appearance and of saintly life. I remember that he refused to accept any settlement from Sir Charles, though he pressed it upon him."

"And this man of simple tastes would be the heir to Sir Charles's thousands?"

"He would be the heir to the estate, because that is entailed. He would also be the heir to the money unless it were willed otherwise by the present owner, who can, of course, do what he likes with it."

"And have you made your will, Sir Henry?"

"No, Mr. Holmes, I have not. I've had no time, for it was only yesterday that I learned how matters stood. But in any case I feel that the money should go with the title and estate. That was my poor uncle's idea. How is the owner going to restore the glories of the Baskervilles if he has not money enough to keep up the property? House, land, and dollars must go together."

"Quite so. Well, Sir Henry, I am of one mind with you as to the advisability of your going down to Devonshire without delay. There is only one provision which I must make. You certainly must not go alone."

"Dr. Mortimer returns with me."

"But Dr. Mortimer has his practice to attend to, and his house is miles away from yours. With all the good will in the world, he may be unable to help you. No, Sir Henry, you must take with you someone, a trusty man, who will be always by your side."

"Is it possible that you could come yourself, Mr. Holmes?"

"If matters came to a crisis I should endeavour to be present in person; but you can understand that, with my extensive consulting practice and with the constant appeals which reach me from many quarters, it is impossible for me to be absent from London for an indefinite time. At the present instant one of the most revered names in England

is being besmirched by a blackmailer, and only I can stop a disastrous scandal. You will see how impossible it is for me to go to Dartmoor."

"Whom would you recommend, then?"

Holmes laid his hand upon my arm.

"If my friend would undertake it there is no man who is better worth having at your side when you are in a tight place. No one can say so more confidently than I."

The proposition took me completely by

as it will do, I will direct how you shall act. I suppose that by Saturday all might be ready?"

"Would that suit Dr. Watson?"

"Perfectly."

"Then on Saturday, unless you hear to the contrary, we shall meet at the 10.30 train from Paddington."

We had risen to depart when Baskerville gave a cry of triumph, and diving into one of the corners of the room he drew a brown boot from under a cabinet.

"My missing boot!" he cried.

"May all our difficulties vanish as easily!" said Sherlock Holmes.

"But it is a very singular thing," Dr. Mortimer remarked. "I searched this room carefully before lunch."

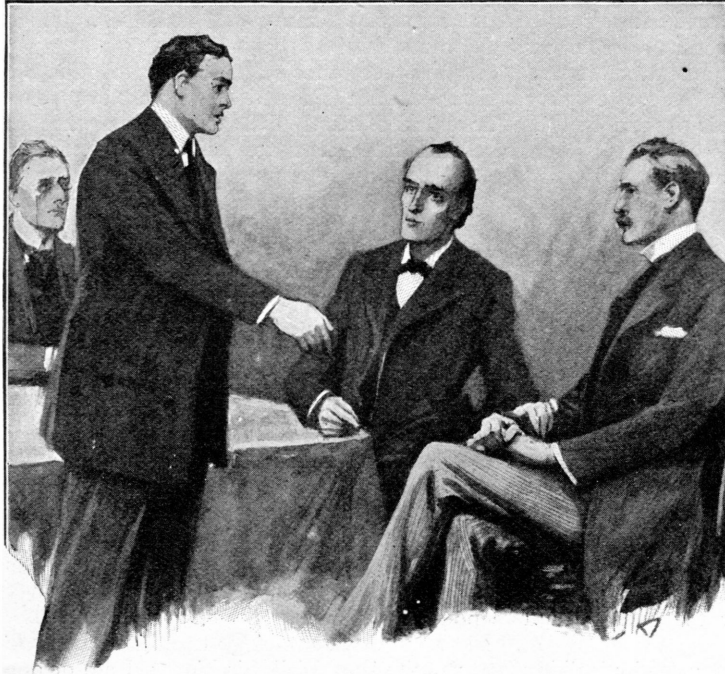
"And so did I," said Baskerville. "Every inch of it."

"There was certainly no boot in it then."

"In that case the waiter must have placed it there while we were lunching."

The German was sent for, but professed to know nothing of the matter, nor could any inquiry clear it up. Another item had been added to that constant and apparently purposeless series of small mysteries which had succeeded each other so rapidly. Setting aside the whole grim story of Sir Charles's death, we had a line of inexplicable incidents all within the limits of two days, which included the receipt of the printed letter, the black-bearded spy in the hansom, the loss of the new brown boot, the loss of the old black boot, and now the return of the new brown boot. Holmes sat in silence in the cab as we drove back to Baker Street, and I knew from his drawn brows and keen face that his mind, like my own, was busy in endeavouring to frame some scheme into which all these strange and apparently disconnected episodes could be fitted. All afternoon and late into the evening he sat lost in tobacco and thought.

Just before dinner two telegrams were handed in. The first ran:—



"THE PROPOSITION TOOK ME COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE."

surprise, but before I had time to answer Baskerville seized me by the hand and wrung it heartily.

"Well, now, that is real kind of you, Dr. Watson," said he. "You see how it is with me, and you know just as much about the matter as I do. If you will come down to Baskerville Hall and see me through I'll never forget it."

The promise of adventure had always a fascination for me, and I was complimented by the words of Holmes and by the eagerness with which the Baronet hailed me as a companion.

"I will come, with pleasure," said I. "I do not know how I could employ my time better."

"And you will report very carefully to me," said Holmes. "When a crisis comes,

"Have just heard that Barrymore is at the Hall.—BASKERVILLE." The second:—

"Visited twenty-three hotels as directed, but sorry to report unable to trace cut sheet of *Times*.—CARTWRIGHT."

"There go two of my threads, Watson. There is nothing more stimulating than a case where everything goes against you. We must cast round for another scent."

"We have still the cabman who drove the spy."

"Exactly. I have wired to get his name and address from the Official Registry. I should not be surprised if this were an answer to my question."

The ring at the bell proved to be something even more satisfactory than an answer, however, for the door opened and a rough-looking fellow entered who was evidently the man himself.

"I got a message from the head office that a gent at this address had been inquiring for 2,704," said he. "I've driven my cab this seven years and never a word of complaint. I came here straight from the Yard to ask you to your face what you had against me."

"I have nothing in the world against you, my good man," said Holmes. "On the contrary, I have half a sovereign for you if you will give me a clear answer to my questions."

"Well, I've had a good day and no mistake," said the cabman, with a grin. "What was it you wanted to ask, sir?"

"First of all your name and address, in case I want you again."

"John Clayton, 3, Turpey Street, the Borough. My cab is out of Shipley's Yard, near Waterloo Station."

Sherlock Holmes made a note of it.

"Now, Clayton, tell me all about the fare who came and watched this house at ten o'clock this morning and afterwards followed the two gentlemen down Regent Street."

The man looked surprised and a little embarrassed. "Why, there's no good my telling you things, for you seem to know as much as I do already," said he. "The truth is that the gentleman told me that he was a detective and that I was to say nothing about him to anyone."

"My good fellow, this is a very serious business, and you may find yourself in a pretty bad position if you try to hide anything from me. You say that your fare told you that he was a detective?"

"Yes, he did."

"When did he say this?"

"When he left me."

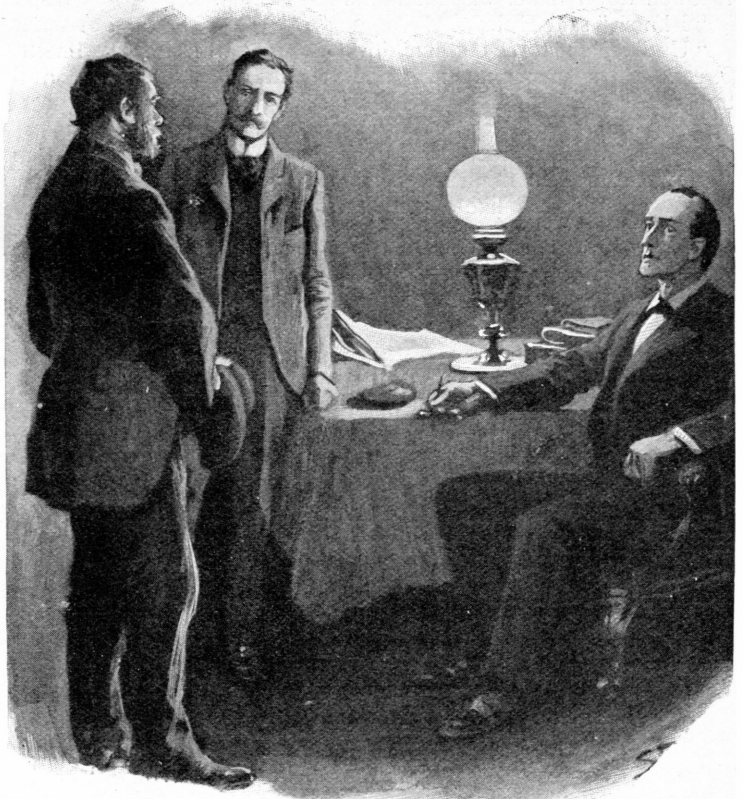
"Did he say anything more?"

"He mentioned his name."

Holmes cast a swift glance of triumph at me. "Oh, he mentioned his name, did he? That was imprudent. What was the name that he mentioned?"

"His name," said the cabman, "was Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

Never have I seen my friend more completely taken aback than by the cabman's



"‘HIS NAME,’ SAID THE CABMAN, ‘WAS MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES.’”

reply. For an instant he sat in silent amazement. Then he burst into a hearty laugh.

"A touch, Watson—an undeniable touch!" said he. "I feel a foil as quick and supple as my own. He got home upon me very prettily that time. So his name was Sherlock Holmes, was it?"

"Yes, sir, that was the gentleman's name."

"Excellent! Tell me where you picked him up and all that occurred."

"He hailed me at half-past nine in Trafalgar Square. He said that he was a detective, and he offered me two guineas if I would do exactly what he wanted all day and ask no questions. I was glad enough to agree. First we drove down to the Northumberland Hotel and waited there until two gentlemen came out and took a cab from the rank. We followed their cab until it pulled up somewhere near here."

"This very door," said Holmes.

"Well, I couldn't be sure of that, but I daresay my fare knew all about it. We pulled up half-way down the street and waited an hour and a half. Then the two gentlemen passed us, walking, and we followed down Baker Street and along——"

"I know," said Holmes.

"Until we got three-quarters down Regent Street. Then my gentleman threw up the trap, and he cried that I should drive right away to Waterloo Station as hard as I could go. I whipped up the mare and we were there under the ten minutes. Then he paid up his two guineas, like a good one, and away he went into the station. Only just as he was leaving he turned round and said: 'It might interest you to know that you have been driving Mr. Sherlock Holmes.' That's how I come to know the name."

"I see. And you saw no more of him?"

"Not after he went into the station."

"And how would you describe Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

The cabman scratched his head. "Well, he wasn't altogether such an easy gentleman to describe. I'd put him at forty years of age, and he was of a middle height, two or three inches shorter than you, sir. He was dressed like a toff, and he had a black beard, cut square at the end, and a pale face. I don't know as I could say more than that."

"Colour of his eyes?"

"No, I can't say that."

"Nothing more than you can remember?"

"No, sir; nothing."

"Well, then, here is your half-sovereign. There's another one waiting for you if you can bring any more information. Good-night!"

"Good-night, sir, and thank you!"

John Clayton departed chuckling, and Holmes turned to me with a shrug of the shoulders and a rueful smile.

"Snap goes our third thread, and we end where we began," said he. "The cunning rascal! He knew our number, knew that Sir Henry Baskerville had consulted me, spotted who I was in Regent Street, conjectured that I had got the number of the cab and would lay my hands on the driver, and so sent back this audacious message. I tell you, Watson, this time we have got a foeman who is worthy of our steel. I've been checkmated in London. I can only wish you better luck in Devonshire. But I'm not easy in my mind about it."

"About what?"

"About sending you. It's an ugly business, Watson, an ugly, dangerous business, and the more I see of it the less I like it. Yes, my dear fellow, you may laugh, but I give you my word that I shall be very glad to have you back safe and sound in Baker Street once more."

CHAPTER VI.

BASKERVILLE HALL.

SIR HENRY BASKERVILLE and Dr. Mortimer were ready upon the appointed day, and we started as arranged for Devonshire. Mr. Sherlock Holmes drove with me to the station and gave me his last parting injunctions and advice.

"I will not bias your mind by suggesting theories or suspicions, Watson," said he; "I wish you simply to report facts in the fullest possible manner to me, and you can leave me to do the theorizing."

"What sort of facts?" I asked.

"Anything which may seem to have a bearing however indirect upon the case, and especially the relations between young Baskerville and his neighbours, or any fresh particulars concerning the death of Sir Charles. I have made some inquiries myself in the last few days, but the results have, I fear, been negative. One thing only appears to be certain, and that is that Mr. James Desmond, who is the next heir, is an elderly gentleman of a very amiable disposition, so that this persecution does not arise from him. I really think that we may eliminate him entirely from our calculations. There remain the people who will actually surround Sir Henry Baskerville upon the moor."

"Would it not be well in the first place to get rid of this Barrymore couple?"

"By no means. You could not make a

greater mistake. If they are innocent it would be a cruel injustice, and if they are guilty we should be giving up all chance of bringing it home to them. No, no, we will preserve them upon our list of suspects. Then there is a groom at the Hall, if I remember right. There are two moorland farmers. There is our friend Dr. Mortimer, whom I believe to be entirely honest, and there is his wife, of whom we know nothing. There is this naturalist Stapleton, and there is his sister, who is said to be a young lady of attractions. There is Mr. Frankland, of Lafter Hall, who is also an unknown factor, and there are one or two other neighbours. These are the folk who must be your very special study."

"I will do my best."

"You have arms, I suppose?"

"Yes, I thought it as well to take them."

"Most certainly. Keep your revolver near you night and day, and never relax your precautions."

Our friends had already secured a first-class carriage, and were waiting for us upon the platform.

"No, we have no news of any kind," said Dr. Mortimer, in answer to my friend's questions. "I can swear to one thing, and that is that we have not been shadowed during the last two days. We have never gone out without keeping a sharp watch, and no one could have escaped our notice."

"You have always kept together, I presume?"

"Except yesterday afternoon. I usually give up one day to pure amusement when I come to town, so I spent it at the Museum of the College of Surgeons."

"And I went to look at the folk in the park," said Baskerville. "But we had no trouble of any kind."

"It was imprudent, all the same," said Holmes, shaking his head and looking very grave. "I beg, Sir Henry, that you will not go about alone. Some great misfortune will befall you if you do. Did you get your other boot?"

"No, sir, it is gone for ever."

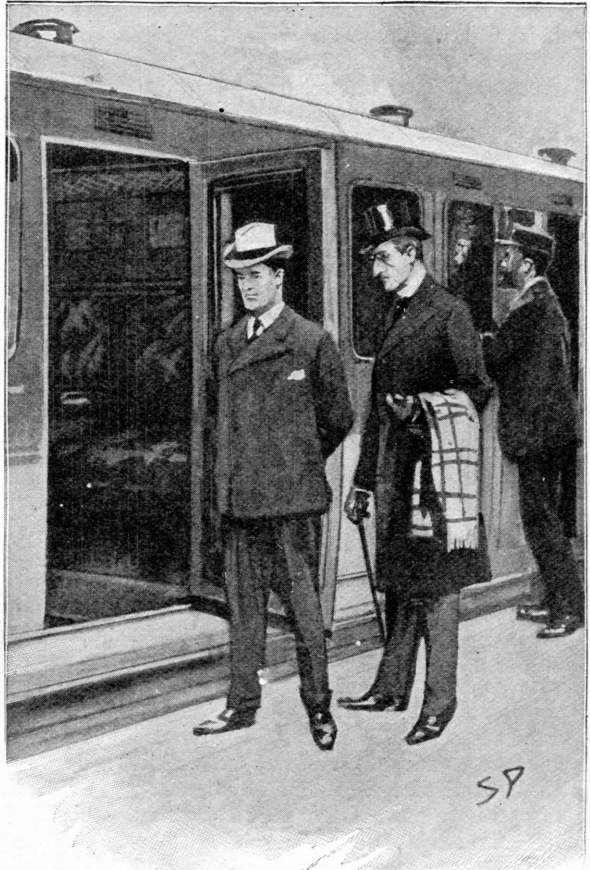
"Indeed. That is very interesting. Well, good-bye," he added, as the train began to

Vol. xxii.—47

glide down the platform. "Bear in mind, Sir Henry, one of the phrases in that queer old legend which Dr. Mortimer has read to us, and avoid the moor in those hours of darkness when the powers of evil are exalted."

I looked back at the platform when we had left it far behind, and saw the tall, austere figure of Holmes standing motionless and gazing after us.

The journey was a swift and pleasant one,



"OUR FRIENDS WERE WAITING FOR US UPON THE PLATFORM."

and I spent it in making the more intimate acquaintance of my two companions and in playing with Dr. Mortimer's spaniel. In a very few hours the brown earth had become ruddy, the brick had changed to granite, and red cows grazed in well-hedged fields where the lush grasses and more luxuriant vegetation spoke of a richer, if a damper, climate. Young Baskerville stared eagerly out of the window, and cried aloud with delight as he

recognised the familiar features of the Devon scenery.

"I've been over a good part of the world since I left it, Dr. Watson," said he; "but I have never seen a place to compare with it."

"I never saw a Devonshire man who did not swear by his county," I remarked.

"It depends upon the breed of men quite as much as on the county," said Dr. Mortimer. "A glance at our friend here reveals the rounded head of the Celt, which carries inside it the Celtic enthusiasm and power of attachment. Poor Sir Charles's head was of a very rare type, half Gaelic, half Ivernian in its characteristics. But you were very young when you last saw Baskerville Hall, were you not?"

"I was a boy in my teens at the time of my father's death, and had never seen the Hall, for he lived in a little cottage on the south coast. Thence I went straight to a friend in America. I tell you it is all as new to me as it is to Dr. Watson, and I'm as keen as possible to see the moor."

"Are you? Then your wish is easily granted, for there is your first sight of the moor," said Dr. Mortimer, pointing out of the carriage window.

Over the green squares of the fields and the low curve of a wood there rose in the distance a grey, melancholy hill, with a strange jagged summit, dim and vague in the distance, like some fantastic landscape in a dream. Baskerville sat for a long time, his eyes fixed upon it, and I read upon his eager face how much it meant to him, this first sight of that strange spot where the men of his blood had held sway so long and left their mark so deep. There he sat, with his tweed suit and his American accent, in the corner of a prosaic railway-carriage, and yet as I looked at his dark and expressive face I felt more than ever how true a descendant he was of that long line of high-blooded, fiery, and masterful men. There were pride, valour, and strength in his thick brows, his sensitive nostrils, and his large hazel eyes. If on that forbidding moor a difficult and dangerous quest should lie before us, this was at least a comrade for whom one might venture to take a risk with the certainty that he would bravely share it.

The train pulled up at a small wayside station and we all descended. Outside, beyond the low, white fence, a wagonette with a pair of cobs was waiting. Our coming was evidently a great event, for station-master and porters clustered round us to carry out our luggage. It was a sweet, simple

country spot, but I was surprised to observe that by the gate there stood two soldierly men in dark uniforms, who leaned upon their short rifles and glanced keenly at us as we passed. The coachman, a hard-faced, gnarled little fellow, saluted Sir Henry Baskerville, and in a few minutes we were flying swiftly down the broad, white road. Rolling pasture lands curved upwards on either side of us, and old gabled houses peeped out from amid the thick green foliage, but behind the peaceful and sunlit country-side there rose ever, dark against the evening sky, the long, gloomy curve of the moor, broken by the jagged and sinister hills.

The wagonette swung round into a side road, and we curved upwards through deep lanes worn by centuries of wheels, high banks on either side, heavy with dripping moss and fleshy hart's-tongue ferns. Bronzing bracken and mottled bramble gleamed in the light of the sinking sun. Still steadily rising, we passed over a narrow granite bridge, and skirted a noisy stream which gushed swiftly down, foaming and roaring amid the grey boulders. Both road and stream wound up through a valley dense with scrub oak and fir. At every turning Baskerville gave an exclamation of delight, looking eagerly about him and asking countless questions. To his eyes all seemed beautiful, but to me a tinge of melancholy lay upon the country-side, which bore so clearly the mark of the waning year. Yellow leaves carpeted the lanes and fluttered down upon us as we passed. The rattle of our wheels died away as we drove through drifts of rotting vegetation—sad gifts, as it seemed to me, for Nature to throw before the carriage of the returning heir of the Baskervilles.

"Halloa!" cried Dr. Mortimer, "what is this?"

A steep curve of heath-clad land, an outlying spur of the moor, lay in front of us. On the summit, hard and clear like an equestrian statue upon its pedestal, was a mounted soldier, dark and stern, his rifle poised ready over his forearm. He was watching the road along which we travelled.

"What is this, Perkins?" asked Dr. Mortimer.

Our driver half turned in his seat.

"There's a convict escaped from Princetown, sir. He's been out three days now, and the warders watch every road and every station, but they've had no sight of him yet. The farmers about here don't like it, sir, and that's a fact."

"Well, I understand that they get five pounds if they can give information."

"Yes, sir, but the chance of five pounds is but a poor thing compared to the chance of having your throat cut. You see, it isn't like any ordinary convict. This is a man that would stick at nothing."

"Who is he, then?"

"It is Selden, the Notting Hill murderer."

I remembered the case well, for it was one in which Holmes had taken an interest on account of the peculiar ferocity of the crime and the wanton brutality which had marked all the actions of the assassin. The commutation of his death sentence had been due to some doubts as to his complete sanity, so atrocious was his conduct. Our wagonette had topped a rise and in front of us rose the huge expanse of the moor, mottled with gnarled and craggy cairns and tors. A cold wind swept down from it and set us shivering. Somewhere there, on that desolate plain, was lurking this fiendish man, hiding in a burrow like a wild beast, his heart full of malignancy against the whole race which had cast him out. It needed but this to complete the grim suggestiveness of the barren waste, the chilling wind, and the darkling sky. Even Baskerville fell silent and pulled his overcoat more closely around him.

We had left the fertile country behind and beneath us. We looked back on it now, the slanting rays of a low sun turning the streams to threads of gold and glowing on the red earth new turned by the plough and the broad tangle of the woodlands. The road in front of us grew bleaker and wilder over huge russet and olive slopes, sprinkled with giant boulders. Now and then we passed a moorland cottage, walled and roofed with stone, with no

creeper to break its harsh outline. Suddenly we looked down into a cup-like depression, patched with stunted oaks and firs which had been twisted and bent by the fury of years of storm. Two high, narrow towers rose over the trees. The driver pointed with his whip.

"Baskerville Hall," said he.

Its master had risen and was staring with flushed cheeks and shining eyes. A few minutes later we had reached the lodge-gates, a maze of fantastic tracery in wrought iron, with weather-bitten pillars on either side, blotched with lichens, and surmounted by the boars' heads of the Baskervilles. The lodge was a ruin of black granite and bared ribs of rafters, but facing it was a new building, half constructed, the firstfruit of Sir Charles's South African gold.

Through the gateway we passed into the avenue, where the wheels were again hushed amid the leaves, and the old trees shot their branches in a sombre tunnel over our heads. Baskerville shuddered as he looked up the



"WELCOME, SIR HENRY!"

long, dark drive to where the house glimmered like a ghost at the farther end.

"Was it here?" he asked, in a low voice.

"No, no, the Yew Alley is on the other side."

The young heir glanced round with a gloomy face.

"It's no wonder my uncle felt as if trouble were coming on him in such a place as this," said he. "It's enough to scare any man. I'll have a row of electric lamps up here inside of six months, and you won't know it again, with a thousand candle-power Swan and Edison right here in front of the hall door."

The avenue opened into a broad expanse of turf, and the house lay before us. In the fading light I could see that the centre was a heavy block of building from which a porch projected. The whole front was draped in ivy, with a patch clipped bare here and there where a window or a coat-of-arms broke through the dark veil. From this central block rose the twin towers, ancient, crenellated, and pierced with many loopholes. To right and left of the turrets were more modern wings of black granite. A dull light shone through heavy mullioned windows, and from the high chimneys which rose from the steep, high-angled roof there sprang a single black column of smoke.

"Welcome, Sir Henry! Welcome, to Baskerville Hall!"

A tall man had stepped from the shadow of the porch to open the door of the wagonette. The figure of a woman was silhouetted against the yellow light of the hall. She came out and helped the man to hand down our bags.

"You don't mind my driving straight home, Sir Henry?" said Dr. Mortimer. "My wife is expecting me."

"Surely you will stay and have some dinner?"

"No, I must go. I shall probably find some work awaiting me. I would stay to show you over the house, but Barrymore will be a better guide than I. Good-bye, and never hesitate night or day to send for me if I can be of service."

The wheels died away down the drive while Sir Henry and I turned into the hall, and the door clanged heavily behind us. It was a fine apartment in which we found ourselves, large, lofty, and heavily raftered with huge balks of age-blackened oak. In the great old-fashioned fireplace behind the high iron dogs a log-fire crackled and snapped. Sir Henry and I held out our hands to it, for we were numb from our long drive. Then we gazed round us at the high, thin window of old stained glass, the oak

panelling, the stags' heads, the coats-of-arms upon the walls, all dim and sombre in the subdued light of the central lamp.

"It's just as I imagined it," said Sir Henry. "Is it not the very picture of an old family home? To think that this should be the same hall in which for five hundred years my people have lived. It strikes me solemn to think of it."

I saw his dark face lit up with a boyish enthusiasm as he gazed about him. The light beat upon him where he stood, but long shadows trailed down the walls and hung like a black canopy above him. Barrymore had returned from taking our luggage to our rooms. He stood in front of us now with the subdued manner of a well-trained servant. He was a remarkable-looking man, tall, handsome, with a square black beard, and pale, distinguished features.

"Would you wish dinner to be served at once, sir?"

"Is it ready?"

"In a very few minutes, sir. You will find hot water in your rooms. My wife and I will be happy, Sir Henry, to stay with you until you have made your fresh arrangements, but you will understand that under the new conditions this house will require a considerable staff."

"What new conditions?"

"I only meant, sir, that Sir Charles led a very retired life, and we were able to look after his wants. You would, naturally, wish to have more company, and so you will need changes in your household."

"Do you mean that your wife and you wish to leave?"

"Only when it is quite convenient to you, sir."

"But your family have been with us for several generations, have they not? I should be sorry to begin my life here by breaking an old family connection."

I seemed to discern some signs of emotion upon the butler's white face.

"I feel that also, sir, and so does my wife. But to tell the truth, sir, we were both very much attached to Sir Charles, and his death gave us a shock and made these surroundings very painful to us. I fear that we shall never again be easy in our minds at Baskerville Hall."

"But what do you intend to do?"

"I have no doubt, sir, that we shall succeed in establishing ourselves in some business. Sir Charles's generosity has given us the means to do so. And now, sir, perhaps I had best show you to your rooms."

A square balustraded gallery ran round

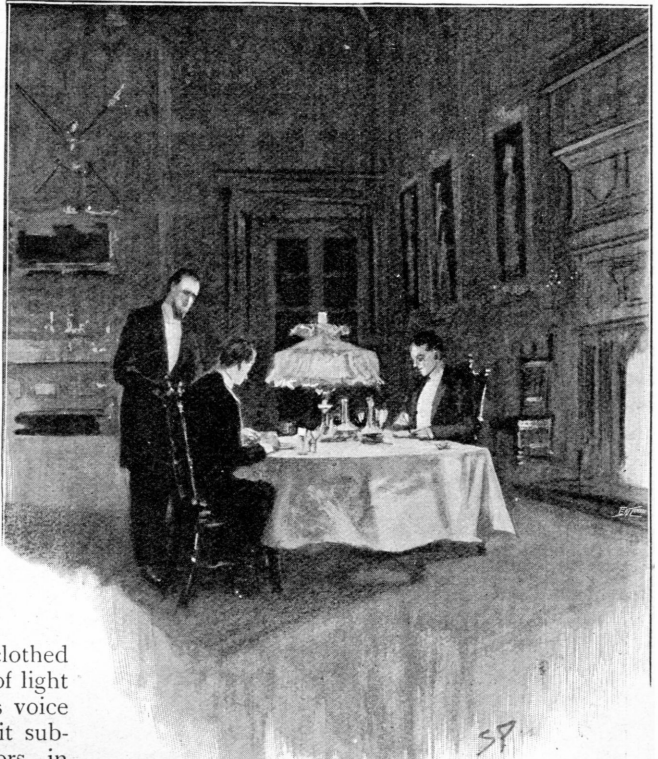
the top of the old hall, approached by a double stair. From this central point two long corridors extended the whole length of the building, from which all the bedrooms opened. My own was in the same wing as Baskerville's and almost next door to it. These rooms appeared to be much more modern than the central part of the house, and the bright paper and numerous candles did something to remove the sombre impression which our arrival had left upon my mind.

But the dining-room which opened out of the hall was a place of shadow and gloom. It was a long chamber with a step separating the dais where the family sat from the lower portion reserved for their dependents. At one end a minstrels' gallery overlooked it. Black beams shot across above our heads, with a smoke-darkened ceiling beyond them. With rows of flaring torches to light it up, and the colour and rude hilarity of an old-time banquet, it might have softened; but now, when two black-clothed gentlemen sat in the little circle of light thrown by a shaded lamp, one's voice became hushed and one's spirit subdued. A dim line of ancestors, in every variety of dress, from the Elizabethan knight to the buck of the Regency, stared down upon us and daunted us by their silent company. We talked little, and I for one was glad when the meal was over and we were able to retire into the modern billiard-room and smoke a cigarette.

"My word, it isn't a very cheerful place," said Sir Henry. "I suppose one can tone down to it, but I feel a bit out of the picture at present. I don't wonder that my uncle got a little jumpy if he lived all alone in such a house as this. However, if it suits you, we will retire early to-night, and perhaps things may seem more cheerful in the morning."

I drew aside my curtains before I went to bed and looked out from my window. It opened upon the grassy space which lay in front of the hall door. Beyond, two copses of trees moaned and swung in a rising wind.

A half moon broke through the rifts of racing clouds. In its cold light I saw beyond the trees a broken fringe of rocks and the long, low curve of the melancholy moor. I closed the curtain, feeling that my last impression was in keeping with the rest.



"THE DINING-ROOM WAS A PLACE OF SHADOW AND GLOOM."

And yet it was not quite the last. I found myself weary and yet wakeful, tossing restlessly from side to side, seeking for the sleep which would not come. Far away a chiming clock struck out the quarters of the hours, but otherwise a deathly silence lay upon the old house. And then suddenly, in the very dead of the night, there came a sound to my ears, clear, resonant, and unmistakable. It was the sob of a woman, the muffled, strangling gasp of one who is torn by an uncontrollable sorrow. I sat up in bed and listened intently. The noise could not have been far away, and was certainly in the house. For half an hour I waited with every nerve on the alert, but there came no other sound save the chiming clock and the rustle of the ivy on the wall.

(To be continued.)

How Cab, 'Bus, and Tram-Car Drivers are Tested

IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.



EVERYONE is probably aware that the driver of a hansom cab, omnibus, or other public vehicle in the London Metropolis has to undergo a searching examination at Scotland Yard to establish his capacity to have charge of that particular vehicle. But few are aware of the nature of the examination which "cabby" is subjected to before he is allowed to handle the "ribbons" in the public service.

Ten years ago it was comparatively easy to secure the coveted license, but to-day things are different; and the man who would drive a hackney carriage in the London streets must have his wits about him to satisfactorily pass the examination which the police authorities now impose. "Those hexams are getting wus and wus," is the remark of the London cabmen to-day. Undoubtedly the tests are more severe than they were say five years ago, yet it cannot be said that the

powers that be throw obstacles in the way of the would-be driver, but rather make sure that he is capable of handling a horse and carriage in busy, crowded thoroughfares.

Before a cab proprietor will let out his vehicles the applicant has first to produce the Government license. To obtain this the would-be "jehu" has to present himself at the "Yard," and for probably a fortnight is kept in a state of nervous excitement. Briefly the *modus operandi* is as follows: The prospective cabman fills up an ordinary form, which has to be accompanied by either two private references or a character from last employer. Next morning he probably receives an unexpected call from Mr. Policeman, whose duty it is to ascertain whether the man actually resides at the address given. The references are then verified, and if satisfactory the applicant is told to present himself at Scotland Yard for the examination.



A CANDIDATE AND EXAMINER ABOUT TO START FROM SCOTLAND YARD FOR A TEST DRIVE IN THE POLICE GIG.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Limited.

This, in the cabmen's opinion, is the most trying of the whole of the ordeal, as unless you are a veritable walking encyclopædia of the London streets it is ten to one against your coming through with flying colours. Indeed, many men on the streets to-day have made two, three, four, and even six journeys to the examination-room before the inspector has "ticked" their paper. Taking his seat in the room "cabby" is kept busy for twenty minutes or more answering questions which would puzzle the majority of those who pride themselves on their knowledge of the great Metropolis.

The first question invariably put to the nervous novice is, "Where do you live?" Say the answer is Kennington, he is then probably asked how he would drive a fare from Kennington to Euston, and has to reiterate fully the principal streets he would

to a great extent is a public servant. Say an accident occurred at the Marble Arch, Westminster Bridge, or Sloane Street, he must, by law, convey the sufferer to the nearest hospital.

The failure to answer any question to the satisfaction of the examiner at once disqualifies the applicant. He is sternly told to go home and study his map. Not many weeks ago thirteen applicants presented themselves in the examination-room and only two passed. Out of 1,033 candidates that presented themselves in the course of a twelve-month only 634 passed, and many of these were examined more than once. Indeed, no man faces the inspector until he has spent a good many hours on a map, studying the principal thoroughfares, squares, public buildings, places of amusement, and railway stations. The majority of unsuccessful candidates are



From a Photo. by]

CANDIDATES WAITING TO BE TESTED IN 'BUS-DRIVING.

[George Newnes, Limited.

pass through. The correct route being given, he is next requested to give the route from Euston to, say, Chalk Farm, from Chalk Farm to Dalston Junction, and from the latter place to Paddington Station. He has practically to describe how he would get from well-known points in a four-mile radius.

But this by no means ends the examination; he has to satisfy the inspector on many other points. He is asked where certain squares are, and here many fail. He must also know the principal railway stations, public buildings, and hospitals, as a cabman

youths engaged in the carriers' business. Their acquaintance with the streets is not quite comprehensive enough for the police authorities; curiously enough, they generally fail in the squares and hospitals.

Supposing the applicant has satisfied his examiner as to his knowledge of London, he is by no means a full-fledged cabby. Suddenly he is requested to appear at the Yard to undergo tests in driving. Mounting a light gig, he is told to drive to some spot in the City. Seated at his side is the observant inspector, and woe betide the embryonic



THE OLD-FASHIONED TRIAL 'BUS, WITH CANDIDATE AND EXAMINER, ABOUT TO START
From a Photo. by] FROM SCOTLAND YARD. *[George Newnes, Limited.*

cabby if he attempts to pass another vehicle on the wrong side, or does not show judgment in passing in and out between the innumerable carriages passed on the busy streets, or ability to pull up his horse quickly; he is instantly dismissed, and his knowledge of the great City's thoroughfares, however elaborate, counts for nothing.

Out of 526 applicants who satisfactorily passed the "street" examination in 1899, 53 failed in the driving test. Should the driving be satisfactory, cabby is handed his license on payment of the sum of five shillings. There are a few more preliminaries, such as emphatic instructions that anything left in the cab must be delivered within twenty-four hours to the nearest police-station, and that he must also advise the authorities instantly of any change in his address.

Not many weeks ago a 'bus-driver was unceremoniously taken off his 'bus in St.

Martin's Lane for the seemingly trifling offence of not having advised Scotland Yard of his change of residence. It appears he met with an accident a few days before, and in reporting it unwittingly forgot to give his new address. Although the police could find him at the 'bus company they were annoyed because he had broken one of the regulations, and for this little breach of the law the man was suspended for a month. That meant that his license was taken away, and application could not be made again until the month had expired, when so many preliminaries had to be gone through again that nearly six weeks elapsed before he could mount his seat again.

Omnibus-drivers, like cabmen, are compelled to pass an examination in managing a 'bus before they are given a license which makes them eligible for the first vacancy that occurs in any omnibus company's employ. This examination is thoroughly effective, and includes more than the mere art of driving. There are few better drivers than the gunners of the British Army, yet one of these, fresh from the hardest tasks of driving in South Africa, was "plucked" not long since as a candidate for the license to drive a 'bus in London. The fact is that driving through street traffic requires special qualifications, among which a knowledge of the police regulations is one of the essentials.

The candidate, assuming that he has got over such preliminaries as mounting on the right side, proceeds to drive his cumbrous vehicle along the Embankment. The qualities which make the London driver, on the whole, the best in the world are those which

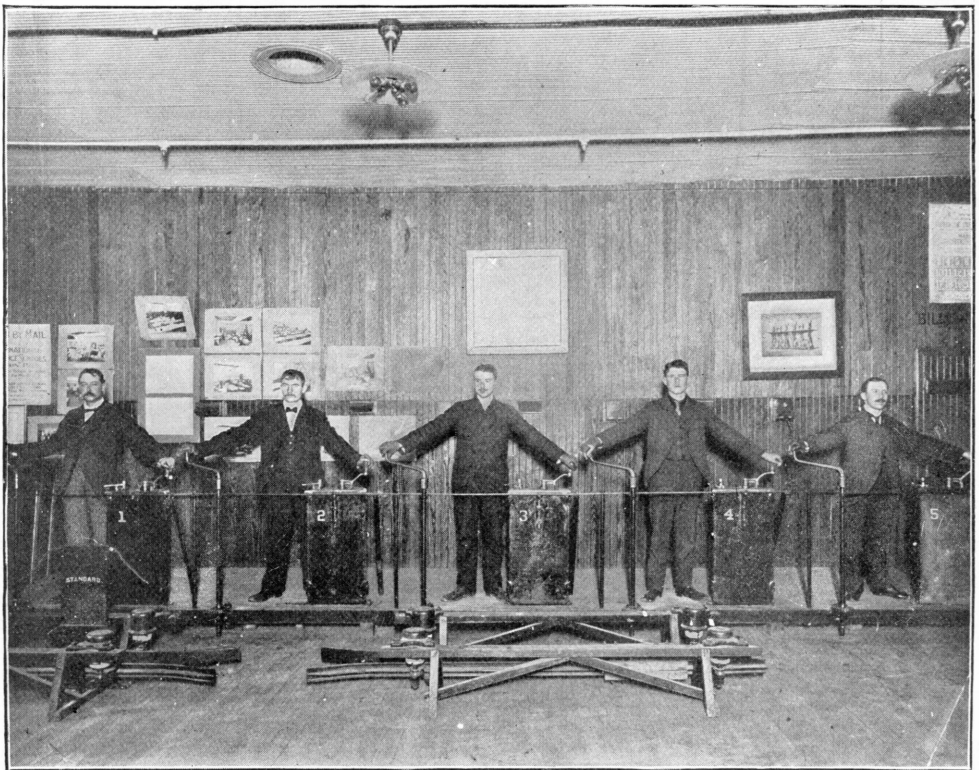
are called forth from moment to moment in overcoming the little difficulties of threading crowded traffic. It is quickness of judgment which makes a good driver — and on the display of this quality depends to a large extent the chances of a candidate's success.

As will be seen from our photograph, an old-fashioned omnibus is used; indeed, it is declared to be the oldest 'bus in London. It was driven by the famous Tilling himself some forty years ago, and is called the "Enterprise."

The examiner, who may be detected in our illustrations, is Sergeant Cole. He is busy on most weekday afternoons testing applicants for drivers' licenses, and in the course of a year nearly 3,000 men pass through his hands. Ask a 'busman what he thinks of him and he will answer, "He's all right, but very strict,"

nearest police-station, to "pass" the authorities. The owner has then to pay £2 for the number-plate and 15s. per annum to the Inland Revenue for wheel duty. An omnibus also has to pay the authorities £2 for its plate and 15s. yearly for wheel duty. Every year a cab has to be done up, and it is ever under the watchful eye of the men in blue. Men are told off specially, easily detected by London drivers by the letters "C. O." on their collars, meaning Carriage Office. The duty of these men is to see that the cab, horses, and harness are in good condition. They also take note of the driver, and if he is not clean or tidy his number is taken and he is told to "spruce himself up a bit." A driver's license costs 5s., and has to be renewed annually, an easy matter provided "cabby" has had no summonses.

Drivers of motor-cabs have also to prove



[From a]

LEARNERS ON THE DUMMY CAR PLATFORMS—NEW YORK.

[Photo.]

while a cabman will reply, "Why, bless yer, he knows every corner in London." In 1899, 765 'bus applicants were disqualified out of a total of 2,284.

Few persons are aware that before a hansom can be placed on the London streets it has to be taken to Scotland Yard, or the

Vol. xxii.—48.

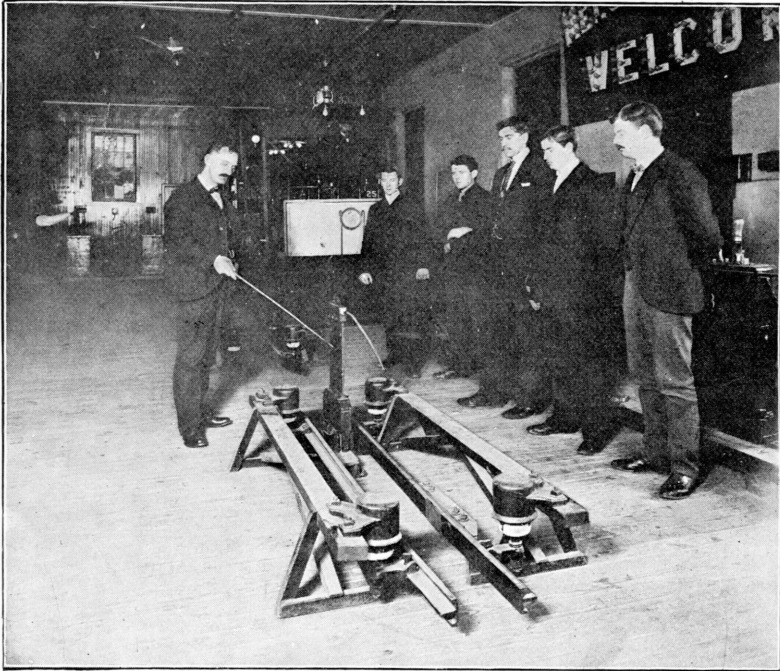
their ability to manage their vehicle before they are granted the coveted number. To drive a motor technical knowledge is desirable. The same may be said of trams, and now that London is soon to be intersected by a network of electric tramways, which will travel much faster than the system

at present in vogue, the drivers will have to exercise particular caution and skill in conducting their vehicles.

In view of this fact it is interesting to study the methods adopted by the tramway authorities of New York to inculcate their motor-men into the work of driving a car. To direct a heavily-laden car through a crowded thoroughfare thronged with an interminable stream of waggons, carts, and innumerable other vehicles, without endangering life or property, necessitates considerable presence of mind, a cool head, and

ridiculed as being a fad, but the utility of the scheme was soon rendered apparent by the superiority of the drivers who graduated from this unique school.

The applicant for the position of a motor-man first undergoes a rigid examination by the doctor, to ascertain whether he is physically adapted to the hard wear and tear of a car-driver's life. If he is proved to be fitted, and has passed the ordeal of testing his eyesight, he passes into the school and his tutelage commences. In the class-room are ranged thirty dummy car platforms,



From a

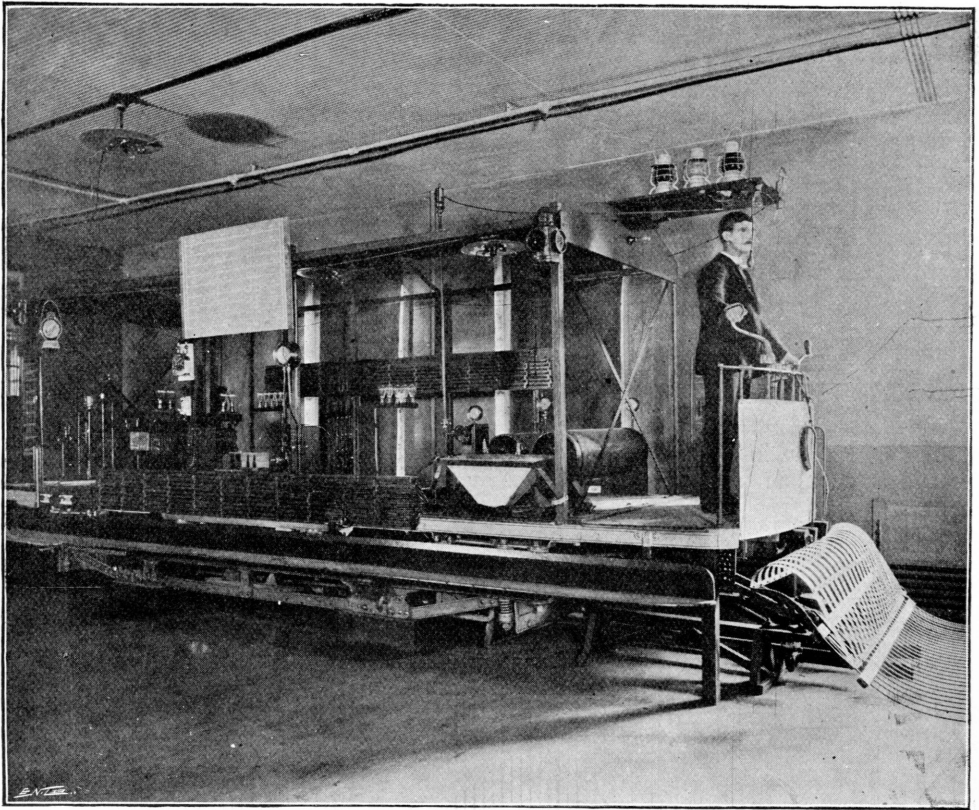
INSTRUCTOR EXPLAINING THE SYSTEM OF FEEDING-RAILS—NEW YORK.

[Photo.]

good judgment. Then, again, in view of the intricacy of the mechanism for propelling the cars by electricity and for the skilful application of the brakes at the psychological moment without inconveniencing the passengers a mechanical knowledge is advisable. The car-drivers of the American metropolis are not purely drivers, but also possess a preliminary knowledge of electrical engineering. This state of affairs has been brought about by the foundation of a school in New York for the training of motor-men.

This school was inaugurated at the instigation of President Vreeland, of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, under the ægis of which all the tramways of New York are maintained. As is invariably the case with such innovations, the idea was highly

each equipped with a controller, a brake, a ground switch, and a fuse-box—in fact, the entire electrical equipment necessary for the driving and controlling of a street car. He is assigned to one of these dummy cars, armed with a book of rules, each of which he must commit to memory as sedulously as he did his arithmetical tables when a schoolboy. The breaking of one of these rules meets with the direst punishment, and may lead to expulsion if committed too frequently. The greatest sin is to forget to remove the handle of the controller whenever leaving the car, even if it be only a momentary absence. "Never leave the car platform for an instant without removing the handle of the controller," runs the commandment, and woe betide the



From a]

ON THE SKELETON CAR—NEW YORK.

[Photo.

pupil who disobeys this ordination. The instructor resorts to many artifices to tempt the men to break this rule, and if the pupil should fall into the trap it is immediately recalled to his memory by the stentorian voice of the instructor dinning it into his ears. The wisdom of this course is perfectly obvious. If a driver, when running through the street, were to jump off his car, leaving the controlling handle in position, a passenger could easily set the car in motion and perhaps endanger some thirty or forty lives.

The idea of the dummy car is to teach the pupil how to start the car without throwing the passengers into violent fits; how to apply the brakes slowly and steadily under ordinary circumstances; and how to bring the car to a sudden stoppage when the emergency demands such a drastic action, irrespective of the convenience of the passengers. The tutor conveys these various instructions by signals upon an ordinary car-bell.

Having thoroughly grasped this preliminary and mechanical knowledge the pupil is then initiated somewhat into the mysteries of electricity. He is taught something about

currents, and has the entire mechanism of the appliances necessary for the propulsion of the car clearly and exhaustively explained to him, and is also informed how to act in case of the failure of the action of any part of the installation.

In one of the class-rooms the skeleton of a full-sized car is fitted up. This is complete with the electrical apparatus in every detail. The car is supported upon jacks, so that the wheels spin idly round in the air. This is the most difficult part of the driver's training. Each man is placed on the car in turn, and is explicitly told what to do under various circumstances. For example, while driving, if the car suddenly comes to a stop and refuses to move the motor-man knows that something is amiss. The instructor then switches on the lights in the car to show that the current is flowing properly, and that the location of the accident is upon the car. The driver then proceeds to investigate the cause of the accident. He leaves his driving platform, taking care to remove the controlling handle before so doing, and examines the overhead switches to make certain that the

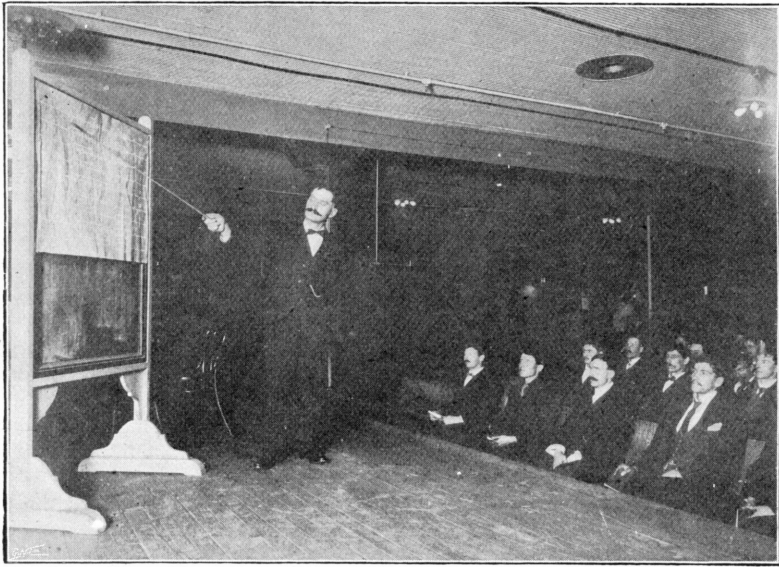
contact is perfect. If this be all right he then examines the fuse-boxes, and so on, until he has ascertained the cause of the breakdown, upon which he immediately sets to work to repair it. This is the most salient advantage of teaching the men a preliminary course of electrical engineering.

If the motor-man were ignorant upon this point he would have to await the arrival of an engineer to repair the damage before proceeding, thus causing a great delay and seriously disorganizing the other car traffic in the street.

During the progress of his inculcation upon the dummy car lectures are delivered to the recruit anent the method of crossing streets and avenues through which other cars are travelling. The instructor, by means of rails laid down upon the floor, explains the

appointed to a car of his own. This road trial is the most crucial test, since the man is left to act upon his own resources, under all trying and different circumstances, and thus either displays his able efficiency or faults. If he does not satisfy the superintending expert under whose guidance these trial trips are made he is sent back to the school for a further term, or if it is concluded that he will never prove an efficient driver he is summarily dismissed, and his ambitions of becoming a street-car driver are abruptly dashed to the ground.

The establishment of such schools as these has proved a veritable boon both to the car companies and the travelling public in the New World. Although we have nothing so elaborate in this country our motor-men are equally efficient as practical drivers. In



From a

RECRUITS LEARNING THE THEORY OF ELECTRICAL CURRENTS—NEW YORK.

[Photo.

points of the crossing at which the driver should cut off and switch on his current respectively.

When the motor-man has completed his education in the school and has satisfied the instructor that he is qualified to drive through the public thoroughfares, he is allotted a car and makes several trips under the superintendence of another expert driver. If he displays a cool head and good judgment on these trials and evidences his ability to handle a vehicle in a thoroughfare he is

this country the mechanism of the cars is first explained to them, and they are taken over the lines in the early mornings under the charge of an experienced driver, and in this way are initiated into the mysteries and management of the horseless vehicle. There are also several motor academies in various cities where students are not only taught how to operate the particular machine they have selected for their personal use, but are also given instruction in the operation of all kinds of self-propelled carriages.

Is the Law Too Dear?

A DISCUSSION OF THE QUESTION WITH LORD DAVEY, MR. JUSTICE JEUNE, LORD BRAMPTON, MR. COMMISSIONER KERR, JUDGE ADDISON, MR. REGISTRAR PRITCHARD, MR. FLETCHER MOULTON, K.C., M.P., AND MR. ROBERT ELLETT, THE PRESIDENT OF THE INCORPORATED LAW SOCIETY.

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.



DISTINGUISHED lawyer, writing on the subject of the cost of litigation, recently declared that respectable solicitors were sometimes conscientiously obliged "to advise their clients not to go to law, but rather to submit to an unfair loss." In the days of Dickens's "*Jarndice v. Jarndice*" and of Dodson and Fogg it was a commonplace that law was a luxury only for the rich, but nowadays most people imagine that bills of costs are very much shorter. Apart from the testimony I have just quoted, however, cases frequently occur which suggest that they are still apt to be most unjustly and ruinously long. With a view of putting this impression to the test I have consulted leading representatives of the several sections of the legal world—the Judicial Bench, the Bar, and the solicitors.

Sir Francis Jeune, the President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, whom I first approached, said that he would rather not be a party to an interview on the subject, but was quite willing to put his views into writing, as follows:—

"As regards contentious business—that is, litigation—I think the law is too dear in many instances; but I believe that the only remedy lies in improvement in expedition in the courts, certainty when cases will be heard, and diminishing the number of appeals. Much has been done in these directions, but I at least think that a good deal remains to be done. In the path, however, stands the present circuit system, and everyone who has any acquaintance with the subject of law reform knows the difficulty of dealing effectively with that matter.

"As regards non-contentious business, such

as the preparation of settlements, conveyances, and wills, the charges made by solicitors—I mean solicitors of the highest standing and respectability—are, I think, far too high. The counsel, who in most cases actually draws the document, receives a very small part indeed of what the client pays. I confess I do not know where the remedy for this is to be found unless it is in the invariable and automatic taxation of solicitors' bills.

"But do what anyone may," Mr. Justice Jeune concludes, "law will never be cheap. It involves too much exercise of highly trained ability and experience—to say nothing of integrity—for that."

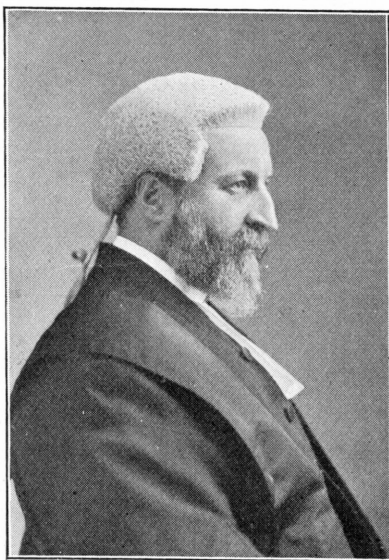
The words of Sir Francis Jeune, who at fifty-eight is one of the younger judges, are based upon ten years' experience on the Judicial Bench and over twenty years' wide and varied experience at the Bar. The son of a Bishop of Peterborough, married to a well-known society leader who shows extraordinary energy in philanthropic work, no judge of the High Court has shown a keener regard for the true public in-

terest in the administration of justice—the interest of poor and rich alike.

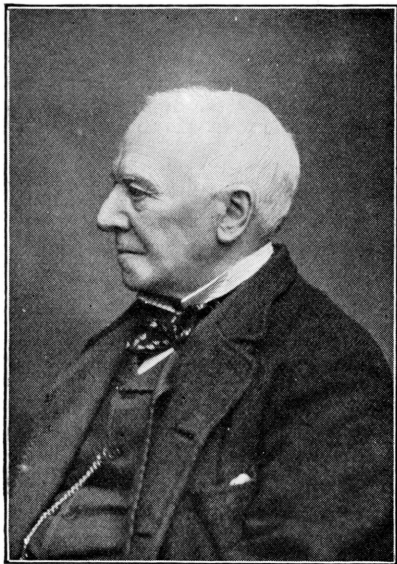
Lord Brampton, whom readers will know better as Sir Henry Hawkins, would not commit himself to much more than a jest on the question.

"I doubt," said his lordship, "if the law is exceptionally 'dear' to any of His Majesty's subjects except the lawyers, but I do think it is too *expensive* for those who are compelled to embark in it."

This *obiter dictum* only increases the interest with which we should hear a fuller statement of opinion from the judge who, if best known for his conduct of criminal



SIR FRANCIS JEUNE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by] LORD BRAMPTON. [Elliott & Fry.

trials, can yet look back upon an almost unique experience of the administration of the law generally. But Lord Brampton is in his eighty-fourth year, and is enjoying well-earned rest in the House of Lords as the highest court of appeal.

"I am of opinion," wrote Lord Davey to me from his house at Haslemere, "like every sensible man, that litigation should be made as little burdensome to the suitor as possible, and I have no doubt reductions could be made in the present scale of expenses. But I have not studied the details of the subject sufficiently to enable me to form any just opinion as to the form or duration in which any reductions can advantageously or properly be made."

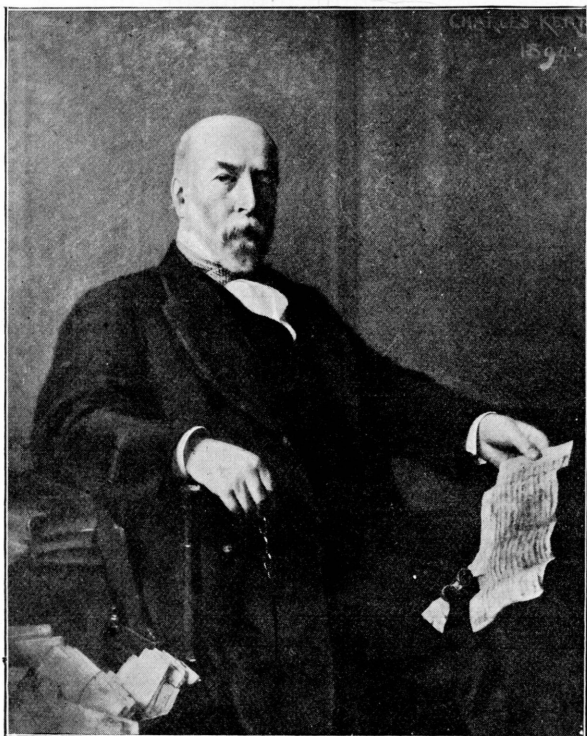


From a Photo. by] LORD DAVEY. [Elliott & Fry.

Lord Davey, whether as barrister, member of Parliament, Solicitor-General, Chancery Judge, and now a Lord of Appeal, has always been favourable to legal reform. Some years ago, when known in the House of Commons,

he sent me a letter on the subject in which occurred a passage that has a direct bearing upon the costliness of litigation:—

"I think that the decision of the judge of first instance ought to be final on questions of pleading and practice generally, with an appeal only by leave either of the judge or of the Court of Appeal. I think that the reservation of this limited right of appeal is necessary to preserve uniformity of practice. I should add that in my opinion the



MR. COMMISSIONER KERR.

From a Painting by Mr. Chas. Kerr. Photo. by W. Gray, Bayswater.

present procedure in these cases in the Queen's Bench Division of going from the Master to the Judge in Chambers and then to the Divisional Court is as bad as possible."

Since these words were written the Divisional Court has been abolished, but otherwise the right of appeal still unduly favours the man with the longest purse.

Lord Davey and Sir Francis Jeune may fairly be said to represent the highest judicial sphere. It is in the county courts, however, that most of the litigation takes place in which the poorer classes are concerned. Is the law too dear even as administered by these subordinate tribunals? Going first to the City, where Mr. Commissioner Kerr presides over the most important of the county courts, I find the learned Commissioner almost in despair over what he terms "the enormous cost of legal proceedings."

"I have been denouncing these costs," says the judge of the City of London Court, whose name long years of service has made well known throughout the Metropolitan area, "for over forty years. Cromwell said 'the sons of Berniah' were too strong for him, and the late Lord Chief Justice Campbell, who sometimes said what was true, pointed out that 'the attorneys were the most powerful body in England.' He believed what he said, as it was he who introduced the practice of giving the names of the attorneys concerned in the Law Reports. That, no doubt, brought him business too!"

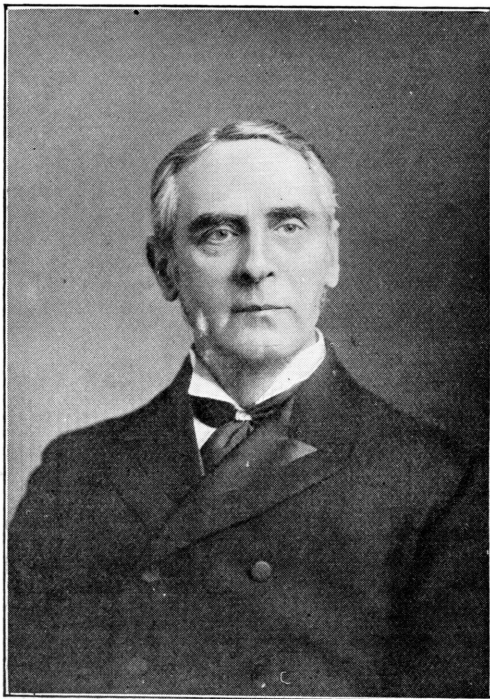
In this frame of mind it is not surprising that the learned Commissioner had nothing more to say. I turned to Mr. John Addison, K.C., the judge at Greenwich and Woolwich, and a gentleman who before accepting his present position was for many years a member of the House of Commons,

in the hope that he would give me a diagnosis of the evil as it prevails in the poor man's court. This, in fact, he did in very few words:—

"It is very evident that the 'costs' on summonses and the 'hearing fee' in the county courts are very excessive and press hardly on the suitors. But they are in accordance with a policy to make the civil courts 'pay their way,' and this is not a time when Governments are likely to surrender anything."

On investigation, however, I find that at present the civil courts do not "pay their way."

On the contrary, the accounts in recent years have shown an increasing annual deficit. In 1899 the county courts' receipts amounted, in round figures, to £450,000 and the expenditure upon them to £579,000, or a deficit of £129,000. In the High Court the income was £503,000, whilst the disbursements came to £631,000, of which amount judges' salaries amounted to nearly £175,000. Thus on the civil courts, as a whole, there was a loss to the country of more than £250,000 sterling. Curiously enough, the Bankruptcy Court is the only court in which



HIS HONOUR JUDGE ADDISON.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

the authorities succeed in making both ends meet. The policy of making the courts pay by charging fees which, in the opinion of such high authorities, are unduly high would thus clearly seem to fail completely.

This was one of the first points I brought to the attention of Mr. J. Fletcher Moulton, K.C., M.P., when I discussed the subject for half an hour one evening in the lobby of the House of Commons. Mr. Moulton, readers will well know, is a most distinguished representative of the Chancery Bar, but it was the general aspect of the question which engaged his attention.

"In speaking of the cost of litigation," said Mr. Moulton, "it is desirable to discriminate between the different classes of actions. By far the largest number determined in the county courts are brought for the enforcement of indisputable claims or rights, such as the payment of money under a contract or the recovery of possession of a house after the expiration of a lease. In all such cases, where the Courts, acting as a kind of commercial police, merely give the sanction of the law to transactions which are incontestable, the fees should be absolutely as low as possible. It is, of course, many years since I had any personal experience of the county court, but I believe its fees have been much reduced of late, although I daresay they might be made lower, more especially in respect to cases involving the smallest amounts."

"Is it necessary that they should be fixed on a self-supporting basis at all—some people, as you know, Mr. Moulton, advocate what they call 'free justice,' instead of 'fee'd justice'?"

"As regards the cases I have been speaking of, I don't think there can be any objection to the county courts being conducted at a loss. But as to abolishing

court fees altogether, you must remember that quite half the litigation in the world arises from unbusinesslike conduct. Why should people generally have to pay, even partly, for the litigation which arises from the carelessness of a few?"

"But it is often a matter of complaint that even the successful suitor in such cases finds that the law is too expensive."

"Yes, I believe grave injustice is sometimes done because the successful party is obliged to pay a large proportion of his own costs. This is a matter governed by the action of the taxing masters, who are influenced, however, by many traditions and unwritten rules

which have grown up. I wish the masters could act on their own discretion, treating each bill of costs on its merits as it came before them. For my own part, I consider that the successful party should be able to recover his entire costs unless any were unreasonably incurred. For instance, a very nervous man might cause a high fee to be paid to a barrister whose services were not at all necessary to his success. Of course the circumstances of each case would have to be taken into consideration.

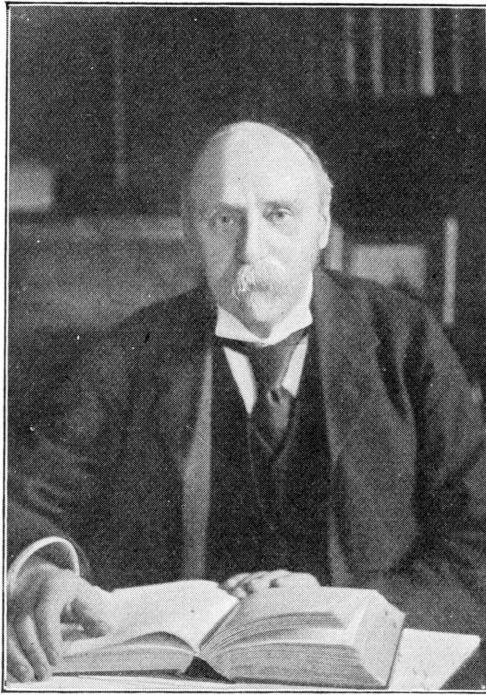
"Of course, as regards the few very big and important cases the question stands in a

somewhat different position. If a man stands to gain or lose £200,000, say, as the result of an action, he will obtain the services of the counsel he considers the ablest regardless of cost, just as a man who believes his life to be in danger will obtain the advice of the ablest specialist—and the expert in any profession is thus able to command high fees. Such cases are often won before they are brought into court—as the result of the study and investigation of the counsel on one side or the other. Counsel's fees may be very largely for such legitimate preparatory work, but it would lead to abuse, I

think, if fees for such work were payable by an unsuccessful party."

"I don't think one hears much complaint, Mr. Moulton, about the costliness of these very big cases?"

"No, that is true. As regards the general bulk of cases in the Queen's Bench, a fruitful source of expense is the uncertainty as to their time of hearing, causing expensive witnesses to be kept waiting sometimes for days together. This uncertainty could be largely reduced if a greater amount of judicial power were available. At the present time judges are so anxious to employ the whole of their official time that they always put into



MR. J. FLETCHER MOULTON, K.C., M.P.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

their list, day by day, more cases than can under ordinary circumstances be disposed of, lest some of the cases should be unexpectedly brief. The judicial staff on the Chancery side is sufficient, I think, but the Queen's Bench Division should certainly have additional judges.

"At the same time, the amount of judicial power available could also be increased by a revision of the circuit system, which at the present time leads to much waste of the judges' time in the smaller places. Assizes in half-a-dozen provincial centres, such as Manchester and Leeds, should be sufficient. The present system dates from a time when communication was difficult and expensive; now it is cheaper, as a rule, for parties and witnesses to come to London than to go to the assizes, with the result that in many of these smaller places the judges, although they have to interrupt their work in London for the circuit, have little or nothing to do."

"In my division," wrote Mr. Justice Gorell Barnes, who shares with Sir Francis Jeune the labours of the Admiralty, Probate, and Divorce Division, "the Registrars have more to do with the actual costs of the cases than the judges." His lordship accordingly referred me to Mr. Registrar Pritchard, D.C.L., with whom I had an interesting conversation.

It is Dr. Pritchard's opinion that little or nothing can be done to further reduce the expense of litigation in the court with which he had to deal. He pointed out that costs had been much cut down as the result of action taken by Lord Hannen, the late President.

"There was a big probate case, for instance, lasting ten days," said the Registrar, "in which three counsel appeared on one side, and Lord Hannen directed that the fees of the third counsel were to be disallowed in the taxation of fees. Well, ever since then—this being an extreme case—we have always struck out fees for a third counsel."

By way of illustration Dr. Pritchard allowed me to examine two bills of costs which were in process of taxation, one in an undefended divorce case, which, after taxation to the tune of £2 or £3, amounted to a little more than £30, and the second concerning a probate action for about £150, the Registrar's revision in this case effecting only a slightly larger reduction.

"Is £30 a usual sort of amount for an undefended divorce case?"

"Yes, I think so. If the suit is defended,

Vol. xxii.—49.

of course, there is no saying what figure the costs may amount to."

"Have you any idea as to the amount of the disputed will in the probate case?"

"No, and in such a case there can be no definite relation between the costs and the amount in dispute, although in all litigation it naturally appears improper when the former equals or even exceeds the latter. But take probate actions. In the great majority it is alleged that the testator was of unsound mind when he made the will. Well, to prove or rebut this allegation a great amount of evidence is necessary. It is necessary to inquire not merely into the state of his mind when the will was actually made, but also into his mental history for some time before by consultation with the man's friends and acquaintances; and all this necessarily costs money, irrespective of the amount in question, although I daresay there is often larger expenditure when the estate is a rich one and it is known that the costs will come out of the estate.

"The solicitor who runs up the longest bill of costs is a rare combination of rogue and fool. He will make a hopeless and foolish motion, for instance, before the trial simply because he wants to get as much as possible out of his client. But I am afraid it would be impossible to draw up a code of regulations which would meet all such cases. In course of time the solicitors will become known to the Registrar, and he can only do his best to protect the party concerned by a rigid taxation of the bill. But, after all, much must be left to the honour and integrity of individual solicitors, and if a reduction of solicitors' fees had the effect of lowering the status of their profession it would not, in the long run, be to the advantage of the public. A solicitor is consulted as to the advisability of taking legal proceedings; in many cases the client, so to speak, has not a leg to stand upon; but if the solicitor is not a man of honour he will advise—or at any rate not oppose—the issue of a writ for the sake of his business."

So far, it will be seen, Mr. Registrar Pritchard had taken a somewhat negative view of my question. Before our talk came to an end, however, the learned Registrar made a striking statement in the opposite sense. He is strongly of opinion that the law is often too dear to the successful suitor, whatever it may be to the public generally.

"I have never been able to understand why any practical distinction should be made between 'party and party' and 'solicitor

and client's costs as they are called. I have never seen any good reason why a man who has been wronged should have to pay any part of the cost of putting the wrong right. Of course, the costs between solicitor and client would have to be subject to taxation just the same as between party and party, and the solicitor would have to be deprived of any unnecessary or excessive charges."

As laymen we may, perhaps, suspect that in this last sentence Mr. Registrar Pritchard has given one reason why the present system, under which legal redress often becomes a costly luxury, should have flourished so long. As it is, a certain portion of the solicitor's charges, not being enforceable against the unsuccessful party, altogether escape the Registrar's vigilant eye.

The solicitors have their own views, however, as to the causes of the excessive costliness of our legal system, and these were very fairly and clearly put to me, I think, by Mr. Robert Ellett. Mr. Ellett occupies this year the position of president of the great solicitors' organization, the Incorporated Law Society, but he was anxious to have it understood that he was expressing his own opinions, without committing the society to them in any way.

"You ask my views on the question whether law is too dear. By this I understand you mean whether a suitor pays too much for getting his case heard and determined in the King's Courts.

"I answer that in that sense law is too dear because of the defects in the present arrangements for trial. More judges are needed unless the existing circuit system is altered. At present there are not sufficient judges to keep the courts in London going whilst the judges are on circuit. A suitor cannot ascertain when his case will be heard or before what judge or in what court. The arrangements in these respects may be made and altered over and over again before his case is heard. To-day he may find his case in the list for hearing to-morrow, and, at great expense, may bring up his witnesses from long distances and make all preparations for the trial, only to find that the case cannot be taken and is indefinitely postponed. This process may be repeated. On each occasion counsel, solicitors, and witnesses are put to additional trouble and the suitor to additional expense. The causes of all this are well known, and so are the remedies. The public can have the remedies applied whenever they like by

making it clear to the Government of the day that it must be done.

"Again, law is too dear in the poor man's court—the county court—because the fees levied by the State in that court are much too high. If a person wants to enter a plaint in the county court to recover £20 he pays a guinea. If another person wants to issue a writ in the High Court to recover £20,000 he pays 10s. Other fees in the county court are in proportion. This anomaly is nothing new. A Royal Commission reported upon it and condemned it more than twenty-five years ago, but it remains."

"But are not the lawyers' bills too big?" was the question with which Mr. Ellett kindly proceeded to deal.

"Well, in the first place, there is a good deal of misapprehension about these bills. They include counsel's fees, court fees, witnesses' expenses, and all disbursements connected with the litigation, as well as the solicitor's remuneration, and yet it is a common mistake to speak of the total as 'the solicitor's bill.' If the portion of the bill which represents the solicitor's remuneration were separated it would be seen that his remuneration bears a very small proportion to the total expenses. It would then be seen, moreover, that solicitors are underpaid, both actually as respects the work done and responsibility incurred, and relatively to the charges of other experts employed. In that respect, then, it cannot be said that law is too dear.

"There is a prescribed tariff of fees for solicitors. They are in a less favourable position than the members of other professions, who can fix their own charges subject only to revision, if the employer is dissatisfied, by a judge or jury. In my opinion that is the better plan, and I see no good reason why it should not apply to solicitors. If it did, I have no doubt they would be better paid.

"One word more. Do not let anyone suppose that law (understanding it to mean the expense of litigation in which counsel and solicitors are engaged) can nowadays be cheap. Counsel's fees and the fees of surveyors, engineers, and other experts frequently required in litigation are all more than they used to be. Solicitors' fees ought to be so. All this, however, is no reason why the judicial arrangements should be such as to occasion unnecessary uncertainty and expense; and, as I have pointed out, it rests with the public themselves to enforce an alteration."

A Chain of Circumstance



BY MRS. EGERTON EASTWICK.

"**M**R. LEVISON will be here in ten minutes."

"I cannot see him."

"It is quite unnecessary that you should see him to-day. If only I can assure him of your consent he will go away satisfied; but it must be understood that you hold to your word. He will probably ask leave to call to-morrow."

"Oh, dad, think what it means to me! I am only nineteen!"

"Mr. Levison is thirty. The disparity is not excessive, and it is on the right side."

"A horrid, dirty little man! How can there be any right side in the question?"

"A little man who can put us on the right side of the world at all events; a little man who can give his wife the finest jewels in London."

"I don't want his jewels. I don't want him. If he were to pelt me with pearls I would not stoop to pick them up. I only want to enjoy my freedom a few more years——"

Sir Julian groaned. "A pretty sort of freedom you'll enjoy when your father is forced to live in cheap lodgings at Baden or Boulogne! You'll get no chance of being pelted with pearls, my dear. The world has other missiles handy for the daughter of a disgraced and ruined man. But—good heavens!—wasn't that the hall-door?"

The hall-door had certainly been opened

and closed—closed with something of a bang; a decisive, uncompromising sound. There followed, however, a noticeable stillness; not a soul seemed stirring in the big house in Leominster Gardens.

"I don't hear anyone coming upstairs," remarked Helena.

Sir Julian Hartwood looked at his watch.

"It is already nearly five minutes past four," he said, uneasily, "and Levison is the soul of punctuality. Four o'clock precisely was the time appointed."

"Is it possible," said Helena, with sudden inspiration, "that he came a little too soon? In the heat of our argument——"

"Good heavens, Helena! What do you mean? He would have been announced—we should have heard——"

"You forget we have a new Jeames to-day. I believe his knowledge of the duties of his position is limited. As for hearing—the bang of that door was decisive as the crack of doom—nothing short of it would have roused us."

While she was speaking she had moved to the side of the room and lifted a heavy green curtain which shielded a doorway. The door had been removed, and the opening led into a moderately-sized drawing-room. The conversation had taken place in a smaller room, fitted as a library or study.

Helena pointed dramatically to an isolated chair, standing without obvious design, near the middle of the room.

"Look," she said, "it is as I thought! He has been here, and gone. He must have heard my opinion of him."

Indeed, the chair looked oddly aggressive, suggestive of a human being to whom it had lately yielded support under trying circumstances, but who in rising had thrust it hurriedly and neglectfully to one side.

"We did not moderate our voices," murmured Helena.

Sir Julian rang the bell.

During the next few minutes he learned that his worst fears were realized. A gentleman had called, and had been shown into the drawing-room. James had not known where to find his master—had not, in fact, understood the necessity for seeking him, since the gentleman had said he called by appointment.

Sir Julian cursed the man and told him to leave the room, and the house, without delay.

Mr. Levison had indeed anticipated the hour appointed for his interview with Sir Julian Hartwood by nearly ten minutes, and the results of his precipitancy had proved portentous. Whether he might ultimately learn to bless the chance which had destroyed his hopes he was unable at present to consider; chaos alone could describe his mental state as he drove home to Belgrave Square. Through a general sense of humiliation and anger and dismay four words rang with mocking clearness in his ears; and when he reached at length the calm seclusion of his own room these gathered new distinctness and stabbed him afresh:—

"Horrid, dirty little man!"

He could hear the very tones of her clear voice as she had thus mercilessly catalogued his attractions. With almost a shudder he faced his full-length semblance in his cheval glass. Little he must acknowledge he was, since he measured but 5ft. 6in. in his socks, which is the perfect height for a woman (it was Helena's own), but ineffectual for a man. Horrid, he might be; but dirty! He was, perhaps, too exquisitely groomed. Tailor, haberdasher, coiffeur, manicure: he employed the most expensive in London. His baths were scented; nothing coarser than silk ever touched his skin. But perhaps some of his very perfections offended her exquisite taste. He had committed himself to the care of a valet warranted to turn out unblemished gentlemen at the shortest notice and highest price; he sighed as he envisaged the cost (in a double sense) of failure.

Yet at heart he knew himself that which he most desired to be; without aid of valet or

tailor. He had suffered great personal inconveniences, believing them the inevitable price of his condition; and she had only found him "dirty"!—in spite of his combing and curling, his essences and silk attire. He would at once begin to be comfortable, even a little wholesomely vulgar. He would wear such clothes as suited him, dismiss his valet, and shave his own chin. But—dirty? Never! He only revelled in the thought of freedom and cold, unessenced baths. He would buy the swiftest motor, the most perfect yacht to be had for money. He would be his own master; even she—his lip trembled—should not ruin his life altogether. And yet—he loved her—how he loved her—must love her—for an eternity of years! He was indignant, but not with her. He saw now that she had never tried to deceive him, and the sense of her honesty gave him a glow of satisfaction in the midst of his humiliation and pain. Sir Julian had blinded him for his own ends, and the motive for the old man's meanness was not obscure. Levison had not heard the baronet's declaration of impending ruin, having fled immediately after Helena's forcible catalogue of his own attractions had reached his ears, but he had heard rumours in the City concerning Sir Julian Hartwood's affairs to which he had not hitherto paid much attention. He had seen no signs of anxiety or retrenchment in the household in Leominster Gardens, and he was not mercenary—in his love affairs. Now, however, he determined he would make it his business to discover the facts.

It was the era of necklaces.

No costume was complete without its attendant chain, selected to harmonize or contrast, and while strings of glass beads, daintily arranged, were to be had for a few shillings, the world was searched for the quaint and rare in colour and design, for which fabulous prices were given.

In a room on the second floor of a small and dingy tenement, within a stone's throw of St. James's Street, a girl sat making chains. To-day she had received an order of more than usual importance, from Madame Victorine, the Court-dressmaker for whom she chiefly worked: a chain was required to be completed in three days; and it must correspond with a costume of opal-tinted gauze, worn over ivory satin, designed and provided by Madame Victorine for Miss Helena Hartwood.

Esther Martin sighed as she turned over

such treasures as she possessed. Nothing there would serve her turn, and she foresaw that she must expend the greater part of the sum she was to receive for her work in the purchase of materials. There was no time to lose, and she prepared at once to go out in search of the things she needed. On her way to the shop where she usually bought her beads she passed down Bond Street, and here she lingered, fascinated by the jewel shops, the glow of colour that her soul loved; and also in the hope of gaining fresh ideas.

She was too absorbed to notice passers-by, but presently became aware of a man standing at her side; a man somewhat carelessly dressed, but yet bearing about him in some hardly definable way unmistakable signs of wealth.

"Well, you are pleased?—or envious? which is it?" he spoke in a friendly, unconventional tone. "Why do you stare so at the jewels? I noticed you from the inside of the shop."

The man's voice and manner inspired confidence, and Esther told him her trade.

"And now," she added, "I am at a loss. Miss Hartwood's chain must be ready on Thursday——"

"What name did you say?"

"Miss Hartwood—Miss Helena Hartwood; the sweetest young lady. I saw her once. I had occasion to go to the house—a grand house in Leominster Gardens."

"Come inside," the man said, quietly; "perhaps they may have what you require."

"Oh, sir—I couldn't afford—two or three pounds at the utmost is all I can spend."

"You will find all sorts here. You see, jewellers are obliged to keep imitation as well as real stones. Sometimes customers want their valuable jewellery copied," he added,

with a smile, and they entered the shop together.

Half an hour later Esther was again in Bond Street, but she was not carrying the beads for Helena's necklace. She had seen all that she desired for working out the most beautiful design she could imagine, but she could purchase them on one condition only: she must make the necklace on the premises. It was to consist of a double row of pearl beads, with twelve roses placed at intervals in the length of three yards; each rose to consist of a ruby, an emerald, a topaz, a sapphire, and an amethyst, set round a diamond, a blaze of colour intended to accen-

tuate the delicate shades of the opal-tinted gauze which Esther described.

The stones appeared to her so finely imitated that she could hardly believe them to be mere glass. Her friend had helped her in their selection and had also arranged that they should not be pierced. The roses, he explained, could, for a mere trifle, be set at the shop in a hardly perceptible framework, fitted at the back with the tiny tubes through which her threads must

pass. The man seemed interested in her artistic bias and desirous of helping her in every way. When other details were complete he suddenly produced four very large pearls to be worked into the tassels of the chain, and further arranged that Esther should be accommodated during the next three days in the little room behind the shop where the transaction had been carried on, with everything necessary for the completion of her task. Plainly, he was the master of the establishment.

Miss Helena Hartwood's dress had arrived; and with it, delivered by Esther Martin her-



"WHY DO YOU STARE SO AT THE JEWELS?"

self, the chain, packed in a cardboard-box. Standing by her dressing-table, the shining folds of gauze and satin spread upon the bed, Helena drew out the coiled lengths of beads, and as they fell almost to her feet uttered an exclamation of wonder. Too gorgeous, perhaps, it might have seemed, without the softening effect of the pearls.

She threw the glittering thing over her head, and then the wonder of its prismatic beauty on the white frock she had that afternoon worn at a concert wholly subjugated her. It seemed marvellous that so much splendour could be had for five pounds; but the fact left little cause to regret Mr. Levison's foregone jewels.

She had not indeed taken Sir Julian's threats of ruin very seriously, and her notions of poverty were comparative. The idea of a state of life in which five pounds might mean food and lodging for as many weeks had never developed in her brain as by any possibility connected with herself. She was a woman of limited experience, but beneath much frivolous vivacity owned a conscience and a kindly nature, and across her dislike for Samuel Levison swept often a wave of regret for the pain she knew she must have inadvertently given. The necklace recalled him; he was always associated in her mind with jewels. Nothing had been heard or seen of him in Leominster Gardens since that unfortunate day now nearly a fortnight ago, but she imagined him to be suffering rather from wounded vanity than any more serious hurt. He had always been singularly diffident in his manner towards herself, and she concluded he had sought her chiefly because he thought she would make a suitable mistress for his establishment; she had not credited him with any feeling of genuine attachment. The chain was still around her neck when she heard her father's voice at the door asking for her, and she bade him come in. He glanced at the outspread dress with uplifted hands. "More finery," he said. "I hope you can pay for it." Then his eye was caught by the colour and beauty of the chain. "What is that? Where did you get it?" he asked, sharply.

"It belongs to the gown. Madame Victorine supplies these things. Isn't it pretty? She charges five pounds extra."

"Five pounds! Let me look at it!" He took the lengths of pearl and colour into his hands, examining particularly the roses and the four large and perfect beads in the tassels.

"If this were only real," he said, with a

sigh, "it would save us. It is the most extraordinary imitation. Five pounds—are you sure?"

"Here is the bill. Victorine has sent it in with the gown. She scents disaster."

He glanced at a formidable row of figures. The last item was a pearl chain, five pounds.

"As I said before, I hope you can pay this preposterous bill," Sir Julian spoke querulously. "I cannot help you."

"Oh, I can raise it somehow if things are so bad as that. I have a few real diamonds left—but, dad, you look really ill to-night. Is there—is there anything fresh?"

"Only the worst realized. I warned you a fortnight ago. Fifteen thousand pounds—unless I can get it before Saturday I must clear out—out of the country; perhaps," he added, grimly, "I had better go a little farther."

His head drooped, he looked suddenly strangely old, shrunken. Helena was used to exaggerations, to forebodings and fluctuating fortunes. Until now, however, the firm of Hartwood and Co. had held on its way unsubmerged. Money seemed always forthcoming when absolutely essential, however long the advent might be postponed, and she had grown to regard fortune as a frigid jade who loved to torture, but yielded in their favour at last; the Stock Exchange being her mysterious agent. To-night, however, her father's face carried more serious warning than she had ever before read there.

"You really mean it, dad? Before Saturday?"

"I mean it right enough—and Monday is settling day; another five thousand I must pay then or be posted as a defaulter. Those Penguin and Peruvian shares are worthless—a drug in the market. Adams and Goodge have a bill against me for fifteen thousand and won't renew. I have borrowed in the hope of tiding over, but can't raise another penny. My whole assets don't amount to five thousand. I had hoped—if you had been sensible——"

"Don't—don't—anything but that. If these things were only real!"

"That you are wearing sham jewellery is your own fault. But even now, if you would only have a little common sense instead of indulging in sentimental nonsense, you might save the situation. Levison will be at this ball to-night. If Adams and Goodge once heard you were engaged to Levison they'd renew like a shot."

"There are two objections to the plan," she said, coldly. "In the first place, Mr.

Levison has heard me call him a dirty little man. Do you think any man could forgive that? In the second, my opinion of him has not altered."

"A fortnight—only a fortnight's grace," urged Sir Julian, with astonishing patience. "Who knows what might happen in a fortnight? Other things turn up trumps, and fifteen thousand seems a mere bagatelle. If I once got square again you might—well, you might elope. I suppose there is someone you prefer to Levison, or you would not be so unmanageable. I could play the infuriated parent at first, but you wouldn't find me adamantine."

Helena's eyes had been growing wider and rounder. "Well, of all the despicable plans!" she said. "And if

you did not get square again, as you call it, I suppose I should have to abide by my bargain? It is immaterial to you whether I sell myself or my honour, or both in one! Dad, under your teaching I wonder I have a straight line left in my imagination."

The old man looked ashamed. "I expect I hardly know what I'm talking about half the time," he said, "but I thought to help you. I'd rather sacrifice Levison than you, my girl, that's a fact. It's hard to face destitution at my time of life."

In a moment her arms were about his neck.

"Dear old dad! I would help you if I could, and, of course, something will turn up. We have still forty-eight hours."

In spite of hopeful words, however, it was in no very bright mood that Helena dressed

for her round of evening entertainments. Yet when her toilette was complete, and she surveyed her full-length reflection in her mirror, she realized, perhaps for the first time fully, the possibilities and power of her beauty.

"Surely," she thought, "I cannot fail," yet prayed in her heart that she might fail utterly.

Was it for such an end, she wondered, that she had been created that most strange complexity—a beautiful woman? A thing inheriting all human instincts and capacities, yet by half the world denied the mere possession of a soul; and regarded by the other half as no more than a subject for barter.

She had hardly entered Lady Marchmont's ballroom when she knew that one chance of deliverance,

at any rate, for that night had been denied her: the chance of lacking opportunity.

Almost the first person her eyes fell upon was Samuel Levison, and even in that cursory glance she thought he looked less carefully curled and groomed than usual. Later she found that, whatever design she might have with regard to him, she must carry it out unaided; he showed consciousness of her presence only by careful avoidance of her neighbourhood. At last, half piqued, and finding resolution flourish under the tonic of neglect, she asked a man whom she knew to be among his acquaintance to introduce Mr. Levison. The man looked astonished. "I thought——" he began.

"You thought I knew him? Yes, I did once, long ago; oh, very long ago! He has forgotten me. I don't mind, and I want



"THERE ARE TWO OBJECTIONS TO THE PLAN," SHE SAID, COLDLY.

very much to ask him a question—quite a professional question. Do bring him to me.”

Her companion bowed and departed on his errand. In a few minutes he returned with Levison, who faced her with a strange passivity.

“Mr. Levison,” she said, “I see you have forgotten me. May I recall myself to your memory? I am in search of information which you alone can give me.”

He looked at her steadily, but her eyes were travelling away anywhere over the room.

“I have not forgotten Miss Hartwood,” he said, gravely, “and I shall be happy to give her any information in my power.”

The emissary had withdrawn, wondering, as he mentally phrased it, what was up.

“Will you take me,” said Helena, abruptly, “where it is possible to talk?” And without a word he led her to a corner in the conservatory, screened and curtained, and at the moment untenanted. For awhile after they were seated there was an awkward pause. Then Helena spoke; her face was white as her gown.

“Mr. Levison,” she said, “you will guess that I have something especial to say.”

“If the saying of it is likely to give you any inconvenience or—or pain—consider it said, and—and done with, Miss Hartwood.”

“That is impossible. Unfortunately it can’t be done with until you know what it is and I have your answer.”

Levison was startled. It seemed to him that these words, or their equivalent, should have been his a fortnight ago.

“In the first place,” Helena went on, “I have to ask your pardon. I—I know that a fortnight ago you did me a great honour—at least I am told we women should consider any proposal of the kind as an honour to which the world and society set their seal of approval; also, I am aware that you never had any direct answer to your request; that you—you did not wait for it—and I know

why. I ask you now to believe that I would not willingly have been—rude. You came ten minutes before your time.”

“What is the use?” he said, roughly. “I had my answer; what is the use of re-opening the question?”

“You have not had it—not finally.”

“What do you mean?”

“The words you overheard were, of course, a mere—a mere figure of speech. No, stop, don’t think me too mean—I am trying to be really truthful. I—I am indifferent to you—it is true—why should I be otherwise? But I did not mean—I would not willingly insult you. Well, then, a fortnight ago—you, you asked my father’s leave to seek me as your wife—as I understand the matter, you for some reason thought I should prove a suitable person to place at the head of your establishment. I never heard from you or anyone else anything about—about—affection, you know. You simply, I believe, offered to buy me in the most approved moral and creditable manner. I have sent to you to-night to tell you that—that—if you are of the same mind still I—I—I am willing to be—bought!”

“Good God—Helena—Miss Hartwood!”

Her face was quite set and hard; she was looking straight in front of her.

“I am only,” she said, “putting the thing plainly. I have my terms—my price. My



“I—AM WILLING TO BE—BOUGHT!”

father at this moment wants twenty thousand—no, fifteen would do, I believe—fifteen thousand pounds. If you will let him have this I give you my word of—of—no, not honour—my word, that I will keep my share of the bargain.”

“And if I refuse?”

“If you refuse we shall be ruined; but—but I shall be free. I can’t do any more.”

The little man stood up, screening her from any possible passer-by; for her voice had broken a little and her white lips trembled.

“Miss Hartwood,” he said, “I refuse! I refuse because you have mistaken the case. The bargain would still be one-sided because, though I have been such a fool as never to tell you this, I love you! The wrong and the folly were mine first of all in speaking of marriage without making this plain to you above everything else. I was afraid—afraid! I wanted to find out first if there might be a little chance for me somehow; if you could get accustomed to me. You seemed so far above me. To-night you seem still farther away and infinitely more dear. You see, I—I can’t, unless——”

She had buried her face in her hands, and he bent to catch her next words with a wild hope at his heart.

Helena knew that if she could have lied then the game, such as it was, was won. But she had vowed, come what would, she would *not* lie.

“No,” she said; “I am afraid not—ever.”

He drew himself up as a man gathers his strength, and there was a moment of silence. Then he said, quietly:—

“It would be easy for me to say that I would help your father through this crisis, but I know how you would regard such an offer. Look up, if you can, and see in me your friend. Let us think together if there is no other way.”

He sat down again beside her; she drew a long breath of relief and even smiled a little. “There is no other way,” she said. “Poor dad! At least I have done my best, haven’t I? Or my worst—which is it, I wonder?”

She gathered up her pearls and twisted them idly in her fingers. “If these were only real!” she said.

“What do you mean? Let me look at them. I am something of a judge, and those pearls look to me valuable.”

“Oh, no—it is just a string of beads——”

“Nonsense. Do you know you are carrying the price of your troubles round your neck?”

Vol. xxii.—50.

“Impossible. I tell you they came from my dressmaker’s with my gown; a comparatively valueless trinket, yet under the circumstances a shocking extravagance.”

Levison was holding the tassels of the chain in his hand, examining the four large pearls.

“Nevertheless,” he said, “I believe I could send an expert, a dealer in these things, to you to-morrow who would give you twenty thousand pounds for your trinket. I could take my oath these are some of the finest jewels in the world.”

The following morning, about nine o’clock, Sir Juliap Hartwood rapped on the door of his daughter’s room and demanded admission. Helena was sitting up in bed, enveloped in a nondescript garment of cambric and lace, a tray with coffee, toast, and letters at her side. Sir Julian had an open letter in his hand.

“Helena, my dear child, where is that chain?”

“Gracious me! the chain again! It is here, under my pillow. I believe the thing is bewitched, I haven’t slept a wink.”

“A most extraordinary event!” Sir Julian flourished his letter. “A communication from Adams and Goodge. You were seen, they say, to wear a chain last night of extraordinary value. If the estimate of the jewels after being submitted to an expert is proved to be correct, they offer to accept it as full payment of the bill.”

“Fifteen thousand pounds! They can’t have it.”

“Helena, you would never be so senseless—so cruel——”

“The fact is, I can go one better. I have had an offer——”

“My dear child!”

“For the necklace. I put myself (I think for your sake) up to auction last night—reserved price, twenty thousand pounds—I was refused at the valuation; the bidder suggested the sale of the necklace instead.”

“You are either mad or trifling.”

“Wait till eleven o’clock and you’ll see,” she said. “Now, please, you must go, or I sha’n’t be dressed.”

Sir Julian pleaded for an explanation, but she buried her face in the pillows and would say no more.

At eleven o’clock a sedate and grey-haired gentleman called in Leominster Gardens and was shown by Helena’s orders to her morning-room. He gave his name as Mr. Robinson, and explained that he was not only an expert in the valuation of stones, but also a dealer



"GRACIOUS ME! THE CHAIN AGAIN!"

on a large scale. He had been informed by Mr. Levison that she had property of which she would be glad to dispose, and which Mr. Levison believed to be of considerable value. He, Mr. Robinson, had a great opinion of Mr. Levison's judgment.

Finally when, half an hour later, Mr. Robinson quitted the house, he carried with him the necklace, and left with Helena in exchange notes to the value of twenty thousand pounds.

Miss Hartwood possessed, as has been said, an average conscience, and also, she now discovered, her full share of natural curiosity.

No sooner had the chain left her keeping, and the proceeds of the sale been applied to the delivery of her father from his most pressing difficulties, than she began to exercise her mind concerning the mysterious manner in which the jewels had come into her possession, and the possible rights and wrongs of the situation.

The story of the necklace would certainly get abroad; the makers would make some claim. Why were they silent so long? Her father's position and her own might become even worse than before. This alarm, however, began shortly to be removed. Sir Julian's affairs prospered—fortune seemed once more to favour him. Despised bonds suddenly became valuable; his credit was re-established. He talked of settling upon his daughter the price of the chain; it should be his munificent gift on the day, three months hence, when she should attain her twentieth year. Still no whisper was heard

concerning the mystery of the jewels; no claim was made. Where had they come from? Sir Julian seemed totally unconcerned. And with the prospect of holding their equivalent in her own hands Helena grew undisturbed and more curious. She drove one day to Madame Victorine's, determined to make cautious investigations. She

would pay the dressmaker's account and order a new gown as an incentive to candour. Madame Victorine proved evidently ignorant of any special circumstances connected with the chain, and after some circumlocution gave the address of Esther Martin as the maker—a concession to Miss Hartwood's long patronage, since the supplying of necklaces to match her creations was her (Madame Victorine's) speciality.

Helena swore to order no necklaces on her own account, and pleaded a passionate desire for bead trimming; then she departed well pleased, feeling herself born for the rôle of private detective.

She found Esther working, as usual, at the table by the window in the little room; and saw at a glance that no jewels were there. The girl was shy and pleased at Miss Hartwood's visit, but when asked where she had procured the beads for the necklace grew reticent. At last Helena saw that she must risk on her side a certain amount of frankness. She offered no more pretended motives, but owned to a strong personal interest in the matter; the knowledge, she pleaded, might even help her to repair a great wrong.

Perhaps Esther scented romance. She had seen no more of the hero of the jewel shop since the completion of the chain, and some vain imaginations of her own, for which she might be pardoned, had gently faded. The making of the chain, the man's interest in it, had remained a mystery; but here, in this beautiful fellow-woman at her side, was to be found, perhaps, the interpretation. With a little sigh she told the story of the chain and the address of the shop in Bond

Street ; and with the telling yielded the last of those foolish fancies she had hardly dared confess, even to herself.

She had promised secrecy, and now she had broken her promise ; but it was for the sake of her friend ; she felt sure it was for his happiness that Miss Hartwood should know what she desired ; yet, if they ever met again, he would be angry.

Perhaps she found some consolation in Miss Hartwood's gratitude and the sisterly kiss that young lady gave her in parting.

Helena drove to Bond Street with a pretty clear conviction that she was reaching the heart of the mystery, but on entering the jeweller's shop felt a trifle disconcerted.

What was she to do next ? To gain time she asked to look at a book of patterns ; she might find occasion to introduce the subject of pearl necklaces in conversation with the young man who attended upon her.

Seated there, with her back to the shop door and the open folio before her, an extraordinary thing (to her conception) happened. In a wall mirror which faced her she suddenly saw the grey-haired Mr. Robinson who had bought the necklace enter the shop. She heard him ask for a certain silver casket which should, by this time, be completed ; she saw him unlock a drawer and produce from it her own chain, which he carefully packed away in the casket. Then he addressed a young man behind the counter.

"Take this parcel," he said, "and deliver it with your own hands to Mr. Levison at his house in Belgrave Square. Mr. Jones had better accompany you."

The two men left the shop, and Mr. Robinson, to Helena's great relief, passed through almost immediately to the inner room, without appearing to notice her. She was left alone with the assistant who was attending upon her. She selected haphazard an ornament pictured in the pattern-book and bought it.

"That was a lovely chain !" she remarked, while the young man packed her purchase. "The price, I suppose, of one like it would be enormous ?"

"I fear, madam, it would be impossible for us to supply another. Mr. Levison himself designed that chain and superintended its manufacture."

"Who is this Mr. Levison ? How can he prevent your making another ?"

The young man hesitated. "In confidence I may tell you, madam, he is our proprietor ; but since the death of his uncle, Mr. Ober-

stain, whose name remains over the door, the practical management of the business has been almost entirely left in the hands of our manager, Mr. Robinson."

Helena hurried home. She had heard all she needed to know. The whole situation was clear. Levison had tricked her into an obligation by the simple method of buying back his own jewels at an exorbitant price ! It was intolerable ! She paced her room in angry agitation. He must be paid—paid at once. If only she had had that twenty thousand pounds in her hands, now, this very minute, she would have flown to the nearest post-office and inclosed the cheque in a registered envelope ! Unfortunately such simplicity of action was impossible.

The money from her father would not be due for three months ; to ask him for it now would be worse than useless. She understood the elasticity of his nature too well to imagine that he would recognise the need for restitution ; probably, if he knew her purpose, he would rescind his promise of the money altogether.

She thought, with a shiver, that he had, perhaps, all along guessed the truth.

And Levison ! A mere jeweller ! Already—the humiliation seemed greater than ever—she had offered herself to this irrepressible man—she had been wearing his jewels at the time—and been rejected. What else had she to offer ? What did people generally offer when they wished to acknowledge a debt, to own their responsibility, and yet were in the unhappy position of no banker's account ? Why, of course, how stupid she had been—a promise to pay, a bill, a—what was it called ?—an I O U. Levison—of course he understood those things. He would hardly doubt her good faith ; she would also offer interest—exorbitant interest.

She sat down to her table and wrote a note. Would Mr. Levison do her the favour of calling in Leominster Gardens that evening at 6.30, as Miss Hartwood desired to speak with him *on a matter of business* ? Then she rang her bell, dispatched the note, ordered a cup of tea—and waited.

At 6.30 precisely Levison's card was brought to her and she went to the drawing-room, flushed and indignant.

Perhaps without forethought he was sitting where once before she had discovered his empty chair. She remembered this was the first time he had since that day entered the house. A pang smote her. After all, did she not owe him more than she could ever pay ? Could *any* I O U cancel her debt ?

She rushed at once to the point, troubled at her own nervousness

"I have asked you to come here because I have discovered, I believe, that I am under a very deep obligation. That chain—it was yours—and you—you pretended to buy it! How could you—how dared you?"

"Somebody," said Levison, slowly, "has given me away."

"You must have known that I should not rest—that I should find out——"

Then she saw his face flush. "I will not try to deny that impeachment," he said, coldly.

It was the first time she had seen in him any sign of anger or resentment, and she became once more conscious of her own unutterable meanness.

"I—I beg your pardon. It is too bad—you are always putting me in the wrong. Of course I did not mean you laid a trap for me in that way. But—but I want to pay my debt—I want to assure you that I mean to pay it."

Levison bowed.

"My father's affairs—thanks to you—are improving. He has promised to restore to me the price of the necklace. Immediately he gives it to me it is my desire to return it to you. In the meantime——"

"Yes," said Levison, with great gravity, "in the meantime——"

"I should like to give you some acknowledgment of the debt—something that would enable you to claim it—to show that I mean to pay it—with interest, of course."

"Oh, yes, of course, with interest."

"I wish you would not repeat my words. You call the necessary document a bill, I believe—an I O U. Can you—can you show me how to draw it up? I am sorry to be so ignorant." It occurred to her (too late) that

she would have been in a more dignified position had she made the inquiries elsewhere.

"Certainly, nothing can be easier. Can you oblige me with a pen and ink?"

She moved to the writing-table, and he followed her; something like a smile was on his countenance.

When the necessary form was drawn up he indicated to her where she should sign her name. She had a flash of inspiration.

"A stamp," she said. "Shouldn't there be a stamp—something to make it binding?"

"Oh, certainly—a stamp—can you oblige me?" His smile was even more evident. She produced a penny one from her stamp-case and applied the tip of her tongue to the back. "Where?" she asked, holding it. He pointed to the right-hand corner; she affixed the stamp and wrote her name across it, after the fashion she had seen on her father's (rarely) receipted bills.

She looked up and handed the paper to Levison with an

enormous sense of relief; a weight was off her mind, it could not have been greater had the twenty thousand pounds then and there passed from her keeping to his.

He folded and placed it in a pocket-book, which he restored to the breast-pocket of his coat.

"I named the interest at 5 per cent.," he remarked, casually.

"Oh, yes—quite so."

"The bill payable at three months."

"Of course—I read it." She had tried to read it, but had not grasped a word.

Five minutes later Helena, still with that sense of elation and freedom upon her, went upstairs to dress for dinner, and Levison, at the same time standing upon the pavement



"SHE THOUGHT, WITH A SHIVER, THAT HE HAD, PERHAPS, GUESSED THE TRUTH."



"YOU CALL THE NECESSARY DOCUMENT A BILL, I BELIEVE—AN I O U?"

without, took the I O U from his pocket-book and tore the paper to shreds, preserving only the signature and the stamp, which with great care he restored to the book.

During the weeks which ensued he and Helena met constantly; his shyness seemed to have vanished, and he made no secret now of his devotion. Her father was proving himself as good as his word; her birthday was approaching, and upon that day twenty thousand pounds was to be placed to her credit in the bank. Sir Julian persisted in calling it her wedding portion. She was just twenty complete years and four days old when the bill to Levison became due, and at an appointed hour he arrived. She had the cheque ready. He took it and glanced at it.

"I see you have calculated the interest

correctly," he said. Then he took from his pocket-book the torn pieces of the I O U and held them towards her in the palm of his hand.

"I tore them up," he said, "before I had left you five minutes; keeping your signature alone intact. I would hold no bond over you, but I knew you would desire to pay this if you possibly could. Now, since there can be no question of money between us"—suddenly his self-possession deserted him—"Miss Hartwood, Helena, do you think—"

"I think you are the most perfect gentleman God ever made," she said, softly.

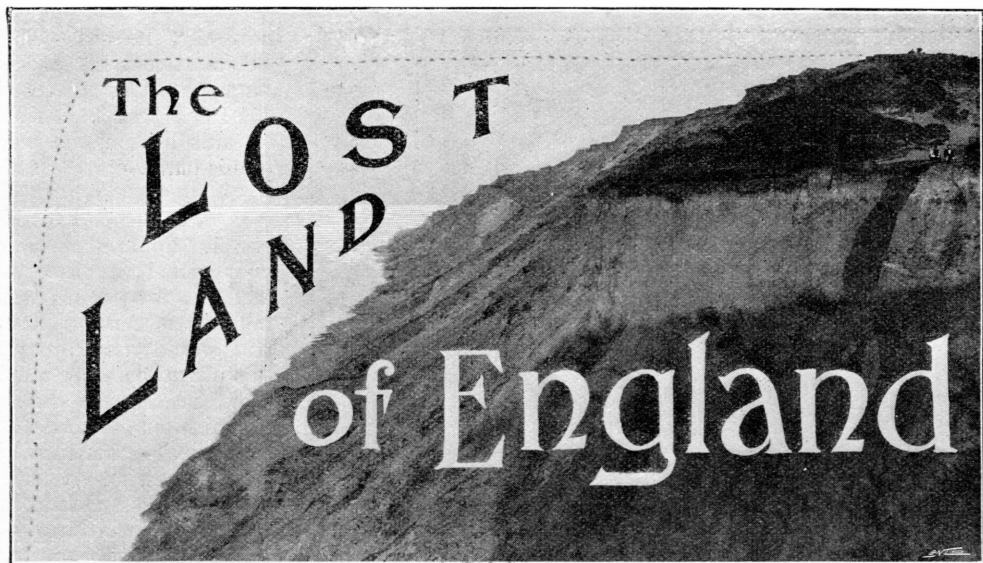
She had taken back the words which had once so hurt him, but it was a long while before he dared to explain his real meaning; to ask her to take back the chain which had so strangely linked their destinies. Yet that time also arrived. His patient devotion had grown so indispensable to her; he had become so much a part of her daily life, she hardly knew in what light she regarded him until one day a report reached her (through her father) that he was going to be married.

The next time they met she imparted to him the news, and he avowed he wished it might be true.

"I suppose, then, the lady will get my chain," she said, crossly. "You told me the other day it was still in existence."

"The position is a difficult one. I have sworn that the chain shall never rest upon any neck but yours. At the same time I desire most earnestly to give it to—the woman I hope to make my wife——"

"Give it to me," she said.



From a Photo. by]

EAST CLIFF, CROMER. THE DOTTED LINE SHOWS THE LAND LOST SINCE 1860.

[H. Mace, Cromer.

The various diagrams which accompany the following article have been carefully prepared with the assistance of several eminent geologists and officers of H.M. Ordnance Survey. Absolutely accurate delineation is, of course, impossible; but the loss by marine erosion is herewith rendered according to the best authorities.



WHEN we hear it roundly asserted that "Britannia rules the waves" we are conscious that the statement is merely a poetical expression of a fact—England's naval supremacy.

Literally, we are so far from ruling the breakers of the ocean that our defiance of Father Neptune costs us a fearful annual sacrifice. We pay in lives and we pay also in land. Many who know all about the human "price of Admiralty" know little or nothing about that other price—that of our sea-coasts, the beauteous villages and smiling pastures which have been swept away for ever into the inexorable salt flood.

There is no Parliamentary information on this important subject except that contained in the statistics of total acreage; the facts must needs, therefore, be slowly compiled from local histories, records, and maps, which is here done, we believe, for the first time.

The testimony of the statistics of the Ordnance Survey alone is staggering. Every year we lose a tract of land the size of Gibraltar! On the east coast alone we lose territory equal in size to the Island of Heligoland! In the last hundred years a fragment of our kingdom as large as the

County of London lies buried beneath the sea!

After this, who shall sing the epic of lost England? All along the green verge of this realm (with the exceptions to be noted hereinafter) this marine erosion goes on, in some districts working a terrible havoc, so that the very trees and vegetation seem to turn and flee from the doom which awaits them. For hundreds of miles on the English coasts are buried once prosperous towns and villages and mighty forests, where long roamed the red deer, inclosed in lordly





NOTE.—IN THE ABOVE AND FOLLOWING DIAGRAMS THE THICK BLACK LINE REPRESENTS THE MODERN COAST-LINE. THE DOTTED LINE INDICATES APPROXIMATELY THE ANCIENT COASTS.

parks. The line of anchorage for ships off Selsey in Sussex is still called "the Park" by mariners ignorant of the term's origin (see illustration on page 405). For in Henry VIII.'s reign it was full of noble stags, does and fawns, and for poaching in these Royal preserves a bishop once fiercely excommunicated several deer-stealers.

In Yorkshire alone there are no fewer than twelve buried towns and villages. In Suffolk there are at least five. At Bexhill-on-Sea the remains of the submerged forest was lately visible at low water. Such a forest may also be seen plainly off the coast in the Wirral district of Cheshire and at other places. To even the least observant visitor there exist innumerable relics on the coasts and shore-line of many districts which tell of once prosperous territory wrested from Britannia by Father Neptune. Yet, at the outset, we must not forget that we have brought about the reclamation of many thousand acres in Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, Cheshire, and elsewhere; but even with this offset in our favour the balance is hundreds of square miles against us; and England's expansion must ever be political and moral rather than geographical and geological.

To begin with the scene of Neptune's greatest victory, the reader's attention is directed to Cornwall. According to a survey made in the reign of Edward I. the Duchy contained 1,500,000 acres. In 1760 a Parliamentary report gave it as 960,000 acres.

By the Ordnance Survey some years ago it was given as 829,500 acres. But statistics are proverbially unreliable. To the westward of Land's End, between there and the Scilly Isles, lies the lost land of Lyonesse. Better than figures, better even than history and tradition, is the evidence offered by the Cornish coasts themselves at low tide. Beneath the sand of Mount's Bay, Penzance, is a deposit of black mould, in which may be discovered to-day the remnants of leaves, nuts, branches, and trunks of trees. The remains of red deer may be traced seaward as far as the ebb allows. Leland states that the district between Land's End and Scilly was formerly connected, and contained 140 parish churches and presumably as many

villages. According to a modern Cornish authority a flood visited Cornwall at the end of the fourteenth century and carried away 190 square miles. Mount's Bay itself is almost of recent origin, the tradition being that the ocean, "breaking in violently, drowned that part of the country, now the bay." Even in the last century Land's End was much farther to the westward—some authorities give the distance as half a mile—than it is at present.



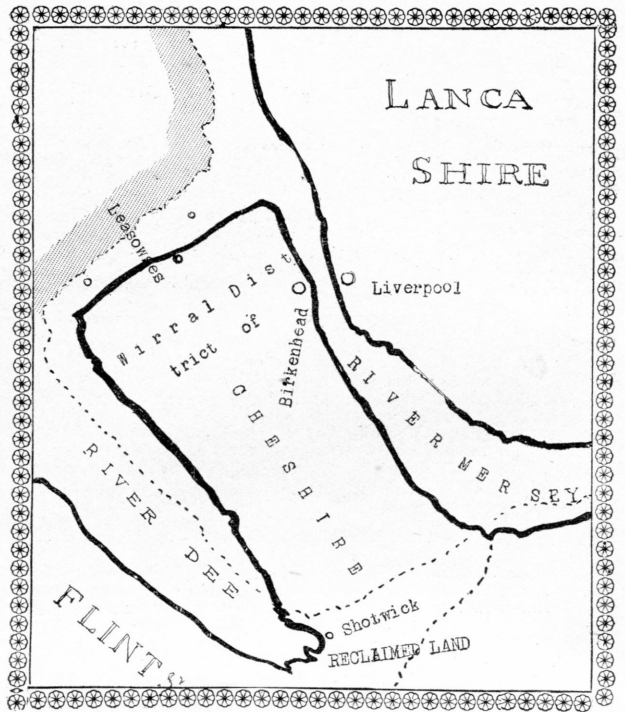
LOST LAND IN NORTH WALES. THE SPACE BETWEEN THE DEEP BLACK LINE AND THE SHADED SECTION REPRESENTS THE SUBMERGED TERRITORY.

Proceeding northward into Wales we find almost a parallel to this enormous loss of territory in the calamity at the spot now known as Sarn Badrig in the sixth century. This sandy elevation is twenty-one miles from the coast, and was formerly an embankment raised to protect the Lowland Hundred from the encroachments of the sea. Owing to the drunken carelessness of one Seithenym, the custodian of this huge dike, the waters rushed in and devastated the whole country, which then contained no fewer than twelve fortified towns.

If we may accept Professor A. G. Ramsay's dictum, "More land has gone in Wales than now remains above the sea-level." As if partially to atone for this calamity the sea, as is well known, has retired from Harlech nearly half a mile in 500 years, this Welsh city being, as Criccieth is at present, once a seaport.

Formerly, from the Ribble to the Dee and from an unknown distance seaward, extending inward up the valleys of these rivers the country was clothed with trees. All this country has utterly disappeared. A mighty flood in the fourteenth century overwhelmed it, and the sea has never since receded, but, on the contrary, is continually gaining on the land.

At Leasowes Castle, in the Wirral district of Cheshire, until recently the seat of the Cust family, the sea, fifty years ago, was half a mile distant from the walls. Now, but for the



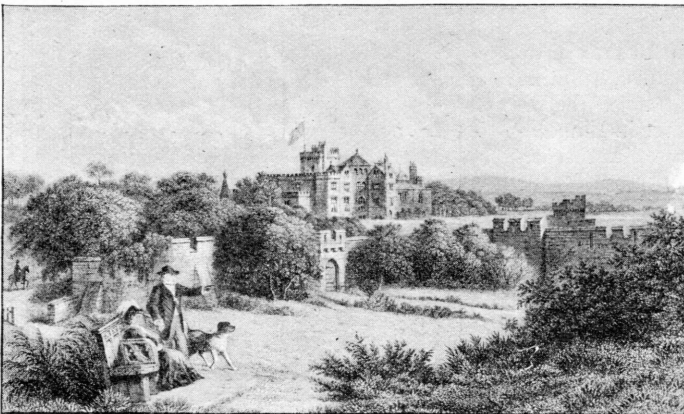
SKETCH MAP OF DISTRICT BETWEEN LANCASHIRE AND WALES. DOTTED LINES INDICATE FORMER COAST-LINE.

masonry embankment of the castle, the waves would sweep over it. A century ago it was a mile and more away from the ocean. The tourist sitting at low tide on the south-west end of the embankment and gazing westward along the coast may to-day behold, between the water's edge and the sandhills behind, a dark, unequal stretch of shore as far as Hoylake village. On the surface of this bed are visible the skulls and bones of deer, horse, and shoals of fresh-water shells, besides the

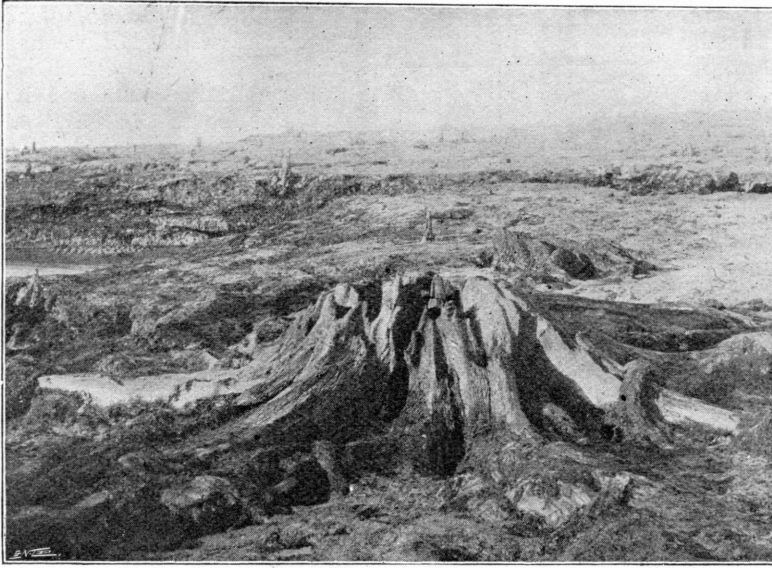
flotsam and jetsam of innumerable ship-wrecks during centuries. The kind of trees which once flourished here can be easily distinguished—oak, willow, alder, birch, and elm. Where Birkenhead Docks now are was once the heart of a forest of birch (Birchen Wood—it was anciently called). As an old Cheshire rhyme has it:—

From Birchen Haven to Hilbre
A squirrel might hop from tree
to tree.

That Wirral has long been in fear of Liverpool's



LEASOWES CASTLE, CHESHIRE—THE SEA NOW COMES UP TO THE CASTLE WALLS.
From an Old Print.



SUBMERGED FOREST OFF THE CHESHIRE COAST, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

From a Photo. by Charles A. Defieux.

great river finds an illustration in the following passage from Drayton's "Polyolbion":—

Where Mersey, for more state,
Assuming broader banks himself so proudly bears
That at his stern approach extended Wirral fears
That what betwixt his floods of Mersey and of Dee
In very little time devoured he might be.

On the other side of Cheshire much land has been lately reclaimed, but none too soon for old Shotwick Church, which stands in all its huge loneliness to tell of the lost town of Shotwick. At Ince the abbots complained to Hugh Lupus that "they had lost by inundations of the sea thirty carucates of land, and were daily losing more."

Great submerged forests occur at intervals all around the English coasts from the great bight between Wales and Scotland, Bristol Channel, the coasts of Cornwall (as we have seen), Devon, the Isle of Wight, and from Selsey in Sussex to Holderness in Yorkshire. In this last-named county the losses in modern times have been very severe. Readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE will look in vain on the largest scale modern map for the lost city of Ravensburgh. It was at this flourishing seaport that Henry IV. landed in 1399.

Vol. xxii.—51.

The banish'd Boling-
broke repeals him-
self,
And with uplifted
arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspurgh.

—Shakespeare's
"Richard II.,"
Act II., Sc. 2.

This lost town sent two members to Parliament and was a bigger and more important place than Hull. Edward IV. landed here from Flanders in 1471 before the Battle of Barnet. With Ravensburgh disappeared also many villages and a large tract of territory, amongst which were Odd

(or Odd Ravenser), Redmare, Tharlethorp, Frismarsh, and Potterfleet, all situate in the Holderness district. On the coast Hornsea Beck, Hornsea Burton, Hartburn, Old Aldeburgh, Hyde, and Withernsea have disappeared. Camden also mentions the parishes of Pennysmerk, Upsal, Salthege, Dymelton, and Wythefleet. On the steeple of old Hornsea Church was inscribed the following quaint legend: "Hornsea steeple, whanne I built thee thou wast ten miles off Burlington, ten miles off Beverley, and ten miles off sea." Ravensburgh is last mentioned by Leland in 1538. The remnants of



VIEW OF RAVENSERE, OR RAVENSBURGH (YORKS), WHERE HENRY IV. LANDED IN 1399, NOW TOTALLY DISAPPEARED. FROM A 15TH CENTURY ILLUMINATED MS.

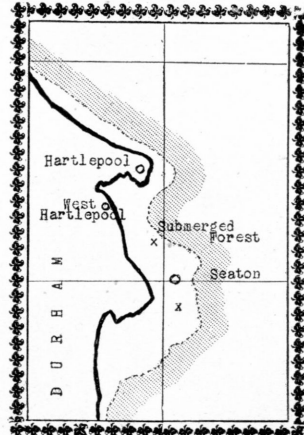
this lost coast now go to form Sunk Island, which during the past century has been reclaimed from the sea, and is to-day no longer an island. But Sunk Island does not represent above a twelfth of that which has disappeared.

Destruction of land once fertile and populous is characteristic of the whole coast from Spurn Head to Bridlington. The sea never ceases to gain on the land. The ancient church of Kilnsea disappeared, half of it, in 1826, and the rest in 1831. The town preceded it. Aldborough Church has been destroyed by the sea, and the Castle of Grimston has vanished. Mapleton Church, now toppling on the cliff, was formerly two miles away. In the vicinity of Holderness the annual loss is thirty acres. A mile or two out at sea is the site of old Withernsea Church and village. To quote an eighteenth century poet :—

Up rose old Ocean from his bed
And landward drove his billowy car ;
And headlands, spires, and villas fled
Before the elemental war.

In a depressed part of the cliff near Owthorne was formerly a fresh water lake, in the bed of which a canoe belonging to the early Britons has been discovered and the remains of red deer. As for the ancient church and churchyard of Owthorne, these fell over the cliff in 1816, strewing the shore with ruins and shattered coffins. The last fragment disappeared in 1838.

Seaton, in Durham, formerly a populous town, has shrunk inland almost to vanishing point. In the sands at low tide may be seen traces of the old town, but not even a vestige remains of the ancient chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, the pride of the district. At Seaton Snook, two

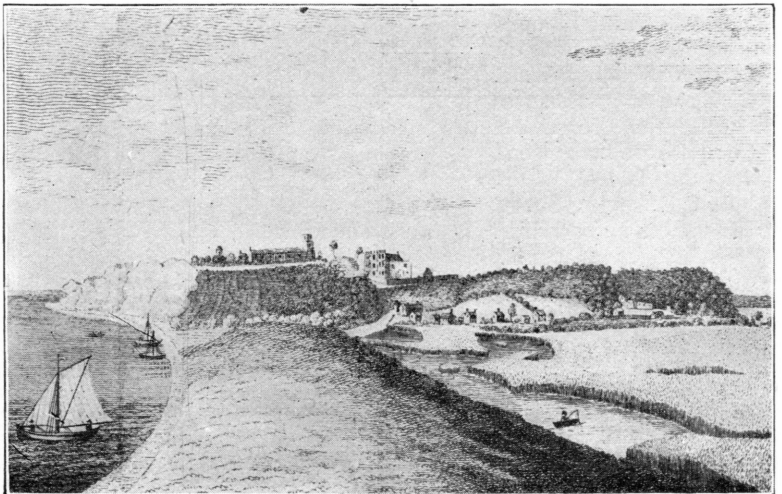


LAND ON THE DURHAM COAST LOST
IN MODERN TIMES.

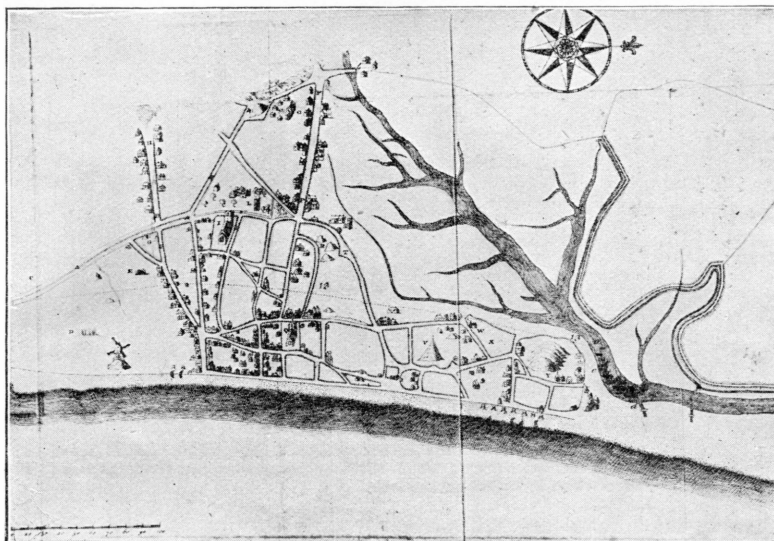
miles to the south, there are yet visible, or were a few years ago, the remains of fortifications built in 1667 at the mouth of the river. Between Seaton and Hartlepool the tourist readily finds tangible evidences of the great forest which now lies submerged on the coast.

In Lincolnshire the spectacle is presented throughout a number of centuries, even as far back as Roman times, of alternate loss and conquest. But vast as the reclamations of land have been, it is impossible to doubt the geological evidence that our entries

are still far heavier on the credit side of the ledger which registers our account with Father Neptune. It is true that less than three centuries ago many thousands of acres of fenland were covered by the sea, and had been for several hundred years. But prior to that period Lincolnshire was overspread with huge forests, the relics of which may to-day be seen at Friskney, Wainfleet, and in the East Fen, in the shape of trees of oak and fir with their roots which lie buried in the soil. The vicinity of Revesby was formerly a thick wood. In land recently reclaimed the remains of a smith's shop have been exhumed, together with a number of horse-shoes, being conclusive proof that a village once rested on or near this spot. So that what we have gained since the seventeenth century in Lincolnshire from the sea



VIEW OF DUNWICH IN 1565. THE CITY LIES CHIEFLY BEHIND THE RIDGE,



PLAN OF DUNWICH IN 1585, SHOWING 250 PRINCIPAL HOUSES AND CHURCHES, OF WHICH ONLY A SINGLE RUIN REMAINS.

is merely our own property filched from us since William the Conqueror's time. The overflowing of the fens probably took place between the thirteenth and fifteenth centuries.

On the other hand there has vanished a territory which we have not regained and which is likely to be lost to us for ever. Skegness was, in the time of our great-grand-fathers (to go no farther back), a great and important town. It had its castle and its fortifications and its stately spire. If one of our ancestors returned to visit the scene of his mortal haunts at Skegness he would have to search among the foaming breakers of the coast for its site and plunge several fathoms deep in a vain quest for castle, church, and market-place. As recently as 1796 the remains of a mighty forest were visible to Sir Joseph Banks along the entire coast from Skegness to Grimsby. At Addlethorpe and Mablethorpe especially the trunks of the trees could be plainly seen at low tide.

Holiday-makers in Norfolk do not need to be reminded of the continuous encroachment of the sea along the coast of that county. Great is the wonder excited in the bosom of a visitor to Cromer when some old salt, stretching a rough and tanned forefinger to the northward, indicates in the far distance a solitary upstanding rock, lashed by the waves, and says:—

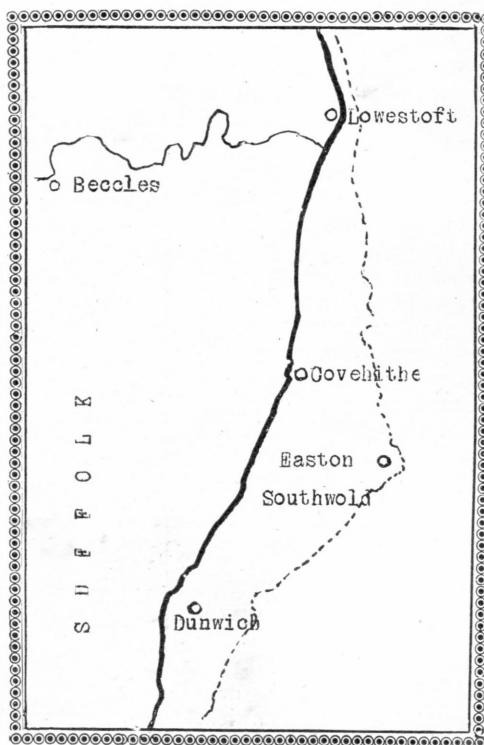
"Yonder is old Cromer church, which used to be in the middle o' the town. When there is a storm you can hear the bells chiming in the belfry."

This same legend is told of other parts of

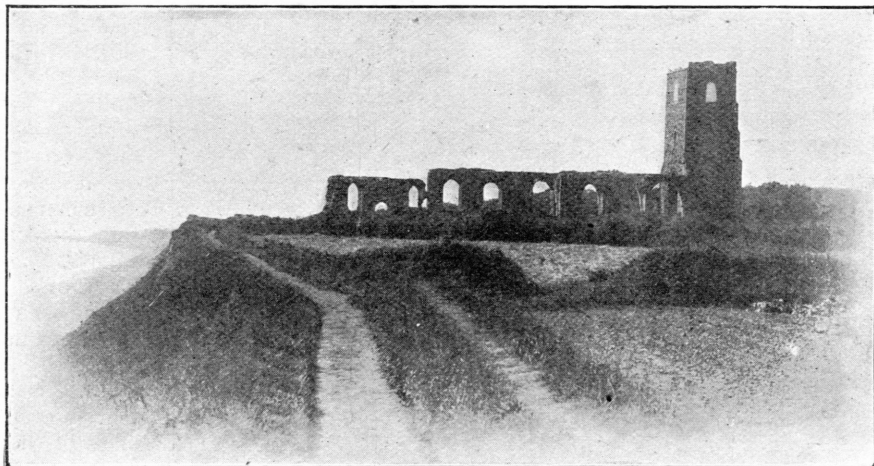
the coast—at Bognor, Bosham (in Sussex), and Bottreaux—where submerged bells ring on special occasions as a solemn omen. But there is no doubt about Cromer's once having been nearly a mile farther out upon the coast than it is at present—even the maps of the eighteenth century show the present church over half a mile distant from the cliff. Other authorities

assert that ancient Cromer (Shipden) was at least two miles north of its present site.

The sites of Eccles and Whimpwell are also submerged. In the year 1825 twelve acres slipped at once into the sea and so rendered Foulness Lighthouse unsafe. A



LOST LAND AND TOWNS ON THE SUFFOLK COAST.



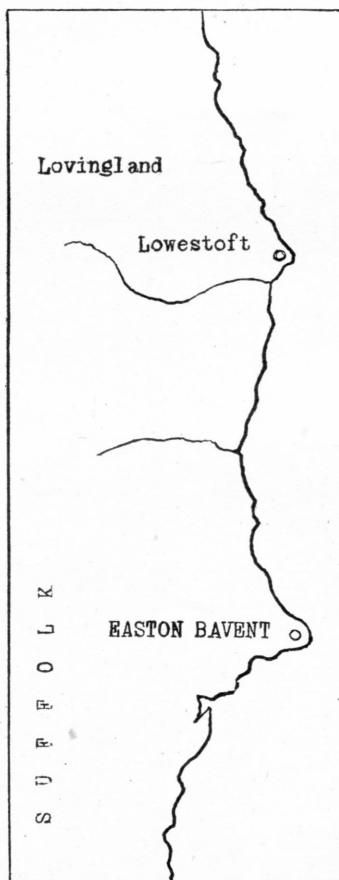
ALL SAINTS', DUNWICH—THIS EDIFICE, WHICH FORMERLY STOOD TO THE WEST OF THE TOWN, IS NOW ON THE VERGE OF THE CLIFF.
From a Photo. by F. Jenkins, Southwold.

new lighthouse was thereupon ordered to be built. "It is impossible to calculate," remarks the modern historiographer of the town, "to what extent the headland Foulness may have once stretched seaward." On all hands enormous masses of landslip greet the eye at the bottom of the cliff and the work of destruction never ends.

It is pathetic to see churches—such as that at Sidestrand—hanging on the very edge of a precipice and all but in the maw of the ocean which a century or two since were the centres of happy villages, all unconscious of doom, of which to-day not a trace remains but in the confined bones and dust of the "rude forefathers of the hamlet"—dust which next year or the following will be scattered to the four winds of Heaven by the tottering of the cliff. Readers of Mr. Watts-Dunton's romance of "Aylwin" may remember a very powerful and vivid picture of such a loss of church and graveyard in the midst of a storm on the Norfolk coast.

Thomas Gardner's map and history of Dunwich, 1754, Sexton's map of 1575,

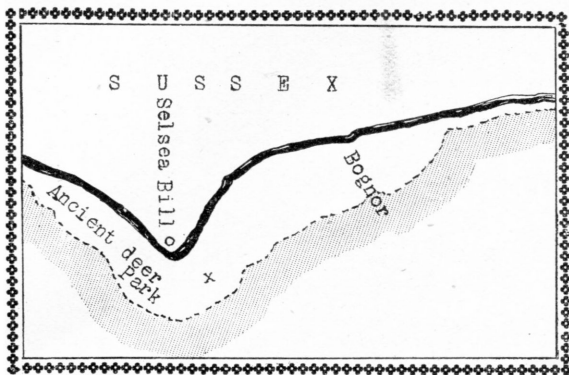
and earlier records demonstrate only too well how great has been the loss since that town



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MAP SHOWING EASTON BAVENT AS THE MOST EASTERLY POINT IN ENGLAND—IT IS NOW COVERED BY THE SEA.

was the capital of East Anglia and boasted of sixty churches and a mint. Only one of these churches to-day remains. All Saints' and the adjoining monastery (now in ruins), once far to the westward of the town, are now on the edge of the cliff. Well might the Elizabethan chronicler speak of Dunwich as a victim of the "rage and surges of the sea." It had been a Roman station of importance before it became a prominent English town. It furnished forty ships for the use of Henry III. Once there was a forest between the town and the cliffs, and the records of the destruction show the loss of churches, convents, hospitals, a town-hall, and many "comely buildings."

In Domesday Book Dunwich had between its borders "two hundred and six-and-thirty burgesses." In Henry II.'s time it was a town of good note and full stored with sundry kinds of riches. "It was so fortified," says Camden, "that it made Robert, Earle of Leicester, afraide, who with his army



overran all the parts round about at his pleasure." It became the seat of the episcopal see of East Angles, and its bishops lived in great state.

According to Stow, Dunwich inclosed "a King's court and a bishop's palace and mayor's mansion, and fifty-two churches and no fewer windmills, together with a spacious and well-frequented harbour, in which were as many top ships as churches."

Some idea of the rapidity of devastation may be given by quoting the chronicles of Edward II.'s reign, which show that at Dunwich 400 houses were swept away in a single year. Between 1535 and 1600 four churches disappeared. In 1677 the sea forced its way into the Dunwich market-place. In 1702 St. Peter's Church became undermined, and was followed in 1729 by the churchyard. In another decade not a remnant of this once thriving town of Dunwich remained.

It is, perhaps, natural that the fate of Dunwich should have inspired more than one poet, several to effusions of interminable length, redeemed only by their quaintness. We can find room, however, for a brief stanza by a comparatively modern Suffolk bard, who, addressing the submerged city, sings:—

How proudly rose thy
crested seat
Above the ocean wave,
Yet doomed beneath that
sea to meet
One wide and sweeping
grave.

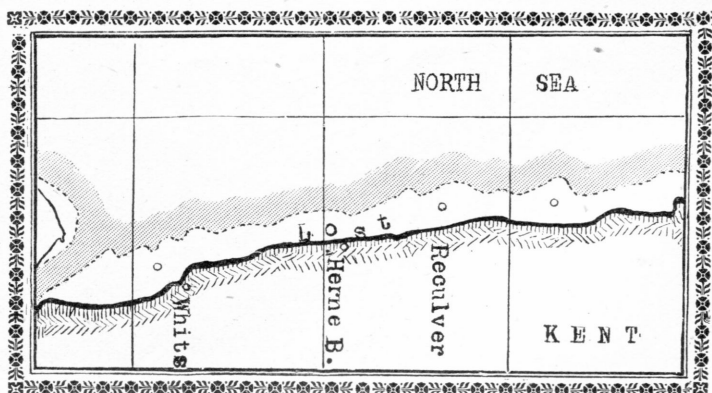
Other towns which
have been submerged
in modern times are
Northales, Covehithe,

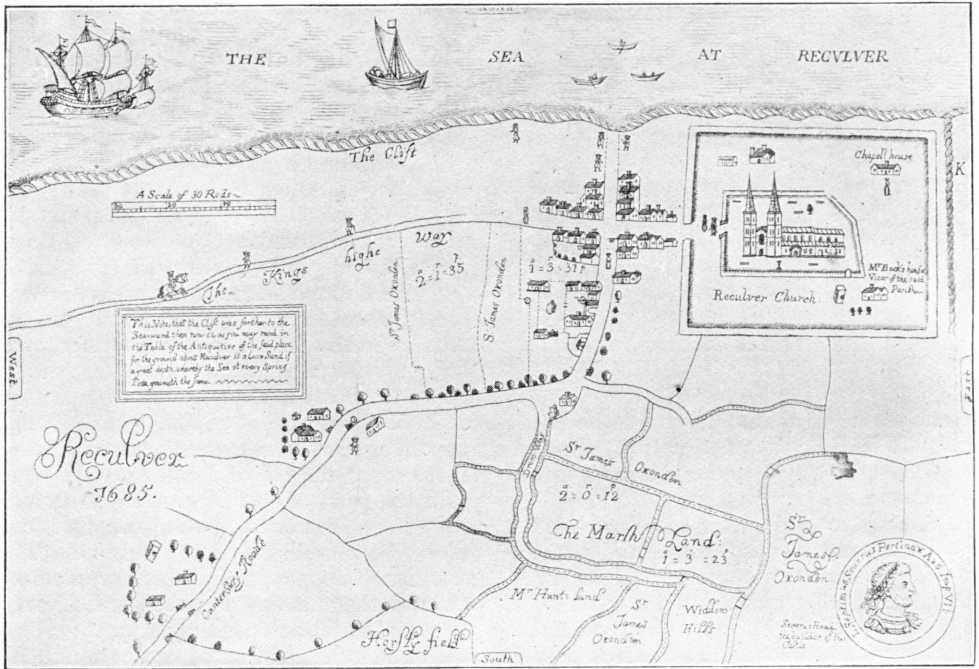
Walberswick, and Southwold. It is in this vicinity that once stood the populous town of Easton, reduced at the beginning of the last century to "two dwelling-houses and ten souls." Old Aldeburgh is also covered by the waves.

The 16th of May, 1895, marked a fresh disaster for Southwold and Covehithe. On that date the gales, tides, and rough sea cut away so much land as to create a new cove on the northern boundary of the former town, already a victim for many decades to the ocean's ravages. Easton Barent

was once the most easterly land in England, and still appears so in the older school atlases. It has now retired inland two miles, and yields the palm of such distinction to Lowestoft. Covehithe has also gone back two miles. Southwold has lost one mile. The coast-line no longer shows a bold promontory at Covehithe and Easton; the last Ordnance map exhibits almost a straight line. "Sole Bay," where the great naval battle was fought, remains on the map, but it has no existence in fact. Prior to 1895 Covehithe lost in six years 84ft., by actual measurement of a resident, figures which are much below the average rate of erosion elsewhere on the coast.

By way of compensation many thousand acres were reclaimed between Beccles and the German Ocean. Beccles (as it was formerly spelt) was a seaport, less than a mile distant from the coast; it is now several miles inland. But the date of this reclamation is believed to be anterior to the loss of Dunwich and Easton. The valleys of the Waveney and the Little Ouse were once navigable for their entire course from Gorleston to Lynn, as a proof of





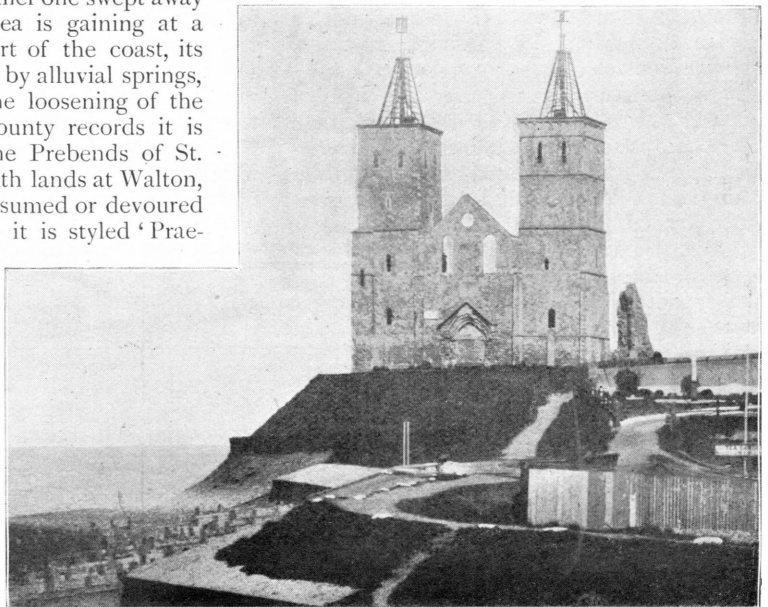
PLAN OF RECULVER, 1685, OF WHICH TOWN NOTHING NOW REMAINS BUT THE RUINED TOWERS ON THE CLIFF.

which anchors and other traces of ancient navigation have been found in the bed of the river. Again, too, Eye in the tenth century was, according to Abbo Florianensis, situated in the middle of a marsh.

The present church at Walton-on-the-Naze in Essex replaces a former one swept away by the waves. The sea is gaining at a rapid rate on this part of the coast, its ravages being assisted by alluvial springs, which contribute to the loosening of the soil. In the old county records it is stated that one of the Prebends of St. Paul's was endowed with lands at Walton, "but the sea hath consumed or devoured it long ago, therefore it is styled 'Præbenda consumpta per mare.'"

After the destruction of the forests on the coasts of Sussex the sea granted a respite of some centuries. But about 1650 it began again to encroach on the land. Previous to 1665 there is authentic record that it "destroyed twenty-two

copyhold tenancies under the cliff in the manor of Lewes, with twelve shops and their parcels of land." Then came the terrible storms of 1703 and 1705, demolishing whole villages. At Bognor rocks, still visible at low water, are the fragments of cliffs which eighty



From a Photo. by]

RECULVER CHURCH AT THE PRESENT DAY,

[Frith & Co.

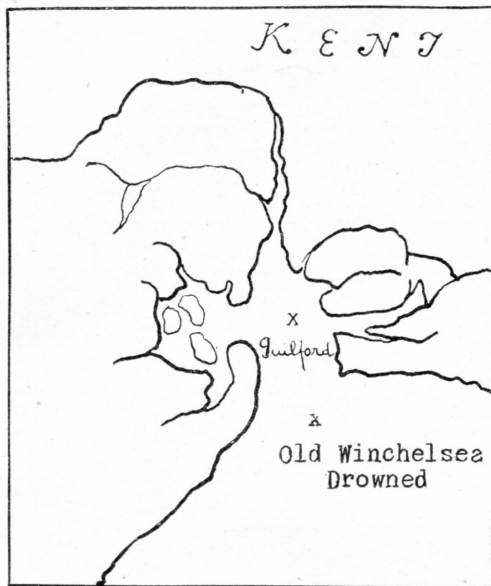


CHART OF BLAEVIUS, INDICATING THE SITE OF OLD WINCHELSEA, SUBMERGED, 1286.

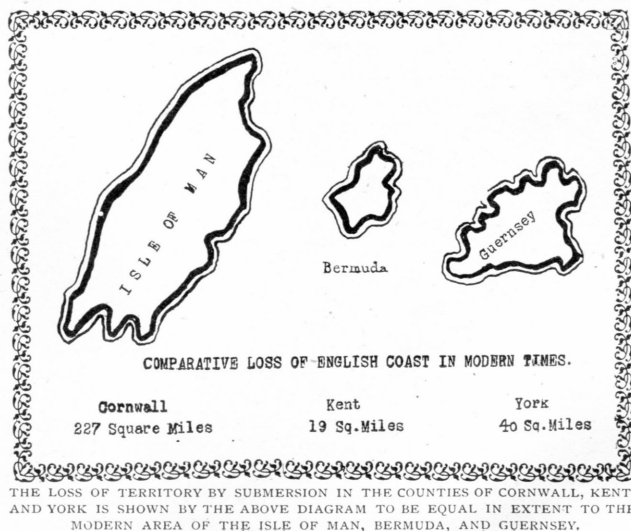
years or so ago were walked upon. They are now two miles distant. Half the peninsula of Selsey Bill has been swept away since the Saxon period. It was anciently covered with the forest of Mainwood (since corrupted into Manhood); and Selsey, which formerly stood in the middle of the peninsula, is now a village scarce half a mile from the sea. The site of old Selsey Cathedral is now covered with water. In Camden's time the foundation was visible when the tide was out, as he himself relates. Mention has already been made of the Park, that stretch of water which covers the site of old King Hal's deer forest (see illustration on page 405). The populous town of Brighthelmstone-under-Cliff has been hidden by the sea since Elizabeth's time.

At Pagham 700 acres were reclaimed from the sea in 1875, but this cannot be regarded as an adequate offset to Pagham Harbour, which was formed by an irruption of the ocean in the fourteenth century, destroying 2,700 acres. Beachy Head itself was once a lofty hill two miles from the sea coast, then covered with trees. Camden asserts, what geologists now admit, that the old town of Hastings itself was swallowed up by the sea.

There are few parts of the English coast so altered within the memory of living men as that bordering upon Kent. From Folkestone to Sussex verge the victory lies with the land, for the sea has retreated, leaving such towns as Lymne, Romney, Hythe, Richborough, Stonor, Sandwich, and Sarre—formerly seaports—high and dry, or at least surrounded by the district known as the Marsh. Thanet, once an island like Graine, is no longer so. Swale is only a narrow channel, a fragment of its former width. On the other hand, the sea has made serious inroads along the coast at Herne Bay, Reculver, and Whitstable. Fordwich, which was once an important town, with a mayor, has disappeared.

At Reculver (Regulbrium), as at Richborough, the Romans built a fortress to guard the Channel dividing Kent from the Isle of Thanet. A church was erected in due course eighty yards farther inland. This edifice, in the reign of Henry VIII., was over a mile from the sea. Yet in 1780 the final remnants of its massive masonry tumbled down upon the beach, and by 1804 the churchyard had been partly swept away. The church was dismantled, and its doom was momentarily expected. But the two towers are yet standing, because the value of the twin spires as a landmark to sailors was realized by the Trinity Board, and a sea-wall was built which has effectually arrested the further demolition of the last memorial of what was once a flourishing town.

As for the Isle of Wight, it is now generally accepted that it once formed part of the mainland, being a promontory attached to



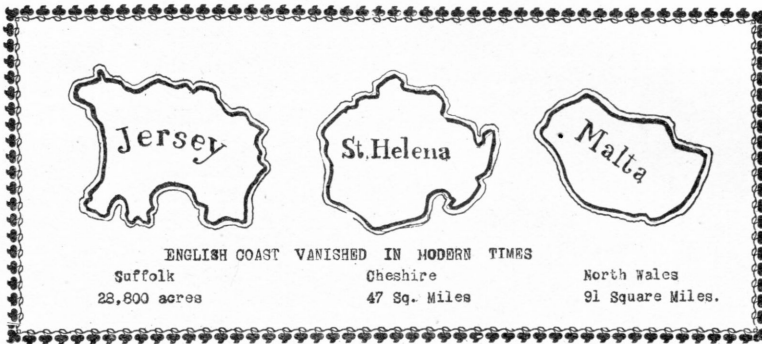
the eastern extremity of Dorsetshire. According to Lyell the entrance to the Solent became broader owing to the wasting of the cliffs at Colwell Bay. The widening of the Solent continues annually to a very considerable extent. The erosion on the opposite Hampshire coast in modern times is also great, but difficult to ascertain with even approximate accuracy. It is certain that in

the Board of Agriculture of the total area of this island, not including foreshore and tidal water, from the year 1867, give the area as follows:—

Total area of Great Britain.
(According to Official Survey.)

1867	56,964,260	1890	56,786,199
1880	56,815,354	1900	56,782,053

In England alone the total acreage in



NOTE.—THE ABOVE DIAGRAM IS INTENDED TO SHOW THAT IN THE THREE DISTRICTS NAMED, VIZ., SUFFOLK, CHESHIRE, AND NORTH WALES, TERRITORY HAS BEEN SUBMERGED EQUAL, RESPECTIVELY, TO THE PRESENT AREA OF THE ISLANDS OF JERSEY, ST. HELENA, AND MALTA.

quite modern times the old church and village of Hordle has been swept away.

After this cursory and necessarily imperfect survey of the British coasts the reader will see by an examination of the maps where this kingdom has suffered most in its eternal struggle with the relentless waves which encircle it. The diagrams will also serve to convey an idea, not only what we have lost in the past, but what we are now losing, and will continue to lose in the future, if the present rate of coast erosion is maintained. Figures are, in such matters, far less reliable than the data which are to be gained through the reading of history and topographical memoirs; but even figures, although unsatisfactory, must be allowed to give a powerful indication of England's geographical shrinkage. The official reports issued by

1867 was 32,590,397. In 1900 it had sunk to 32,549,019, a loss of over 40,000 acres. But, as I have pointed out, it would be unwise to base an estimate of the loss by coast erosion on these figures, because it naturally includes reclaimed marsh and fen lands and other drained districts. In a single year several hundred acres have been thus reclaimed. The loss by coast erosion in England is probably not less than 2,000 acres a year, the average at certain periods being, of course, much greater than that.

It is undeniable, and the results of the foregoing investigations attest it forcibly, that, however much we may strive to be Expansionists in our Empire, our commerce, and literature, we are little Englanders all, living in a little England which is annually shrinking into smaller geographical dimensions.

A Sweet Thing in Trusts.

BY ROBERT BARR.



JOHN L. WARNER was very well satisfied with himself when he stepped on the white clean deck of the great German liner *Uberalles*, whose prow was pointed towards America. And the young man had good reason to be proud, for he had brought to successful conclusion a very thorough investigation that had extended over most of the German Empire, and had involved side-trips to the chief financial capitals of Europe, occupying a period of six months. The search had to be conducted with all the secrecy of a diplomatic embassy, and in this sort of subtle service John L. Warner was an adept.

The young man's important mission came about in this way. The Sugar Trust of the United States had become alarmed. It had received a hint that Germany was contemplating a new move in the sugar industry. For years Germany had endowed the sugar trade with State bounties that had resulted in ruining one or two minor West Indian Colonies of Great Britain, while at the same time it had provided England with ample sugar at a price somewhat under the cost of manufacture. This outcome could scarcely be described as beneficial. It was a sweet boon to the English consumer, oppressive to the German taxpayer, and bankrupting to the Colonial planter. Now it seemed the German Government was about to take upon itself the task of fighting the United States Sugar Trust in its own lair, and, if victorious,

would hold a monopoly for the whole world. The sugar trade of England was in a bad way, but that of the United States was a lusty industry, and an interesting fight might be expected, for if the German Government thought it owned the Teutonic Empire the Sugar Trust was quite convinced that its chief, Mr. Hovmannhause, owned the United States.

The first move Mr. Hovmannhause, head of the Sugar Trust, made was to possess himself of all the facts, and to get the facts he sent his trusty lieutenant, John L. Warner, to Europe, provided with an ample supply of ready money, an article as useful in Germany as elsewhere. Now the young man's mission was finished, he had assured himself that there was no truth whatever in the allegation that Germany had any thought of fighting the American combination, and he was on the way to see Sandy Hook again, always a delightful prospect to the true citizen of "God's Country."

It was quite natural, then,

that young Mr. Warner should walk up the deck on a delightful morning in June rather well pleased with himself. This gratifying state of mind was enhanced rather than diminished by seeing the familiar figure of a charming young lady leaning over the rail, and he remembered, with a thrill of pleasure, that there would be moonlit nights all the way across, and that the ample decks of the *Uberalles* formed excellent promenades. So he approached the lady.

"Why, how fortunate I am, Miss Stansbury,



"HE APPROACHED THE LADY."

that I find you on board at a time of the year when most of our fellow-citizens are going the other way!"

The young woman turned her blue eyes upon him and smiled; then he saw she was prettier than the friend he thought himself accosting. She spoke with a slight but very dainty German accent.

"It is not very complimentary to Miss Stansbury that you should mistake another for her."

"Permit me to doubt that, madam. I think the young lady herself would agree with me, were she here, that I had paid her a very high compliment indeed."

"It is nice of you to put it that way; nevertheless, I am sorry for your disappointment."

"The disappointment has already vanished, for, to tell the truth, my acquaintance with the lady I mentioned is neither very long nor very intimate. Still, one welcomes a friendly face when a long voyage is ahead."

"But not at other times? I fear your politeness has vanished with your disappointment."

"I did not intend my remark to mean anything uncivil towards the ladies in general or any lady in particular. It is rather indicative of my own unfortunate situation. I am such a busy man ashore that about the only time I have for pleasant intercourse with my kind is on board ship going from country to country."

"How dreadful! I hope everyone in America is not like that, for this is my first visit to the United States, and I expected to meet some interesting people."

"Oh, you will. No; they are not all like me, although we do have the reputation of being rather a hurrying nation. Do you intend to stay long in America?"

"That will depend entirely on my father, whom I have persuaded to take me with him. He may finish what he has to do in a short time, or there may be unexpected delays. He is Hermann Steinhoff, of Berlin; doubtless you have heard of him."

"I can't say positively that I have or have not," replied Warner, with some hesitation. "Is it a name one would see in the papers?"

The girl arched her eyebrows slightly, but made no explanation beyond saying:—

"Very likely. You will perhaps

see more of the name in the newspapers if he succeeds in what he is attempting."

"I hope he will succeed. He is bound to, since you accompany him," said the young man, in a clumsy attempt at compliment, at which the girl smiled. "May I introduce myself as John L. Warner, of New York? My excuse is that steamer introductions are necessarily somewhat informal, and we may have no mutual friends on board."

So thus began an acquaintance that was to ripen very rapidly. The father proved to be a taciturn, self-absorbed man, who allowed his daughter to do as she pleased so long as his meditations were not interfered with. He kept his own counsels very rigidly, sitting for hours in his deck-chair, lost in interminable calculations which he was constantly working out in a blank book he held on his lap. His neglect of the charming young lady was more than compensated for by the assiduous attentions of Warner. There were moonlight walks on the ample decks and cosy confidences in adjoining steamer chairs.

So far as Miss Steinhoff was concerned her preference for the frank young American was almost as marked as his for her. She seemed to care for no one else on board the *Uberalles*, and although she had many



"LOST IN INTERMINABLE CALCULATIONS."

invitations to promenade, she rarely availed herself of them. Warner was ever the person in favour, and the luxurious smoking-room, which on other voyages had been his preferred resort, scarcely knew him at all on this trip. The pleasant weather and the nightly-increasing moonlight invited young people towards sentimentality, and each of them cordially accepted the invitation. He knew little of women, but had the American's intense respect for them, and this fair flower of German soil, with her amazing learning on book subjects of which he was entirely ignorant, and her equally amazing lack of knowledge regarding the ways of the world which an American girl would know all about, fascinated him. On the other hand, she had met no one in the least like Warner, a youth who had had his own way to make, who had overcome obstacles that might have baffled many a less strenuous person, who had educated himself in the things that mattered, from his own point of view, and who had illimitable ambitions for his own career and a boundless faith in the future of his country. There was no land like it; and in his enthusiasm he sometimes forgot that she belonged to another. But before the voyage was half done he had resolved to induce her to change her nationality and her name if he could. He first realized how far he had advanced when he caught himself several times on the very verge of telling her something of the Sugar Trust, a subject sacred from discussion with outsiders, its methods not even to be mentioned, as an inadvertent word might reach the ears of some alert newspaper reporter.

On her part Miss Steinhoff was frankly confiding. She appeared to have acquired an amazing belief in his genius as a business man, and, perhaps possessing no trade secrets to guard, she could talk without the restrictions which, now and then, embarrassed the young man, when he fell into the habit of talking about himself, a subject on which youth is somewhat eloquent when a sympathetic listener is at hand.

They found and occupied certain secluded places on deck, which became entirely their own, as the passenger list was not a long one. One evening the conversation drifted to the subject of speculation and the Stock Exchange, and Warner told several interesting stories of fortunes made in a moment.

"Oh, Mr. Warner," said the girl, "I wish you would give me some advice. I want to experiment in speculation. There was left

to me a year ago a trifle over 40,000 marks, and I have brought the legacy with me. What are the chances of my turning it into a million?"

"Forty thousand marks. That is ten thousand dollars. Well, if you take my advice, you will keep clear of Wall Street. The sum might last you two minutes or it might last only one. You are certain to lose it."

"But aren't there any safe stocks?"

"Oh, yes. Safe for investment, but they don't fluctuate much, and it is on sharp fluctuations that the big piles are made."

"I should think a man of your experience would know stocks that are safe, yet that were sure to rise."

"Ah, if any of us knew *that*, Miss Steinhoff, should we be working for someone else? If I were absolutely certain that a given stock would go up or down even one point, I could be a millionaire the day after. No, there is nothing certain about Wall Street, except that the outsider will lose his money and some of the insiders as well."

"You discourage me, Mr. Warner."

"If you will promise me not to mention to any living soul what I tell you, I'll give you what we call a pointer. I don't think you can lose, and you stand to win. I'll give you the name of an honest broker, but be careful not to let him know who sent you. Get him to put that money into sugar."

"What? You don't mean in the grocery business?"

"No, no. Stocks of the Sugar Trust. I have reason to believe they will rise shortly. They have been unduly depressed because of certain rumours which I happen to know are entirely unfounded. But for Heaven's sake, Miss Steinhoff, never even hint in the remotest fashion what I have told you. It is a secret that must be well guarded."

"A secret for a secret then," laughed the young woman, "and a coincidence besides. But, then, you won't think your secret is safe with me if I at once tell you what I have been warned not to tell. So, on second thoughts, I'll not say anything, for I feel sure you would distrust me if I did, and I shouldn't like that. It was the curious coincidence that made me forget for the moment. Well, there can be no harm in saying what the coincidence is, without going into particulars, for I see you are interested, but it is a Government matter, therefore I must be careful, for I am still on German territory, and shall be until I set foot in New York. Our Government stands no non-

sense from tattlers. So you will be silent, for *my* sake. It is really on account of sugar that I am on this ship. My father is very much trusted by our Government, and he is crossing with intent to teach your smart Americans some pointers, as you call them, on sugar. There, I must say no more. Father would be furious if he knew I had even hinted that much, for there is always a chance that the Americans may be cleverer than he or our Government and may beat us at our own game, so nothing is to be said until success is certain."

The agent of the Sugar Trust rose somewhat unsteadily to his feet and drew a long breath, resolutely keeping down any indication of surprise or dismay; but as his head came into the strong moonlight she was amazed to see that all colour had left his face.

"What is wrong?" she asked, in alarm, also rising. "Are you ill?"

"No, no. It is nothing. Foot asleep or something of that sort, and it stings a bit. Suppose we take a walk up and down the deck for a few turns."

They promenaded for a while, but conversation lagged. The girl saw something was amiss, but could not guess what, although he tried strenuously to seem interested and be interesting; so finally she bade him good-night and went down the companion-way.

Warner lit a cigar and trod the deck alone, thinking deeply. Here, by the merest chance, he had come upon the secret which he had spent thousands in Germany to discover without getting even a hint of its existence for his money. The German Government was going to fight the American Sugar Trust after all, and the information came to him, not through his own alertness, on which he had so confidently plumed himself, backed by the resources of a great corporation, but by way of a casual conversation on a steamer's deck! His failure shook his confidence in himself and humiliated him. He had come within an ace of deluding his employers. But had he the right to enlighten them now? What he had learned was told him in confidence, and although, technically,

he had given no promise, yet the girl had taken that promise for granted. He wondered what enchantment had come over him. A week ago such qualms of conscience would never have occurred to him. It would have been the Trust—first, last, and all the time. "All's fair in love and war," he quoted to himself; but which was it, love *or* war? War between the sugar combines certainly, but what between the girl and himself? Love, as certainly as the coming fight. If he told his employers the truth it would work injury indirect to the girl and direct to her secretive, moody father. If she ever came to know that her betrayed confidence had resulted

in wrecking her father's plan her feelings towards the culprit would be the reverse of friendly. At one moment it seemed that the honest course was to tell the girl all about it, but the consequence of this might be disastrous to those who employed and trusted him. After all, if he were to lay any claim to honesty his first duty was towards the men who paid him and would continue so until he refused to accept their wage. The moon and the steamer had travelled far in the same direction before he reached this decision, and when he went to his state-room he cursed himself as a traitor to the girl he loved.

Next morning when he met Miss Steinhoff, looking very charming, as if she had arrayed herself with special care, which was indeed the case, his fealty to his employers wavered. He resolved to place a supposed case before the lady and let her settle the question.

"Good morning, Mr. Warner," she greeted him. "You seem

worried. Didn't you sleep well?"

"I scarcely slept at all. It was almost daylight when I turned in. Yes, I *am* worried. A question of ethics has arisen; I think that's what they call it. I'm in a quandary, but I have some hope of persuading you to help me out."

"I shall be delighted to assist, if I can."

"Well, you see, it's like this. I'm a hired man. I belong to a company: am the company's servant, although we don't like to be called a servant, unless we are Presidents of the United States. I believe senators



"WARNER LIT A CIGAR."

and high officials also term themselves servants of the people, which is one method of catching the nimble vote. However, to come to the point, this big company pays me lavishly, and in return is supposed to receive my best efforts night, day, and all the time. I was sent over to Europe some months ago to learn the answer to a certain question which it was the determination of those interested there to conceal. The answer would be 'Yes' or 'No.' The company was willing to spend thousands to find out which of these simple little words was the correct one. My investigations led me to the conclusion that 'No' was the answer. The chance remark of a friend of mine afterwards convinced me that the true reply is 'Yes,' but if my friend had known I belonged to this company he would not have given me the information he did. Now my problem is, should I or should I not tell my company what I learned?"

"Did you promise your friend not to tell?"

"No, I gave no promise."

"In that case I think it is your duty to place before your company the information you have received. It belongs to them and not to you."

"Perhaps I ought to add that, although I made no promise, yet a promise was tacitly implied. My friend believed I would tell no one. Besides this, my friend very likely will be injured by my betrayal of confidence; indirectly at least."

"I cannot see that this changes the position. The fault lies with your friend. He should not have spoken, but, having spoken, he had to take the risk of his folly. And now, Mr. Warner, I want to ask you a question. How is it that this problem of conscience suddenly becomes troublesome in mid-ocean? You were not worrying about it when the voyage began, were you?"

"No. Well, you see, Miss Steinhoff, my association with you has changed many of my previous ideas. Actions that I had considered perfectly justifiable now take on a different complexion."

"That is very ingenious, Mr. Warner, and very complimentary to me; but I fear I cannot accept the flattery. Is it not the truth that I am the friend to whom you have been alluding?"

"A man is not bound to incriminate himself on the witness-stand, Miss Steinhoff."

"Then I *was* the culprit. It was something I said last night about sugar. Are you interested in sugar?"

"I—I—I—can only repeat what I have just said."

"And an excellent remark it is, if somewhat trite. It answers my question quite as fully as if you said 'Yes.' So you *are* interested in sugar. This is very awkward."

"Do you desire to modify your advice?"

"Ah, no. Truth is truth, and individuals don't count. You have no other course but to tell your company."

"I don't agree with you, Miss Steinhoff. I can resign, and I'll do it."

"That would not affect the situation. If you had resigned before we left Germany it would be different, but when this information came to you, through my indiscretion, you were still in the company's employ, and as I said before, the knowledge belongs to them, and not to you. It seems to me that it is the same as if someone paid you a large amount of money that belonged to the company, and you thought of resigning so that you need not turn over the money to it. That wouldn't be honest, would it?"

"I don't suppose it would."

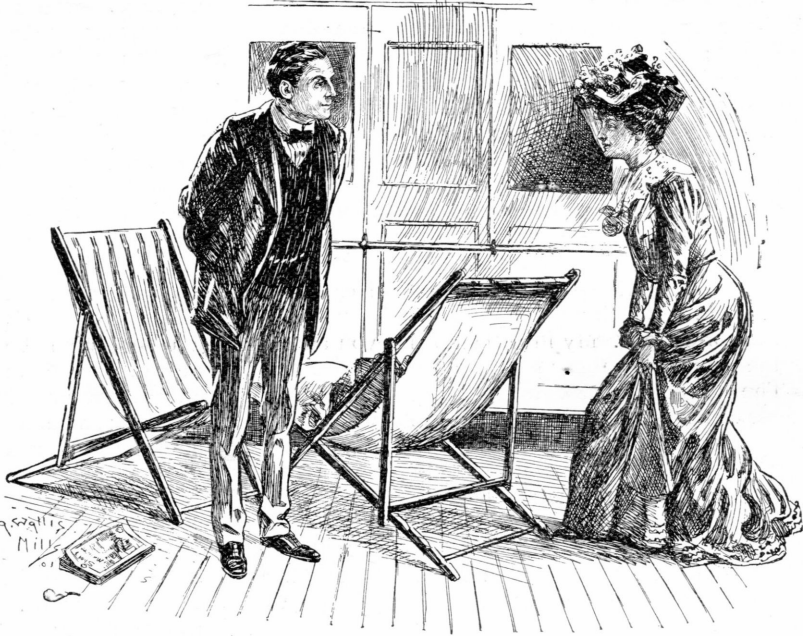
"Indeed, I think you are already to blame for telling me of the danger that threatens. A man perfectly loyal to the company would have kept quiet about it, for already I am forming dark designs about having you thrown overboard some night. What a pity the moonlight is so strong. However, my duty is equally clear. I must now warn my father that a rival knows his purpose in crossing the ocean. He may have some design for thwarting you, and I will assist him. We are enemies from the present moment on, so beware—beware!"

And with a laugh and a mocking curtsy she left him to seek her father. John L. Warner paced the deck meditating deeply upon the dilemma. After a time the girl returned, and as he accosted her he said, lightly:—

"Well, Miss Steinhoff, which is it to be? Poison or the dagger?"

"Neither, I'm afraid. You see before you a very contrite and chastened woman, who has meekly endured a scathing censure on the chattering proclivities of her sex. But it seems that my father is not in the least afraid of either you or your company. The best man will win, he says, and he has evidently not the slightest doubt who the best man is."

"Um," growled Warner, his commercial instincts for the moment coming uppermost. "He is evidently very well backed to be so confident."



"WITH A LAUGH AND A MOCKING CURTSY SHE LEFT HIM."

"He is backed by the German Government, and I think that is as strong as any company even in the United States. But I forgot. I am not to talk any more about my father or his task. It's forbidden, so we must choose some other subject, if you please."

"Very well. We will take the interesting subject of your proposed speculation. You gave me your advice and would not reverse it. I am going to reverse *my* advice. Instead of buying the stock of the Sugar Trust you must sell it. That stock is going to fall very shortly after we reach New York. I will introduce you to a broker, if I may, who will lay out the money to the best advantage."

"That is very good of you, Mr. Warner, when you remember that I am your enemy."

"The good Book commands us to love our enemies, and I confess I find no difficulty in obeying the Scriptural injunction."

When they reached New York there was a crowd of reporters to greet Warner, who received them with smiles and great good humour. No; he had not gone over to Europe on business. Nervous prostration had been the trouble with him, but he was all right now. He had needed a rest, and Europe was a great place to rest in. So calm and peaceful, you know. The Sugar Trust? Oh, he supposed that was all right, and was grubbing along trying to make a dividend

for the labouring men who owned it. No; absolutely no news about it. To tell the truth, he hadn't looked at a paper for months. How was the stock quoted, anyhow? Same old figure, eh? Then everybody must be going on all right. Of course, if he had anything to tell he would gladly tell it. The Trust had no particular secrets, and its only object in the world was to produce the best sugar at the lowest price. Exactly; a benevolent institution, as you say. Well, good-bye; so long; delighted to have met you. And thus the newspaper boys were convinced that something big was on the carpet and determined to find out what it was.

It was a week before the sensational announcement was made in one of the leading papers. Germany was going to fight the Sugar Trust. Millions upon millions were to be on call. And America was to see the greatest industrial and financial contest that had ever taken place in the New World. Herr Steinhoff had absolutely refused to be interviewed, but there was no doubt he was in New York on behalf of the German Government and the powerful syndicate that was acting in conjunction with Germany.

There was an instant panic in Sugar Stock, and prices went down with a run. Luckily for the young woman, Warner had kept all his promises and her money was on the right side of the market. He called upon her

every day, and expected that she would be very much depressed when this full exposure of her father's mission was cast abroad to the world, but such was not the case, and he became more and more convinced that the syndicate must be even stronger than he had suspected when the publication of its plans were met with scornful indifference.

Although Miss Steinhoff remained in New York her father had disappeared. He wanted to get out of reach of the reporters, she said, who had pestered the life out of him at all hours of the night and day.

Sugar Stock went down and down. The semi-official denial of the German Government, cabled across from Berlin, sent it a few points lower, for no one believed the diplomatic assertion.

"Seems to me," said Warner to Miss Steinhoff one evening, "you had better close that deal. Sugar Stock can't go much lower even if the worst happens. I wonder the German Government went the length of denying a thing that must be patent to the world before long. But I suppose they will disclaim that cablegram at the psychological moment."

"Oh, the German Government is truthful enough, although your newspapers don't seem to believe it."

"Truthful enough? Why, you told me yourself that the Government stood sponsor for your father."

"Certainly. What has that to do with the case? Father is sorry the Government took the trouble to deny the report, for it kept the papers on the wrong track, and so gave him a chance to go on with his work."

"Miss Steinhoff, you bewilder me. Let me beg of you to make this clearer. What purpose is your father here for if not to fight the Sugar Trust?"

Miss Steinhoff laughed long and musically.

"Poor father knows nothing of the Sugar Trust; I doubt if he ever heard of it. Are you not aware that my father is one of the leading scientists in Germany and possibly in the world?"

"God bless me!"

"Isn't your company interested in scientific research?"

"Great heavens, no."

"Then we are not rivals and enemies after all. I suppose I may as well tell you all about it. Sugar has defied analysis so far.

Father has been trying to reduce it to its component elements, and had all but succeeded. The Government thought he should come over to the United States to learn what he could about their investigations along the same lines in this country. I believe he has accomplished his task, and I have also a suspicion that full particulars are at this moment on their way to Germany. I surmise this, because he now invites me to go with him to visit Niagara Falls. The German Government pay the expenses of his journey to America, because he is in the employ of the Government. I think that certain learned societies are also interested in his excursion. Does all this compete with your company in any way?"

Warner most impolitely sprang for his hat, then paused.

"Say nothing of what you have told me, but listen to what I am about to tell you. See your broker first thing in the morning. I'll go with you if you'll let me, for I will not act on what I know until later in the day. Put every penny you can scrape together into stock of the Sugar Trust. You sold before, now you must buy. The stock will be up in the skies before a week."

And so it proved. Warner was no false prophet and Miss Steinhoff became rich. Naturally the young woman was exceedingly grateful to her mentor.

"I owe it all to you," she said, with a slight tremor in her voice, for her father was anxious to get back to Berlin. "I cannot imagine why you should have been so kind to a stranger and a foreigner, especially one who had given you such a fright and called you her enemy."

"It was pure selfishness on my part."

"In what way?"

"I was working for a commission."

"A commission? I'll willingly divide with you—glad to—I didn't dare offer—"

"Of course you couldn't, so that's why I ask. I am anxious that you should keep all the cash, but I want the owner of it."

And then he said a number of things that have no relation to Stock Exchange operations, which, of course, is the motive of this recital, therefore they are omitted as irrelevant. The lady answered in kind, and so her remarks become entirely without interest. But she did not return to Germany.

Some Wonders from the West.

XXX.—THE BURGESS TWINS.



UBURN, New York, U.S.A., is the home of the most remarkable twins in the country, if not in the world. They are respectively Ray and Roy Burgess, and so exactly do they resemble each other that even their own mother finds it difficult at times to tell which is which.

These young men are now seventeen years of age, and as the years pass the similarity of the boys becomes more pronounced, if that is possible. A short time ago the twins were measured according to the Bertillon system, but they proved too much even for this means of revealing identity until a few tell-tale scars were discovered.

The main characteristics of feature and form to which the great majority of people owe their individuality in appearance are exactly similar in the Burgess twins. Both have dark brown hair, grey eyes, slightly flattened noses, moderately thick lips, long ears, and rounded chins. In weight Roy has had the advantage at several different

times, although at present both weigh exactly 144lb. Both are 5ft. 9in. in height.

While children the twins enjoyed their wonderful similarity and played all sorts of pranks on their parents, teachers, and playmates. Having put behind them their childhood and entered the practical business world they have found their lack of individuality a great drawback and the source of many serious annoyances.

Roy found himself constantly called to account for some act of his brother's, while Ray frequently was obliged to settle Roy's account with some irate creditor, simply because he could not prove that he was himself and not his other half.

In consequence of these frequently occurring mishaps the twins decided to separate, and a few days ago Roy went to the town of

Keene, New Hampshire, where he expects in his work as agent for some standard piano to enjoy the novel experience of having an identity of his own.

Ray is still in Auburn, employed as printer on a local paper, but he has also planned to go where he will be a separate and distinct person, where he will have the use of his own individuality and not always be known as one of the Burgess twins. By staying in Auburn he is still mistaken for his brother by his brother's friends, who believe that the latter may have returned on a visit.

It was while still attending school that the twins enjoyed to the fullest their likeness to each other. The teachers despaired of ever distinguishing one from the other; both boys dressed exactly alike, and both were in the same class at school. The principal tried to induce them to wear different coloured neckties, but their mother insisted that both should be clothed exactly alike.

Finally one teacher suggested that one boy should wear a small piece of blue ribbon on

the lapel of his coat and the other a red ribbon. This was tried, but the teachers failed to remember whether Ray or Roy wore the blue, and when this question was settled the boys changed bows and "confusion worse confounded" reigned, so this plan had to be abandoned.

One boy was an excellent mathematician, the other excelled in drawing; one read beautifully, the other could not be tripped in spelling. But whether it was Ray or Roy who deserved the honour of being a lightning calculator or which boy should be termed the artist of the class could never be determined by the bewildered teachers.

Both boys write exactly alike, their penmanship bears as remarkable a resemblance as do they to each other, and at examination times their instructors always



From a

RAY AND ROY BURGESS, AGED 3.

[Photo.]

felt sure that the one who had the gift for solving problems did both his and his brother's tests, while the one who could draw anything, from a block of wood to the most intricate floral design, handed in two examination papers, one headed Roy and the other Ray.

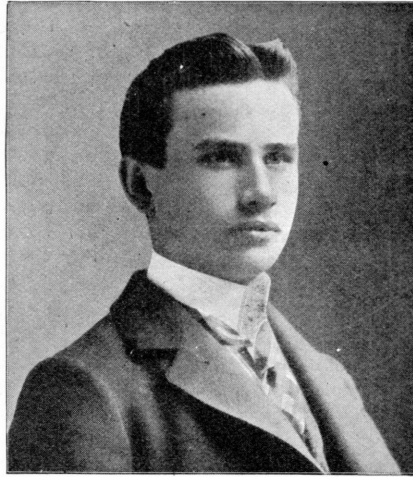
When the reading class was called there was a suspicion prevalent among scholars and teachers that the brothers played "checkers" with the class, and that the one who had in him the making of an elocutionist read twice, once for himself and once for his brother who lacked this talent.

Roy is the leader, being full of mischief and ready to dare anything, but he keeps this characteristic carefully hidden; his grey eyes express just the same innocence and reticence as do those of his more retiring brother. At school, if one got into trouble, the teachers being unable to decide which was the culprit, and deeming it unwise to allow the guilty as well as the innocent to escape justice, usually impartially punished both boys—not such a very bad scheme either—for if Roy was generally the one to set the ball rolling, Ray never hesitated to give it a helpful push.

While at school the twins were debarred from participating in such games as hide and seek, hunt the hounds, etc., because it was always impossible to tell which had been captured; and as each would vow it was the other hot dispute would ensue, in which Roy frequently received two black eyes, while Ray escaped scot free, or Ray was obliged to show his mettle twice, once for himself and once for his twin, who would declare he had already whipped the bully who had really been the brother's victim.

Among the boys each had his own friends,
Vol. xxii.—53.

and Roy's chum was seldom on speaking terms with Ray, while the latter's champion generally went around with the chip on his shoulder lying in wait for Roy. Despite this loyalty many funny things frequently occurred. The brothers have always been the best of friends, and, like all American lads, are ready for a joke at any time.

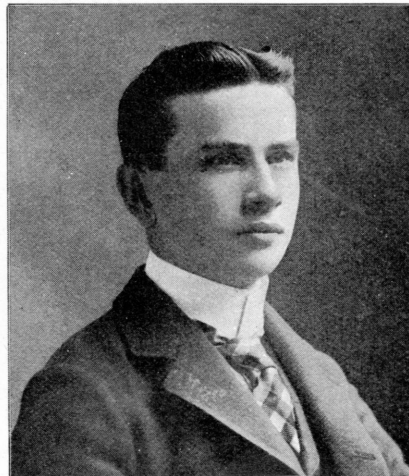


From a] RAY BURGESS, AGED 16. [Photo

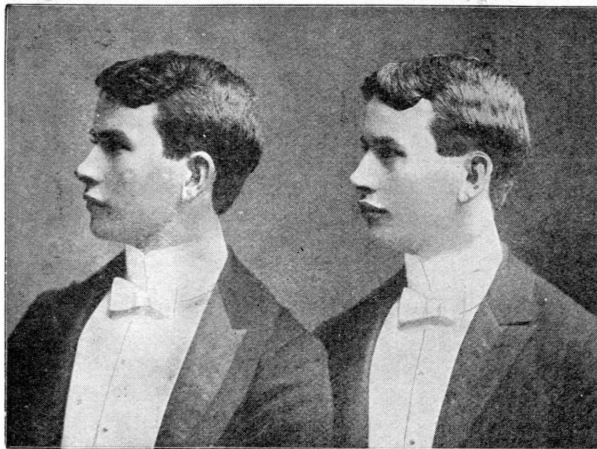
They tell with great relish how they have times without number fooled their friends. Ray still bears a tiny scar on his left knee which he received in a tussle with a certain Bob Smith, who was his sworn ally, while endeavouring to wipe out an old score of his brother's. Smith will not believe to this day that he fought the wrong fellow, and it is impossible to offer him proof positive, because Roy also carries a scar on his left knee which he received while playing football.

For a long time the girls of the town refused to have anything to do with the Burgess boys, indignantly declaring that they never knew to which boy they were talking. Roy, however, being quite a young gallant, was not content with this state of affairs, and finally, after many failures, succeeded in winning the friendship of a certain young lady, whose name must remain a secret.

Just when Roy was winning his way into the little maiden's favour the measles broke out in the town and he was stricken with that very unromantic disease. The day on which the spots appeared and the suffering hero was banished to a dark room was the one set for the Sunday-school picnic. He and his youthful sweetheart had made wondrous plans for enjoying themselves at this festival, and the pangs of disappointment which the giving up of the fun caused him were worse than the measles.



From a] ROY BURGESS, AGED 16. [Photo.



From a

RAY AND ROY AS THEY APPEAR TO-DAY.

[Photo.]

Ray was delegated to carry his regrets, and here the comedy of error commenced. The little maiden could only distinguish the brothers because Roy was the one she knew, and Ray was the one she did not. Consequently, when she saw young Burgess strolling across the lawn, picnic basket in hand, she, much to that gentleman's surprise, and not a little to his embarrassment, greeted him in a prettily affectionate manner.

Poor Ray stammered out something about his brother being ill with the measles, and was assured by his companion that it didn't matter in the least, for she had had them, and was not afraid of contagion. The young lady then suggested that they should hasten to meet the rest, as it was nearly time to start. Mystified Ray was enlightened as to the cause of the young lady's indifference about his brother's absence when she called him "Roy." Seeing that he was mistaken for his twin, and being after all only a mischievous boy for all his seeming sedateness, he determined to get all the enjoyment possible out of what was to him a most lucky mistake.

The two went to the picnic, the one wholly unconscious of any hitch in the long-ago-made plans for the day, and the other enjoying to the fullest the stolen sweets. At the end of the day, when the little lassie shyly kissed him over the garden gate, he hadn't the courage to tell her he was himself and not his brother.

During the two weeks that Roy was confined with the measles Ray continued to take his place with his companion of the picnic. When Roy was able to be out once more Ray fell back and allowed the brother to escort Nellie—that isn't her name, but she is so called for convenience sake—to singing school as usual. All would have gone well, and little Miss Nellie would never have known of the exchange, if Roy hadn't slipped in his part, missed a cue, and revealed the whole secret. The kiss over the garden gate, the notes secreted in the hollow of an old tree, and the many love-tokens of the past two weeks were remembered—there was a terrible scene, and the friendship which was growing so beautifully was cruelly ended. Broken hearts were talked of, but that was long ago, and the two brothers tell the story with the keenest enjoyment, while Nellie joins in the laugh most heartily.

The fact of having such an exact double is laughable to those not concerned, but the Burgess say that it becomes rather monotonous to be constantly greeted with "I say, who are you, Roy or Ray?" so Roy has made a dash for freedom; and unless his friends in Auburn recognise him as an individual with a personality of his own, and treat him as such and not as simply Roy's brother, Ray says he too will leave the town and go where it is not known that he is a twin or, as he expresses it, "only half a boy."

XXXI.—THE MAKING OF PICTURES IN WOOD.

BY FREDERICK T. C. LANGDON.

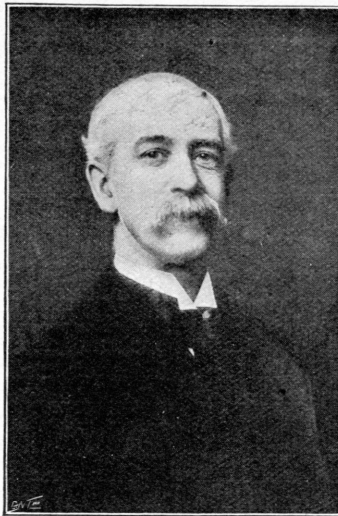
ONE of the strangest avocations pursued by any person in the civilized world is that pursued by Mr. E. C. Larrabee, jun., of Salem, Massachusetts, U.S.A., who makes, with bits of rarest wood which he has spent almost two decades in collecting from all parts of the globe, the most beautiful and intricate pictures imaginable. These pictures are veritable gems of art, offspring of the playtime efforts of a gentleman whose nominal life-work is the manufacture and

sale of native wines. In perfect detail of workmanship, in delicate beauty of colouring, in indescribable blending of natural tints, Mr. Larrabee's marvellous pictures rival the most exquisite inlaid pearl-work done in any clime. Even the carved beauties of Japanese ivory-work are scarcely to be compared with the intricate productions of Mr. Larrabee's care and skill.

Not since the days of the German Fatherland's long ago has similar work been done,

and Mr. Larrabee knows of no other person in the world to-day who is engaged in the fashioning of pictures in inlaid wood. Indeed, the art—and it is an art—stands unique in the latter-time history of wood-working. Between it and the carving of blocks into living, breathing shapes—wood sculpture one may call it—there is not the least comparison. Nor is there the slightest similarity between Mr. Larrabee's beautiful products and the products of that other beautiful art, pyrography, the graving of pictures or designs on wooden plaques or panels by burning or scorching.

So wonderfully perfect is the concrete result of Mr. Larrabee's work that even the practised eye finds it extremely difficult at times to ascertain what material has been made use of. It is no small labour to lay out, carve, and place scores of tiny pieces of wood so that the natural colours will blend and give the effect of a painting in oils, without the least sign of rigidity or the most remote suggestion that wood rather than pigment was manipulated. That the intricacies of the work may be realized, let it be said that this wood-artist of the noted American "City of Witches" has often spent half a day mousing about his assortment of material to find a piece of rare wood to suit his needs, and



MR. E. C. LARRABEE, JUNR., MAKER OF THE PICTURES IN WOOD.
From a Photo. by E. G. Merrill, Salem, Mass.

which no more than five minutes was required to inlay.

A great deal of the wood used in the work comes from portions of the globe but rarely visited by travellers. A sacred tree of Indian growth, the wood of which was once used only for the manufacture of idols, has furnished Mr. Larrabee with many rare pieces. The wood is not coloured or stained by any means other than those which Nature has chosen.

The method of work is very interesting. First, upon a mount of wood a sixteenth of an inch thick is pasted a pen-and-ink sketch of the picture to be fashioned. A wood backing, also a sixteenth of an inch thick, is applied to the first, and both are then cut with a jig-saw along the inked lines.

Then those portions of the upper panel which have been cut free by the saw are removed, and the orifices formed in such a way are filled by a careful upward displacement of the corresponding sections sawed simultaneously from the basic slab. Quite naturally, the delicacy of the work depends a great deal upon the saw, for the finer the saw the less the kerf.

In the construction, for example, of a wooden painting 10 in. by 14 in. square, from forty - eight to seventy-two saw-blades imported



"AN OLD PARISIAN STREET MUSICIAN."—WORKED IN WOOD BY E. C. LARRABEE.
From a [Photo]

from Switzerland are worn out, and from six hundred to eight hundred or even a thousand bits of little-known wood but a sixteenth of an inch thick are made use of. Not at all infrequently the sawing of the material demands the most extreme patience on Mr. Larrabee's part because of the innumerable irritating factors which are by the nature of the material forced into the labour. Take as an instance the wood of the cocoabollo, which exudes a gum that fills up the crevices of the saw so quickly that not more than six, or at the greatest seven, strokes can be made. Then, too, some of the rarest and most beautiful woods are so saturated with sap that baking and drying must be done before the glue will cling.

When at work Mr. Larrabee places his two thin wooden panels upon a glass table which may be turned at any angle, and does his cutting with what is known as a Fleetwood jig-saw. Photographic reproductions of some of the most exquisite bits of Mr. Larrabee's work accompany this article.

One of Mr. Larrabee's pictures, in which he takes great pride, is "A Paris Street Musician." This striking bit of

handiwork is made with a background of plum-pudding mahogany. The coat is inlaid in black ebony from Madagascar, the doffed hat in striped ebony from the banks of the Congo River, the hair and portions of the trousers of Alabama persimmon, the eyes of white English holly, the cuffs and cravat of American maple, portions of the vest of gold-coloured bamboo from India and yellow sandal wood from the Philippines, the face and hands of rare cream-coloured olive wood from Palestine, the shirt of cream-coloured quince wood grown in Massachusetts, and the violin bridge and "F" holes of Cuban pepil. Portions of the trousers and a bit of the hat are inlaid in ashen grey impée wood, which grows in the Philippines.

The conception of "The Desert After a Storm" is said by persons who have been permitted to see the great Sahara under such conditions to be marvellously accurate. Our photograph of this picture gives a splendid idea of the scenic value of the original; but unfortunately the charming colour effects which are obtained through the skilful manipulation of the rare woods cannot be



From a]

"AFTER THE STORM—A DESERT SCENE." WORKED IN WOOD BY E. C. LARRABEE.

[Photo.



From a]

"THE OLD VIOLIN MAKER." WORKED IN WOOD BY E. C. LARRABEE.

[Photo

reproduced. It will be seen that the figures are extremely lifelike and that the poses are very natural, while the departing sand-storm in the distance is weirdly impressive. This storm, true in colour, and the ominous sky seen through it and above are brought forth by the grain of the wood with as much perfection as an artist could obtain with the admixture of the primal colours on his palette.

The red and grey sand-cloud, the murky sky, and the rocks in the nearer landscape are inlaid with the little-known but very truly-named zebra wood from Stanley Falls, Africa, and with tortoiseshell wood from the Amazon River in South America. The camels are inlaid in burr French walnut cut in the vicinity of Paris, and the cords encircling the camels' backs are done in the indescribably beautiful golden-yellow vagnatico wood from Persia. The Arabs and their trappings are constructed variously of ebony, tulip, and satin-wood obtained, after great trouble, from the south of Africa, from Cayenne, and from Arabia respectively.

Portions of the Arabs are inlaid, too, with impee wood and burnose garnet from the region around Manila in the Philippine Islands.

The head-gear and sashes of the Arabs consist of Arabian satin-wood and the wood of the Turkish tulip. The water-bag thrown over the back of the recumbent camel is fashioned from Cuban zincotta and the fibre of the leopard tree from India. The saddle-pommels are of red and yellow African cam wood. Merely the naming and placing of these many-hued woods serve to give some idea of the wondrous beauty which radiates from the picture as a whole, and it is almost idle to say that "The Desert After a Storm" must be seen in its grand wooden actuality to be truly appreciated.

In the recumbent camel alone there are 750 bits of wood, and of this great number between sixty and seventy are in the saddle.

Mr. Larrabee's most recent picture is entitled "The Old Violin Maker," and represents the great Antonio Stradivarius in his workshop, surrounded by the tools of his

trade and portions of violins or completed ones. The old man sits with one of his beloved instruments on his knee, studying it meditatively, his right hand to his face. Our half-tone reproduction represents well indeed the vast amount of detail in the wood picture.

"The Old Violin Maker" contains between 700 and 800 pieces of wood from India, China, Africa, South America, the United States, and the Philippines. The tiny picture

which can be discerned on the wall just beyond the violin-maker shows an actual castle on the Philippine Island of Mindanino, and is composed of but a single piece of wood, save one tiny part of the castle which was inserted to cover a worm-hole. About twenty-five different kinds of wood are used in the picture of "The Old Violin Maker," and Mr. Larrabee has been working upon it for many months.

XXXII.—"COASTING."

By JOHN L. VON BLON.

THE most exhilarating sport for the youths, and one of the oddest sights in Southern California, is coasting. Imagine a lot of bare-foot boys and girls, in the scantiest summer attire, sliding down long slopes where not a flake of snow has ever been known to fall, and you have the strange picture before you. This sledding, with the thermometer registering 100deg. in the shade and a mid-summer sun beating down upon the semi-tropical land, is beyond a doubt the most unique ever attempted. This is the first time it has ever been done, so far as known, and it all came about through the discovery of a lad with a penchant for doing something out of the ordinary. He learned that

snow isn't the only thing that makes the hills slippery, and as a result the people of Los Angeles enjoy a winter sport where winter never comes and where no wraps are needed to keep the biting frost from nipping off their precious ears and noses.

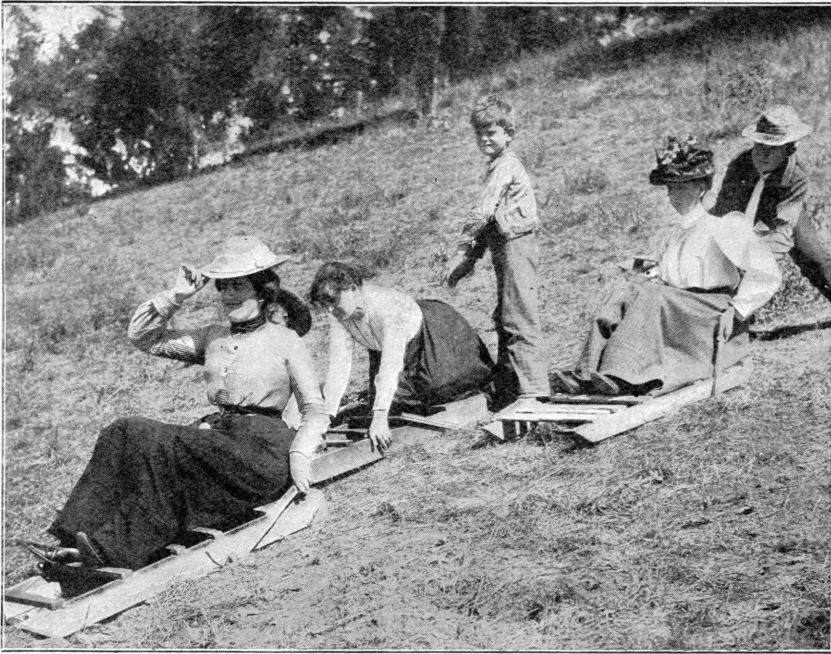
After the spring rains the Southern California mountains and hills are thickly covered with weeds and grasses, which die and dry in the summer heat, leaving a brown coating so thick that it remains until the following season. While playing on a hill the inquisitive boy found the dead wild mustard so slick that he could scarcely walk over it. Instinct suggested that he get a board and take a slide, and he did. Others took a hand,



[From a]

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COASTING HILL.

[Photo.]



From a]

READY TO START.

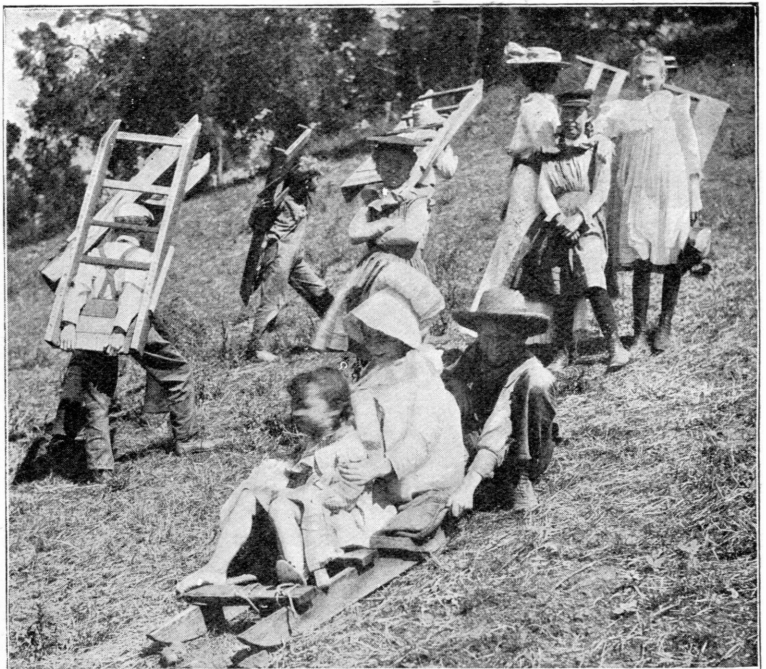
[Photo.

sleds go so fast that brakes are necessary to keep the youngsters from flying off at a tangent into kingdom come. Only a boy can handle the brake, and a novice is sure to pull the lever at the wrong time and wind up with a disaster. A young lady who made the mistake of handling the brake went through a

evolution brought the sled, and now hundreds go coasting every day. A smooth slope a quarter of a mile long, where the accompanying photographs were taken on the 4th of July, is the favourite slide, but there are many others.

The spectacle of half a hundred yelling boys and shrieking girls shooting down the hill at lightning-express speed, landing in heaps at the end of the run, and trudging back and pulling their sleds, is very interesting. There are exciting races, thrilling tumbles, and hair-breadth escapes when obstructions chance in the way, and all the incidents except the snow and ice and cold of the north enliven this glideway. At the steeper places the

performance that would have shamed an acrobat just after these pictures were taken. Before she was through a dozen sleds and their occupants were piled on top of her.



From a]

THE FINISH,

[Photo.

At Sunwich Port.

By W. W. JACOBS.

CHAPTER X.

TIME failed to soften the captain's ideas concerning his son's engagement, and all mention of the subject in the house was strictly forbidden. Occasionally he was favoured with a glimpse of his son and Miss Kybird out together, a sight which imparted such a flavour to his temper and ordinary intercourse that Mrs. Kingdom, in unconscious imitation of Mr. James Hardy, began to count the days which must elapse before her niece's return from London. His ill-temper even infected the other members of the household, and Mrs. Kingdom sat brooding in her bedroom all one afternoon, because Bella had called her an "overbearing dishpot."

The finishing touch to his patience was supplied by a little misunderstanding between Mr. Kybird and the police. For the second time in his career the shopkeeper appeared before the magistrates to explain the circumstances in which he had purchased stolen property, and for the second time he left the court without a stain on his character, but with a significant magisterial caution not to appear there again. Jack Nugent gave evidence in the case, and some of his replies were deemed worthy of reproduction in the *Sunwich Herald*, a circumstance which lost the proprietors a subscriber of many years' standing.

One by one various schemes for preventing his son's projected alliance were dismissed as impracticable. A cherished design of

confining him in an asylum for the mentally afflicted until such time as he should have regained his senses was spoilt by the refusal of Dr. Murchison to arrange for the necessary certificate; a refusal which was like to have been fraught with serious consequences to that gentleman's hopes of entering the captain's family.

Brooding over his wrongs the captain, a day or two after his daughter's return, strolled slowly down towards the harbour. It was afternoon, and the short winter day was already drawing towards a close. The shipping looked cold and desolate in the greyness, but a bustle of work prevailed on the *Conqueror*,

which was nearly ready for sea again. The captain's gaze wandered from his old craft to the small vessels dotted about the harbour and finally dwelt admiringly on the lines of the whaler *Seabird*, which had put in a few days before as the result of a slight collision with a fishing-boat. She was high out of the water and beautifully rigged. A dog ran up and down her decks barking, and a couple of squat figures leaned over the bulwarks gazing stolidly ashore.

There was something about the vessel which took his fancy, and he stood for some time on the edge of the quay, looking at her. In a day or two she would sail for a voyage the length of which would depend upon her success; a voyage which would for a long period keep all on board of her out of the mischief which so easily happens ashore. If only Jack—

He started and stared more intently



than before. He was not an imaginative man, but he had in his mind's eye a sudden vision of his only son waving farewells from the deck of the whaler as she emerged from the harbour into the open sea, while Amelia Kybird tore her yellow locks ashore. It was a vision to cheer any self-respecting father's heart, and he brought his mind back with some regret to the reality of the anchored ship.

He walked home slowly. At the Kybirds' door the proprietor, smoking a short clay pipe, eyed him with furtive glee as he passed.



"THE PROPRIETOR EYED HIM WITH FURTIVE GLEE AS HE PASSED."

Farther along the road the Hardys, father and son, stepped briskly together. Altogether a trying walk, and calculated to make him more dissatisfied than ever with the present state of affairs. When his daughter shook her head at him and accused him of going off on a solitary frolic his stock of patience gave out entirely.

A thoughtful night led to a visit to Mr. Wilks the following evening. It required a great deal of deliberation on his part before he could make up his mind to the step, but he needed his old steward's assistance in a little plan he had conceived for his son's benefit, and for the first time in his life he paid him the supreme honour of a call.

The honour was so unexpected that Mr.

Wilks, coming into the parlour in response to the tapping of the captain's stick on the floor, stood for a short time eyeing him in dismay. Only two minutes before he had taken Mr. James Hardy into the kitchen to point out the interior beauties of an ancient clock, and the situation simply appalled him. The captain greeted him almost politely and bade him sit down. Mr. Wilks smiled faintly and caught his breath.

"Sit down," repeated the captain.

"I've left something in the kitchen, sir," said Mr. Wilks. "I'll be back in half a minute."

The captain nodded. In the kitchen Mr. Wilks rapidly and incoherently explained the situation to Mr. Hardy.

"I'll sit here," said the latter, drawing up a comfortable oak chair to the stove.

"You see, he don't know that we know each other," explained the apologetic steward, "but I don't like leaving you in the kitchen."

"I'm all right," said Hardy; "don't you trouble about me."

He waved him away, and Mr. Wilks, still pale, closed the door behind him and, rejoining the captain, sat down on the extreme edge of a chair and waited.

"I've come to see you on a little matter of business," said his visitor.

Mr. Wilks smiled; then, feeling that perhaps that was not quite the right thing to do, looked serious again.

"I came to see you about my—ny son," continued the captain.

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Wilks. "Master Jack, you mean?"

"I've only got one son," said the other, unpleasantly, "unless you happen to know of any more."

Mr. Wilks almost fell off the edge of the chair in his haste to disclaim any such knowledge. His ideas were in a ferment, and the guilty knowledge of what he had left in the kitchen added to his confusion. And just at that moment the door opened and Miss Nugent came briskly in.

Her surprise at seeing her father ensconced in a chair by the fire led to a rapid volley of questions. The captain, in lieu of answering them, asked another.

"What do you want here?"

"I have come to see Sam," said Miss Nugent. "Fancy seeing you here! How are you, Sam?"

"Pretty well, miss, thank'ee," replied Mr. Wilks, "considering," he added, truthfully, after a moment's reflection.

Miss Nugent dropped into a chair and put her feet on the fender. Her father eyed her restlessly.

"I came here to speak to Sam about a private matter," he said, abruptly.

"Private matter," said his daughter, looking round in surprise. "What about?"

"A private matter," repeated Captain Nugent. "Suppose you come in some other time."

Kate Nugent sighed and took her feet from the fender. "I'll go and wait in the kitchen," she said, crossing to the door.

Both men protested. The captain because it ill-assorted with his dignity for his daughter to sit in the kitchen, and Mr. Wilks because of the visitor already there. The face of the steward, indeed, took on such extraordinary expressions in his endeavour to convey private information to the girl that she gazed at him in silent amazement. Then she turned the handle of the door and, passing through, closed it with a bang which was final.

Mr. Wilks stood spellbound, but nothing happened. There was no cry of surprise; no hasty reappearance of an indignant Kate Nugent. His features working nervously he resumed his seat and gazed dutifully at his superior officer.

"I suppose you've heard that my son is going to get married?" said the latter.

"I couldn't help hearing of it, sir," said the steward in self defence—"nobody could."

"He's going to marry that yellow-headed Jezebel of Kybird's," said the captain, staring at the fire.

Mr. Wilks murmured that he couldn't understand anybody liking yellow hair, and, more than that, the general opinion of the ladies in Fullalove Alley was that it was dyed.

"I'm going to ship him on the *Seabird*," continued the captain. "She'll probably be away for a year or two, and, in the meantime, this girl will probably marry somebody else. Especially if she doesn't know what has become of him. He can't get into mischief aboard ship."

"No, sir," said the wondering Mr. Wilks. "Is Master Jack agreeable to going, sir?"

"That's nothing to do with it," said the captain, sharply.

"No, sir," said Mr. Wilks, "o' course not. I was only a sort o' wondering how he was going to be persuaded to go if 'e ain't."

"That's what I came here about," said the other. "I want you to go and fix it up with Nathan Smith."

"Do you want 'im to be *crimped*, sir?" stammered Mr. Wilks.

"I want him shipped aboard the *Seabird*," returned the other, "and Smith's the man to do it."

"It's a very hard thing to do in these days, sir," said Mr. Wilks, shaking his head. "What with signing on aboard the day before the ship sails, and before the Board o' Trade officers, I'm sure it's a wonder that anybody goes to sea at all."

"You leave that to Smith," said the captain, impatiently. "The *Seabird* sails on Friday morning's tide. Tell Smith I'll arrange to meet my son here on Thursday night, and that he must have some liquor for us and a fly waiting on the beach."

Mr. Wilks wriggled: "But what about signing on, sir?" he inquired.

"He won't sign on," said the captain, "he'll be a stowaway. Smith must get him smuggled aboard, and bribe the hands to let him lie hidden in the fo'c's'le. The *Seabird* won't put back to put him ashore. Here is five pounds; give Smith two or three now, and the remainder when the job is done."

The steward took the money reluctantly and, plucking up his courage, looked his old master in the face.

"It's a 'ard life afore the mast, sir," he said, slowly.

"Rubbish!" was the reply. "It'll make a man of him. Besides, what's it got to do with you?"

"I don't care about the job, sir," said Mr. Wilks, bravely.

"What's that got to do with it?" demanded the other, frowning. "You go and fix it up with Nathan Smith as soon as possible."

Mr. Wilks shuffled his feet and strove to remind himself that he was a gentleman of independent means, and could please himself.

"I've known 'im since he was a baby," he murmured, defiantly.

"I don't want to hear anything more from you, Wilks," said the captain, in a hard voice. "Those are my orders, and you had better see that they are carried out. My son will be one of the first to thank you later on for getting him out of such a mess."

Mr. Wilks's brow cleared somewhat. "I 'spose Miss Kate 'ud be pleased too," he remarked, hopefully.

"Of course she will," said the captain. "Now I look to you, Wilks, to manage this thing properly. I wouldn't trust anybody else, and you've never disappointed me yet."

The steward gasped and, doubting whether he had heard aright, looked towards his old master, but in vain, for the confirmation of further compliments. In all his long years of service he had never been praised by him before. He leaned forward eagerly and began to discuss ways and means.

In the next room conversation was also proceeding, but fitfully. Miss Nugent's consternation when she closed the door behind her and found herself face to face with Mr. Hardy was difficult of concealment. Too late she understood the facial contortions of Mr. Wilks, and, resigning herself to the inevitable, accepted the chair placed for her by the highly-pleased Jem, and sat regarding him calmly from the other side of the fender.

"I am waiting here for my father," she said, in explanation.

"In deference to Wilks's terrors I am waiting here until he has gone," said Hardy, with a half smile.

There was a pause. "I hope that he will not be long," said the girl.

"Thank you," returned Hardy, wilfully misunderstanding, "but I am in no hurry."

He gazed at her with admiration. The cold air had heightened her colour, and the brightness of her eyes shamed the solitary candle which lit up the array of burnished metal on the mantelpiece.

"I hope you enjoyed your visit to London," he said.

Before replying Miss Nugent favoured him with a glance designed to express surprise at least at his knowledge of her movements. "Very much, thank you," she said, at last.

Mr. Hardy, still looking at her with much comfort to himself, felt an insane desire to tell her how much she had been missed by one person at least in Sunwich. Saved from this suicidal folly by the little common sense

which had survived the shock of her sudden appearance, he gave the information indirectly.

"Quite a long stay," he murmured; "three months and three days; no, three months and two days."

A sudden wave of colour swept over the girl's face at the ingenuity of this mode of attack. She was used to attention and took compliments as her due, but the significant audacity of this one baffled her. She sat with downcast eyes looking at the fender, occasionally glancing from the corner of her eye to see whether he was preparing to renew the assault. He had certainly changed from the Jem Hardy of olden days. She had a faint idea that his taste had improved.

"Wilks keeps his house in good order," said Hardy, looking round.

"Yes," said the girl.

"Wonder why he never married," said Hardy, musingly; "for my part I can't understand a man remaining single all his life; can you?"

"I never think of such things," said Miss Nugent, coldly — and untruthfully.

"If it was only to have somebody to wait on him and keep his house clean," pursued Hardy, with malice.

Miss Nugent grew restless, and the wrongs of her sex stirred within her. "You have very lofty ideas on the subject," she said, scornfully, "but I believe they are not uncommon."

"Still, you have never thought about such things, you know," he reminded her.

"And no doubt you have devoted a great deal of time to the subject."

Hardy admitted it frankly. "But only since I returned to Sunwich," he said.

"Caused by the spectacle of Sam's forlorn condition, I suppose," said Miss Nugent.

"No, it wasn't that," he replied.



"MISS NUGENT'S CONSTERNATION WAS DIFFICULT OF CONCEALMENT."

Miss Nugent, indignant at having been drawn into such a discussion, lapsed into silence. It was safer and far more dignified, out at the same time she yearned for an opportunity of teaching this presumptuous young man a lesson. So far he had had it all his own way. A way strewn with ambiguities which a modest maiden had to ignore despite herself.

"Of course, Wilks may have had a disappointment," said Hardy, with the air of one willing to make allowances.

"I believe he had about fifty," said the girl, carelessly.

Hardy shook his head in strong disapproval. "No man should have more than one," he said, firmly; "a man of any strength of will wouldn't have that."

"Strength of will?" repeated the astounded Miss Nugent.

Their eyes met; hers sparkling with indignation; his full of cold calculation. If he had had any doubts before, he was quite sure now that he had gone the right way to work to attract her attention; she was almost quivering with excitement.

"Your ideas will probably change with age—and disappointment," she said, sweetly.

"I shall not be disappointed," said Hardy, coolly. "I'll take care of that."

Miss Nugent eyed him wistfully and racked her brains for an appropriate and crushing rejoinder. In all her experience—and it was considerable considering her years—she had never met with such carefully constructed audacity, and she longed, with a great longing, to lure him into the open and destroy him. She was still considering ways and means of doing this when the door opened and revealed the surprised and angry form of her father and behind it the pallid countenance of Mr. Wilks. For a moment anger deprived the captain of utterance.

"Who——" he stammered. "What——"

"What a long time you've been, father," said Miss Nugent, in a reproving voice. "I began to be afraid you were never going."

"You come home with me," said the captain, recovering.

The command was given in his most imperious manner, and his daughter dropped her muff in some resentment as she rose, in order to let him have the pleasure of seeing

Mr. Hardy pick it up. It rolled, however, in his direction, and he stooped for it just as Hardy darted forward. Their heads met with a crash, and Miss Nugent forgot her own consternation in the joy of beholding the pitiable exhibition which terror made of Mr. Wilks.

"I'm very sorry," said Hardy, as he reverently dusted the muff on his coat-sleeve before returning it. "I'm afraid it was my fault."

"It was," said the infuriated captain, as he held the door open for his daughter. "Now, Kate."

Miss Nugent passed through, followed by her father, and escorted to the front door by the steward, whose faint "Good-night" was utterly ignored by his injured commander. He stood at the door until they had turned the corner, and, returning to the kitchen, found his remaining guest holding his aching head beneath the tap.

"And now," said the captain, sternly, to his daughter, "how dare you sit and talk to that young cub? Eh? How dare you?"

"He was there when I went in," said his daughter.

"Why didn't you come out, then?" demanded her father.

"I was afraid of disturbing you and Sam," said Miss Nugent. "Besides, why shouldn't I speak to him?"



"HE FOUND HIS REMAINING GUEST HOLDING HIS ACHING HEAD BENEATH THE TAP."

"Why?" shouted the captain. "Why? Because I won't have it."

"I thought you liked him," said Miss Nugent, in affected surprise. "You patted him on the head."

The captain, hardly able to believe his ears, came to an impressive stop in the roadway, but Miss Nugent walked on. She felt instinctively that the joke was thrown away on him, and, in the absence of any other audience, wanted to enjoy it without interruption. Convulsive and half-suppressed sounds, which she ascribed to a slight cold caught while waiting in the kitchen, escaped her at intervals for the remainder of the journey home.

CHAPTER XI.

JACK NUGENT'S first idea on seeing a letter from his father asking him to meet him at Samson Wilks's was to send as impolite a refusal as a strong sense of undutifulness and a not inapt pen could arrange, but the united remonstrances of the Kybird family made him waver.

"You go," said Mr. Kybird, solemnly; "take the advice of a man wot's seen life, and go. Who knows but wot he's a-thinking of doing something for you?"

"Startin' of you in business or somethin'," said Mrs. Kybird. "But if 'e tries to break it off between you and 'Melia I hope you know what to say."

"He won't do that," said her husband.

"If he wants to see me," said Mr. Nugent, "let him come here."

"I wouldn't 'ave 'im in my house," retorted Mr. Kybird, quickly. "An Englishman's 'ouse is his castle, and I won't 'ave him in mine."

"Why not, Dan'l," asked his wife, "if the two families is to be connected?"

Mr. Kybird shook his head, and, catching her eye, winked at her with much significance.

"'Ave it your own way," said Mrs. Kybird, who was always inclined to make concessions

in minor matters. "'Ave it your own way, but don't blame me, that's all I ask."

Urged on by his friends Mr. Nugent at last consented, and, in a reply to his father, agreed to meet him at the house of Mr. Wilks on Thursday evening. He was not free himself from a slight curiosity as to the reasons which had made the captain unbend in so unusual a fashion.

Mr. Nathan Smith put in an appearance at six o'clock on the fatal evening. He was a short, slight man, with a clean-shaven face mapped with tiny wrinkles, and a pair of colourless eyes the blankness of whose expression defied research. In conversation, especially conversation of a diplomatic nature, Mr. Smith seemed to be looking through his opponent at something beyond, an uncomfortable habit which was a source of much discomfort to his victims.

"Here we are, then, Mr. Wilks," he said, putting his head in the door, and smiling at the agitated steward.

"Come in," said Mr. Wilks, shortly.

Mr. Smith obliged. "Nice night outside," he said, taking a chair; "clear over'ead. Wot a morning it 'ud be for a sail if we was only young enough. Is that ter-

backer in that canister there?"

The other pushed it towards him.

"If I was only young enough—and silly enough," said the boarding-house master, producing a pipe with an unusually large bowl and slowly filling it, "there's nothing I should enjoy more than a three years' cruise. Nothing to do and everything of the best."

"'Ave you made all the arrangements?" inquired Mr. Wilks, in a tone of cold superiority.

Mr. Smith glanced affectionately at a fish-bag of bulky appearance which stood on the floor between his feet. "All ready," he said, cheerfully, "an' if you'd like a v'y'ge yourself I can manage it for you in two twos. You've on'y got to say the word."



"MR. NATHAN SMITH."

"I don't want one," said the steward, fiercely; "don't you try none o' your larks on me, Nathan Smith, cos I won't have it."

"Lord love your 'art," said the boarding master, "I wouldn't 'urt you. I'm on'y acting under your orders now; yours and the cap'n's. It ain't in my reg'lar way o' business at all, but I'm so good-natured I can't say 'no.'"

"Can't say 'no' to five pounds, you mean," retorted Mr. Wilks, who by no means relished these remarks.

"If I was getting as much out of it as you are I'd be a 'appy man," sighed Mr. Smith.

"Me!" cried the other; "do you think I'd take money for this—why, I'd sooner starve, I'd sooner. Wot are you a-tapping your nose for?"

"Was I tapping it?" demanded Mr. Smith, in surprise. "Well, I didn't know it. I'm glad you told me."

"You're quite welcome," said the steward, sharply. "Crimping ain't in my line; I'd sooner sweep the roads."

"Ear, 'ear," exclaimed Mr. Smith, approvingly. "Ah! wot a thing it is to come acrost an honest man. Wot a good thing it is for the eyesight."

He stared stonily somewhere in the direction of Mr. Wilks, and then blinking rapidly shielded his eyes with his hand as though overcome by the sight of so much goodness. The steward's wrath rose at the performance, and he glowered back at him until his eyes watered.

"Twenty past six," said Mr. Smith, suddenly, as he fumbled in his waistcoat-pocket and drew out a small folded paper. "It's time I made a start. I s'pose you've got some salt in the house?"

"Plenty," said Mr. Wilks.

"And beer?" inquired the other.

"Yes, there is some beer," said the steward.

"Bring me a quart of it," said the boarding master, slowly and impressively. "I want it drawed in a china mug, with a nice foaming 'ead on it."

"Wot do you want it for?" inquired Mr. Wilks, eyeing him very closely.

"Bisness purposes," said Mr. Smith. "If you're very good you shall see 'ow I do it."

Still the steward made no move. "I thought you brought the stuff with you," he remarked.

Mr. Smith looked at him with mild reproach. "Are you managing this affair or am I?" he inquired.

The steward went out reluctantly, and drawing a quart mug of beer set it down on the table and stood watching his visitor.

"And now I want a spoonful o' sugar, a spoonful o' salt, and a spoonful o' vinegar," said Mr. Smith. "Make haste afore the 'ead goes off of it."

Mr. Wilks withdrew grumbling, and came back in a wonderfully short space of time considering, with the articles required.

"Thankee," said the other; "you 'ave been quick. I wish I could move as quick as you do. But you can take 'em back now, I find I can do without 'em."

"Where's the beer?" demanded the incensed Mr. Wilks; "where's the beer, you underhanded swab?"

"I altered my mind," said Mr. Smith, "and not liking waste, and seeing by your manner that you've 'ad more than enough already to-night, I drunk it. There isn't another man in Sunwich I could ha' played that trick on, no, nor a boy neither."

Mr. Wilks was about to speak, but, thinking better of it, threw the three spoons in the kitchen, and resuming his seat by the fire sat with his back half turned to his visitor.

"Bright, cheerful young chap, 'e is," said Mr. Smith; "you've knowed 'im ever since he was a baby, haven't you?"

Mr. Wilks made no reply.

"The *Conqueror's* sailing to-morrow morning, too," continued his tormentor; "his father's old ship. 'Ow strange it'll seem to 'im following it out aboard a whaler. Life is full o' surprises, Mr. Wilks, and wot a big surprise it would be to you if you could 'ear wot he says about you when he comes to 'is senses."

"I'm obeying orders," growled the other.

"Quite right," said Mr. Smith, approvingly, as he drew a bottle of whisky from his bag and placed it on the table. "Two glasses and there we are. We don't want any salt and vinegar this time."

Mr. Wilks turned a deaf ear. "But 'ow are you going to manage so as to make one silly and not the other?" he inquired.

"It's a trade secret," said the other; "but I don't mind telling you I sent the cap'n something to take afore he comes, and I shall be in your kitchen looking arter things."

"I s'pose you know wot you're about?" said Mr. Wilks, doubtfully.

"I s'pose so," rejoined the other. "Young Nugent trusts you, and, of course, he'll take anything from your 'ouse. That's the beauty of 'aving a character, Mr. Wilks; a good

character and a face like a baby with grey whiskers."

Mr. Wilks bent down and, taking up a small brush, carefully tidied up the hearth.

"Like as not, if my part in it gets to be known," pursued Mr. Smith, mournfully, "I'll 'ave that gal of Kybird's scratching my eyes out or p'raps sticking a hat-pin into me. I had that once; the longest hat-pin that ever was made, I should think."

He shook his head over the perils of his calling, and then, after another glance at the clock, withdrew to the kitchen with his bag, leaving Mr. Wilks waiting in a state of intense nervousness for the arrival of the others.

Captain Nugent was the first to put in an appearance, and by way of setting a good example poured a little of the whisky in his glass and sat there waiting. Then Jack Nugent came in, fresh and glowing, and Mr. Wilks, after standing about helplessly for a few moments, obeyed the captain's significant nod and joined Mr. Smith in the kitchen.

"You'd better go for a walk," said that gentleman, regarding him kindly; "that's wot the Cap'n thought."

Mr. Wilks acquiesced eagerly, and tapping at the door passed through the room again into the street. A glance as he went through showed him that Jack Nugent was drinking, and he set-off in a panic to get away from the scene which he had contrived.

He slackened after a time and began to pace the streets at a rate which was less noticeable. As he passed the Kybirds' he shivered, and it was not until he had consumed a pint or two of the strongest brew procurable at the Two Schooners that he began to regain some of his old self-esteem. He felt almost maudlin at the sacrifice of character he was enduring for the sake of his

old master, and the fact that he could not narrate it to sympathetic friends was not the least of his troubles.

The shops had closed by the time he got into the street again, and he walked down and watched with much solemnity the reflection of the quay lamps in the dark water of the harbour. The air was keen and the various craft distinct in the starlight. Perfect quiet reigned aboard the *Seabird*, and after a vain attempt to screw up his courage to see the victim taken aboard he gave it up and walked back along the beach.

By the time he turned his steps home-



"IT WAS NOT UNTIL HE HAD CONSUMED A PINT OR TWO OF THE STRONGEST BREW THAT HE BEGAN TO REGAIN SOME OF HIS OLD SELF-ESTEEM."

wards it was nearly eleven o'clock. Fullalove Alley was quiet, and after listening for some time at his window he turned the handle of the door and passed in. The nearly empty bottle stood on the table, and an overturned tumbler accounted for a large, dark patch on the table-cloth. As he entered the room the kitchen door opened and Mr. Nathan Smith, with a broad smile on his face, stepped briskly in.

"All over," he said, rubbing his hands; "he went off like a lamb, no trouble nor fighting. He was a example to all of us."

"Did the cap'n see 'im aboard?" inquired Mr. Wilks.

"Certainly not," said the other. "As a matter o' fact the cap'n took a little more than I told 'im to take, and I 'ad to help 'im up to your bed. Accidents will 'appen, but he'll be all right in the morning if nobody goes near 'im. Leave 'im perfectly quiet, and when 'e comes downstairs give 'im a strong cup o' tea."

"In my bed?" repeated the staring Mr. Wilks.

"He's as right as rain," said the boarding master. "I brought down a pillow and blankets for you and put 'em in the kitchen. And now I'll take the other two pound ten and be getting off 'ome. It ought to be ten pounds really with the trouble I've 'ad."

Mr. Wilks paid the desired amount on to the table, and Mr. Nathan Smith placing it in his pocket rose to go.

"Don't disturb 'im till he's 'ad 'is sleep out, mind," he said, pausing at the door, "else I can't answer for the consequences. If 'e should get up in the night and come down raving mad, try and soothe 'im. Good-night and pleasant dreams."

He closed the door after him quietly, and the horrified steward, after fetching the bed-clothes on tiptoe from the kitchen, locked the door which led to the staircase, and after making up a bed on the floor lay down in his clothes and tried to get to sleep.

He dozed off at last, but woke up several times during the night with the cold. The lamp burnt itself out, and in the dark he

listened intently for any sounds of life in the room above. Then he fell asleep again, until at about half-past seven in the morning a loud crash overhead awoke him with a start.

In a moment he was sitting up with every faculty on the alert. Footsteps blundered about in the room above, and a large and rapidly widening patch of damp showed on the ceiling. It was evident that the sleeper, in his haste to quench an abnormal thirst, had broken the water-jug.

Mr. Wilks, shivering with dread, sprang to his feet and stood irresolute. Judging by the noise, the captain was evidently in a fine temper, and Mr. Smith's remarks about insanity occurred to him with redoubled interest. Then he heard a hoarse shout, the latch of the bedroom door clicked, and the prisoner stumbled heavily downstairs and began to fumble at the handle of the door at the bottom. Trembling with excitement Mr. Wilks dashed forward and turned the key, and then retreating to the street door prepared for instant flight.

He opened the door so suddenly that the man on the other side, with a sudden cry, fell on all fours into the room, and raising his face stared stupidly at the steward. Mr. Wilks's hands dropped to his sides and his tongue refused its office, for in some strange fashion, quite in keeping with the lawless proceedings of the previous night, Captain Nugent had changed into a most excellent likeness of his own son.



"THE MAN ON THE OTHER SIDE FELL ON ALL FOURS INTO THE ROOM."

(To be continued.)

The Jones-Hilliard Bicycle Sensation.

BY TERTIUS CARR.

Illustrations from Photographs by A. J. Johnson.

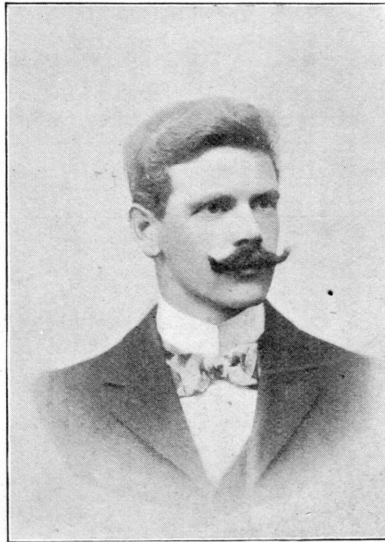


WAS standing at the door of the London Pavilion the other day chatting to my friend, Mr. Frank Glenister, when he suddenly turned to me and said: "By-the-bye, have you been to see my show on the cycle-track?" "What's that?" I answered.

"Why, the Jones-Hilliard bicycle sensation, with Charlie Jones, the ex-champion of Australia and New Zealand, in the chair—at least, not exactly in the chair, but on the seat."

I confessed that although inclination would make me a constant spectator of his marvellous collection of varieties, yet time and business had so far kept me away.

"Never mind," said he, "come in to-night, and if your blood doesn't curdle and your

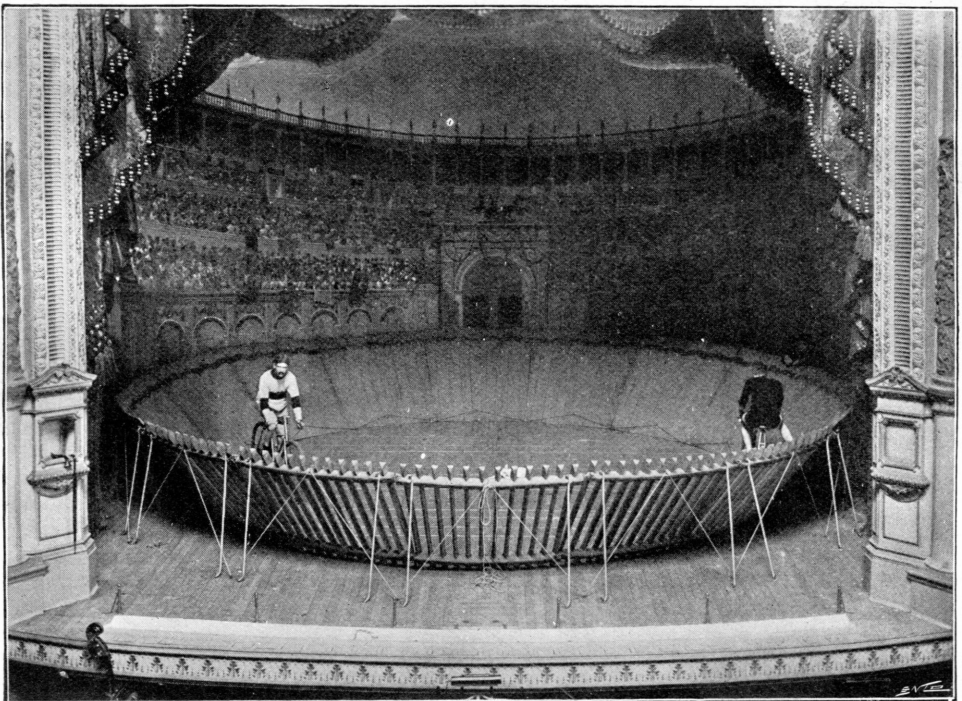


MR. CHARLES JONES, THE SENSATIONAL CYCLIST.
From a Photo. by H. Pawson, Blackpool.

eyeballs hang out like a pair of ripe cherries, don't call me a showman again."

Well, I went, I saw, and I was conquered. I kept my eyesight, and the red corpuscles still flow genially through my system. But what a show! Certainly, as regards the art of cycling, the most striking thing the world has ever seen.

Hearing that Charlie Jones was a New Zealander I had an indistinct notion that I was going to see a native Maori doing the ordinary business on a trick bicycle, and as I sat in the stalls I felt no particular anxiety one way or the other, but when the curtain went up on what appeared to be a gigantic soup-plate with the edges shaved off and part of the front sliced out like a Wedgwood card-basket, I began to wonder. Then I found that the redoubtable



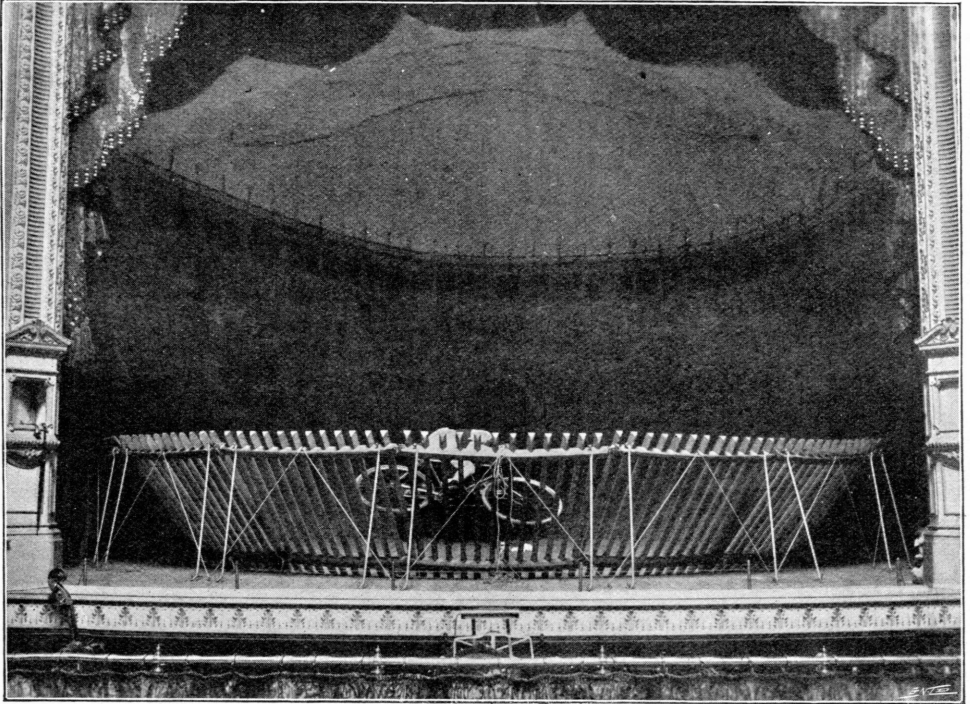
THE TRACK, AS SEEN FROM THE DRESS CIRCLE.

Charlie Jones was no Maori at all, but a well-set-up, fine-trained specimen of British manhood, clean cut in his limbs and as lissom as a panther. After the show was over, by dint of persuasion I was "taken round" and introduced; hence this story.

To return to our soup-plate. We were told that, in order to show the absolute control he had over his machine, he would ride it at full speed round the track, and that without

The ex-champion was to ride round the card-basket, standing on the upper or right-hand side of the machine with his left leg passed through the frame, the frame of the bicycle, *bien entendu!* He did it, and never turned a hair, and the bicycle looked none the worse.

By this time we had begun to settle down, and when we heard that he would ride round that rumbling, grinding, crashing track seated side-saddle, using one foot only and disdain-



THE TRACK, AS SEEN FROM THE STALLS.

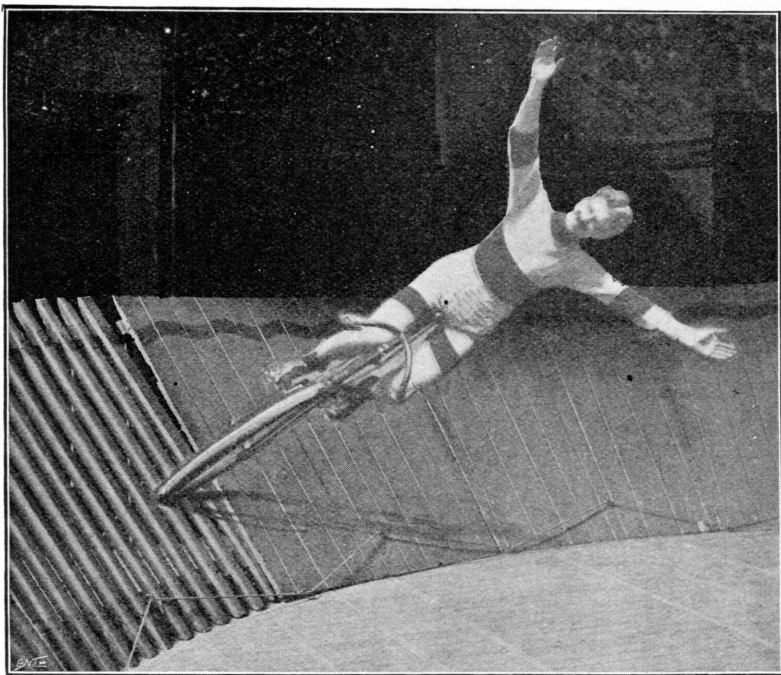
using his hands or his handle-bar. Now, considering the fact that this said track, or soup-plate, or card-basket, is only 18ft. in diameter, and that its sides rise at an angle of 60deg. and are only 5ft. in width, we in the stalls smiled gently at one another, because to us it was perfectly evident that the pretty gentleman in the white shirt-front had been telling us a tarradiddle.

But, no; in a brace of shakes there was Charlie Jones scorching round that track with his hands spread out and arms upraised, and the soup-plate was shivering and rattling and groaning, and we were holding on tight to the arms of our seats, wishing that our feet were in stirrups and screwed to the floor. But there was no time to settle down, for out comes our lecturer with another story—we half believed it this time, but only half.

ing his handle-bar, we thoroughly believed our informant and only waited to see Charlie Jones break his neck.

Slowly at first and then with a wild rush he was on the track—whiz—whoosh! round he went, the gallery boys yelling and sedate stalls applauding vigorously. Our hands had got loose from the seat-arms by this time.

Our friend in evening dress, who up to this time had kept us strictly informed on every point of interest, now came to the front and looked round the house with an expression of sadness. "I am empowered to challenge anyone in the world to ride the ex-champion on the Jones-Hilliard track for £50 a-side." There were no takers. I asked him afterwards why he was so sad, and he told me that it arose from a long-continued



RIDING WITHOUT HANDS ON HANDLE-BAR.

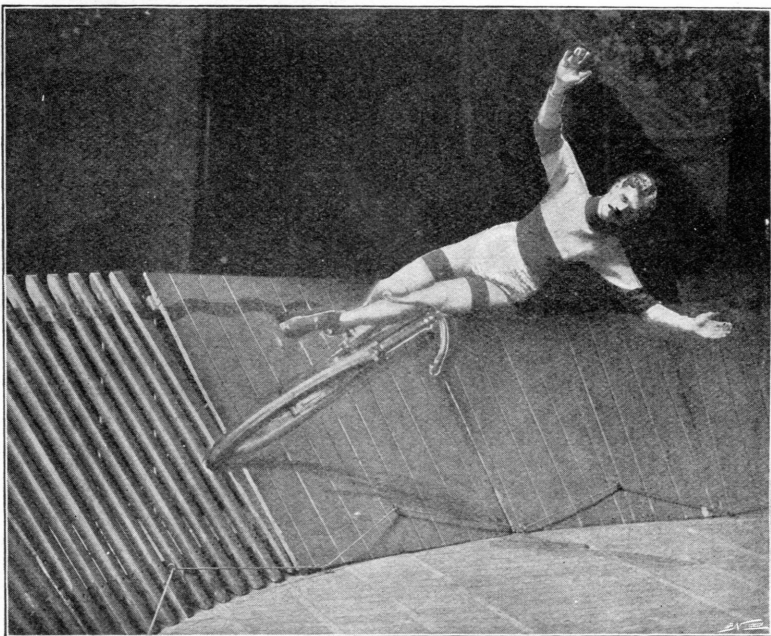
intensity of our excitement.

"Thirty miles an hour and without his handle-bar; no power of guidance over his machine save his wonderful balance. See it before you believe it." Thus our friend. Thirty miles an hour! Whoop, whizz, and away; faster, and faster, and faster still! He no longer looks like a man on a bicycle: he is a blurred linedrawn round the track, and the track groans and protests and then, yah! our hearts are in our mouths

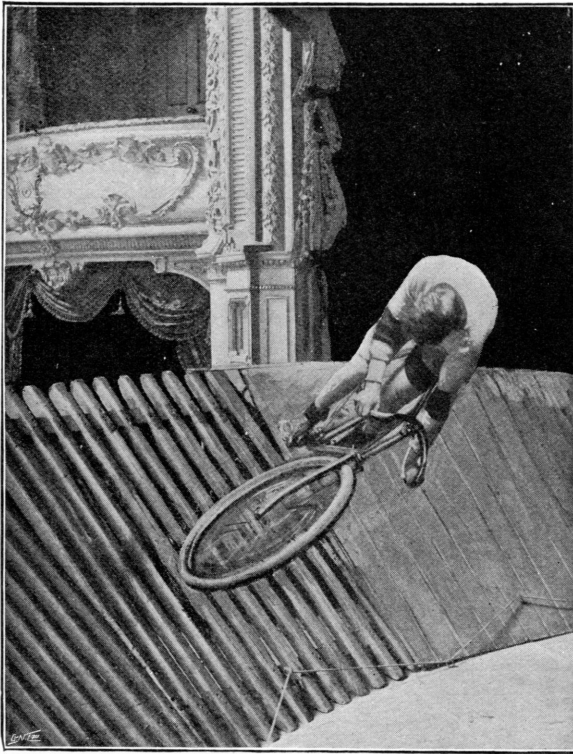
disappointment. He was always hoping against hope that somebody would come forward to make Jones stretch himself, but no one had succeeded yet. I felt almost inclined to oblige him, but when I looked over the edge of that awful soup-plate I thought of my loving wife and precious children, and crept wearily away.

"He will dress himself in ordinary street-going costume, he will ride at full speed round the track, he will light a cigarette, and he will—in short, he will undress"; this from our sad-eyed friend. The ex-champion of Australia and New Zealand did all these things, and we once again stamped and split our gloves in the

and we catch at our breath as if we had swallowed a fly, for, in mid-career, he has made one wild jump from his machine, and is standing smiling and bowing in the middle of the card-basket.



RIDING SIDE-SADDLE.



RIDING WITH LEG THROUGH FRAME.

Then they led me trembling to the personal interview I referred to above.

A three-cornered room with red walls, a mat, two chairs, a table, a looking-glass, a square basket, and a collection of mysterious colours and cosmetics on the mantelpiece, with a washstand in the corner. Present: "Charlie" Jones, Mr. Harold Hilliard, and myself. Mr. Harold Hilliard is Charlie Jones's partner and co-inventor. He is a big man with a genial cast of countenance

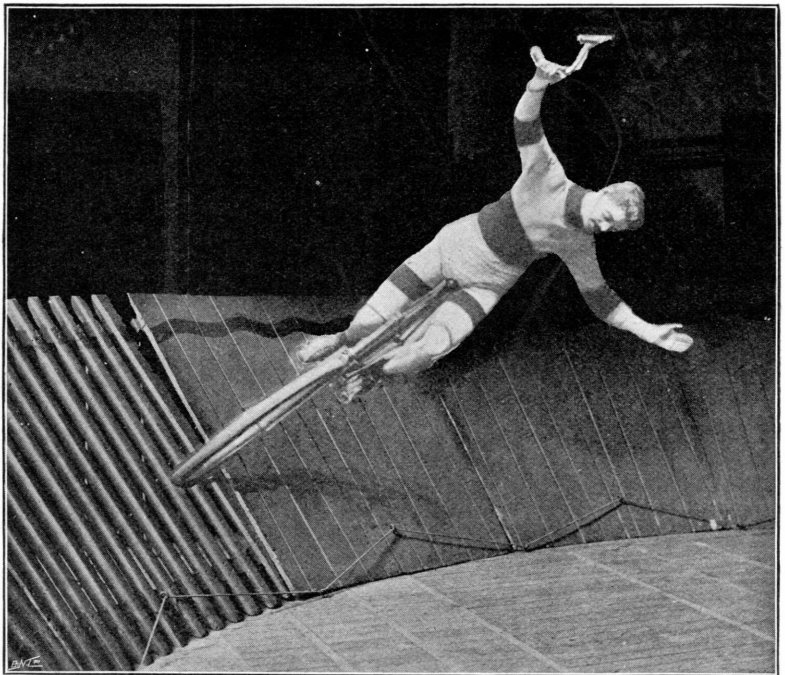
and a pleasant wit; he looks after the business arrangements, whilst Charlie Jones saves as much of his neck and other parts as possible. He was sitting on the basket, and as the two chairs were occupied with a miscellaneous collection of uncouth garments of varied colours he offered me a share of it. The share was small, but then he is a man of large stature and ample beam, but gentle withal. I sat beside him.

At once I plunged *in medias res*. "Tell me, Mr. Jones, are you a born Australian or are you a native of New Zealand?"

"Neither," he replied. "My foot is on my native heath; my name's—'Jones.' I am London born—but ask Hilliard, he'll tell you all about it while I finish dressing."

I turned to Mr. Hilliard, and information came rolling from him.

"When Jones was two years of age his people emigrated, first to Australia, and later to New Zealand, where they disposed their Lares and Penates in Christchurch. He took to cycling when he was twenty years of age, and rode one of those old fire-escape machines known as



REMOVING HANDLE-BAR WHILE RIDING AT FULL SPEED.

ordinaries. Three months later fortune provided him with one of the modern safeties, and at his first attempt he broke the New Zealand record for road-racing. Three months after he carried off five races in succession at Kirwee, and then he was put on the scratch mark. In 1894 he won the Ten-Mile Championship of New Zealand, besides several provincial contests.

"On September 8th of the same year, at Moor Park, Sydney, he carried off the Ten-Mile Championship of Australia. In 1896 he came to England with a view of riding for the World's Amateur Championship, and for some months he trained at Wood Green for that purpose, but on the score that he had rendered himself a professional he was refused his license as an amateur, and so perforce he entered the professional ranks and started lowering records, which he has done successfully."

Mr. Hilliard stopped, but my thirst for information overbore my natural timidity. I turned to the ex-champion and asked: "Have you ever done anything else than lower records and do impossible feats on nerve-breaking tracks?"

He took the towel out his mouth and said: "Ask my partner Hilliard."

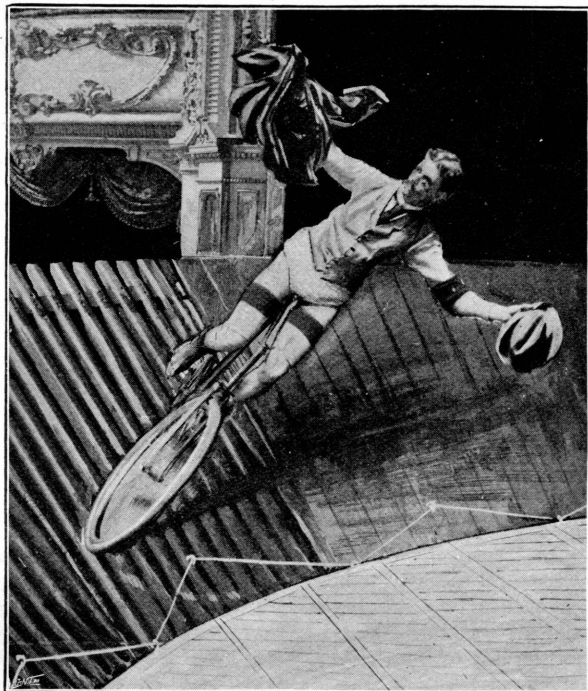
Again I turned. "Yes," said Mr. Hilliard, "he is an expert revolver shot, and he plays the cornet; he can make a watch—he hasn't

tried to mend mine, but that's by the way—and he can make or mend a bicycle as well as he can ride and end them; and I believe that on one or two occasions he illustrated the local edition of the New Zealand *War Cry*. No, it did not kill the Salvation Army in the Colony, but I believe it lowered its tone. It became more gentle and modest after that trial."

"There's one thing I should like to tell

you, Mr. Carr," said Mr. Jones.

"Thirty-seven years ago, at the Agricultural Hall, my father scorched round the track at the enormous and unheard-of speed of eight miles an hour and created a record. He rode what we call to-day a 'bone-shaker,' with iron tyres and wooden wheels. The handle-bars were about 7 in. across, and you kicked forward at the pedals like a shot rabbit. So, you see, the disease is hereditary. My brother, too, has been bitten, and



REMOVING CLOTHES AT FULL SPEED.

although he only rode three races in his life, he won them all. It was somewhere up-country in New Zealand, and a more motley collection of machines and riders I never saw. My brother was riding my light racer, and the others disported themselves on bicycles of every known age, type, and quality. He won the five-mile race by a mile, and then turned back to look for the others. Yes, we are a racy and racing family."



DORIS.

BY

WINIFRED
GRAHAM

EXCITED shouts from the road, mingled with the screams of a terrified woman. Little Doris rushed to her mother's room, white and frightened.

"There's a lovely carriage outside and two big horses on the pavement, and everything is in a heap!" she cried. "The horses ran away—straight into a dust-cart, the lady and little boy were thrown right against our area railings——"

Mrs. Stephens caught Doris in her arms—Doris at least was safe; for the moment nothing else mattered. Then she remembered the lady and the little boy, and ran quickly downstairs.

It all seemed like a dream to Doris. Event followed event with extraordinary rapidity. At first she had been idly watching the street from a dingy window, then came the novelty of a carriage and pair in that unfashionable locality, and Doris began to weave stories about the elegant dark woman and the boy at her side. Before the story had time to form itself definitely the horses had taken fright and the disaster occurred.

Now the same lady, with her dainty clothes torn and mud-besmeared, was sobbing hysterically in the inartistic front parlour which Mrs. Stephens called her drawing-room.

"I thought Henri was killed!" she cried,

clasping her son to her heart. "He is my only treasure!"

The treasure wriggled free and showed Doris a bruise on his arm. He looked a thorough English boy, though his mother spoke with a French accent.

Mrs. Stephens ministered to their comfort with tactful sympathy, and gradually the hysterical lady became calm and reassured.

"You have been very good to me," she said, looking at the pale, tragic face of her unknown hostess. "I fear we have given you much trouble, for you are not well yourself."

Mrs. Stephens forced a smile.

"You are very observant, madame," she said.

"Ah!" sighed the stranger; "I read faces. It was my profession before I married; I am clairvoyante, and I see that you are ill—too ill ever to recover—am I not right?"

Mrs. Stephens bowed her head.

"Behind your illness there is some trouble—of another kind. I should say your married life was unhappy."

Mrs. Stephens's eyes wandered to the children in the window. The sun shone upon Doris, making her hair like gold and her face as the face of an angel.

"If I have lost my husband's love, at least there is still my child."



"‘I THOUGHT HENRI WAS KILLED!’ SHE CRIED."

She half whispered the words, for from Doris she had tried to conceal her husband's fatal tendency to drink and the ravages of her own incurable disease. The child was the one healthy plant—beautiful, sweet, unspotted—under a roof where selfish vice and long-suffering sorrow joined hands.

"Yes," said the stranger, "I have never seen a lovelier child."

As she spoke she fixed her bright eyes on Doris—and something in their expression struck sudden unaccountable fear into Mrs. Stephens's soul. She felt as if this woman, smothered with the evidences of wealth, envied her the little daughter whose beauty was the one jewel the poorer woman had left to treasure and adorn her life. The boy, Henri, had no pretensions to good looks, though his plain face was redeemed by a merry smile.

"Yes," murmured madame; "a lovely

child—and as sweet as she is lovely, no doubt."

"Yes, indeed! Doris would do anything in the world for me," replied Mrs. Stephens, warmly.

"I have always longed for a daughter, but it is not the will of *le bon Dieu* to so bless me. Boys are different; they go to school, to college, and are lost to us."

A silence fell, only the sound of the children's prattle broke that long and ominous pause.

"My husband is American," said the low, foreign voice at last, still in a whisper. "I have sent a messenger to him—to come at once. I hope you do not mind our staying here. My coachman has his leg broken, and is being attended at the police-station opposite. The inspector asked me so many questions I was bewildered—I rushed to this house for shelter—I beg you will let me remain."

Mrs. Stephens willingly assented, and with her own hands brought in tea. Though poor, and hampered by cruel circumstances, it was impossible to mistake her for anything but a lady.

Doris, still wondering at the glistening rings and extravagant attire of their unknown guest, crept softly to her side and looked up at her with a pair of wide blue eyes.

"What are you thinking, little angel?" asked madame.

"I was just hoping," replied Doris, "that your beautiful carriage would mend again, or will you have to throw it away?"

Madame laughed.

"Like a broken doll! No, no, *chérie*; some clever person will put it all together very nicely."

"I'm so glad—for you," said Doris, softly. "I don't think you could walk very far with such a long tail to your dress. Mother never wears long tails like that."

"She is charming!" murmured madame, in Mrs. Stephens's ear. "My husband is an amateur artist. I know he will want to paint your little girl. But, unfortunately, we are leaving England next week and returning to New York. My married name is 'Kelly.' I was Mademoiselle de Lancy, a well-known fortune-teller. Now I have the fortune myself and more money than I can spend,

but money will not buy me an adorable little girl, will it? . . . will it?"

The strange, insinuating tone, the half-halting repetition, and chiefly the expression of madame's eyes, sent the mother's blood cold.

"I don't know what you mean," she said, stonily.

A moment later she felt the touch of a magnetic hand upon her wrist. The strong personality of the clairvoyante seemed overpowering her.

"Your daughter will grow up beautiful. What are you going to do for her? You are ill yourself, your husband is not kind—what has little Doris to look forward to? With me she would be in a proper setting, with a brilliant future stretching before her. With me as her mother she could some day find the world at her feet! If it were possible to come to a satisfactory arrangement, would you be justified in denying all this to your child? When I take an idea into my head I must speak—that is my nature. I do not beat about the bush!"

Mrs. Stephens sat like one stunned. Her lips parted as if by a sudden cry of pain, but no sound came. Her eyes, widely opened, seemed looking on—on—into the far beyond. Then she leant back dizzily, with her head hanging limply on the hard wood of the chair.

Madame rose and caught her in her arms.

"Run quickly for some water, Doris," she said; "your mother has fainted."

"Mamma, dear, where have you been to-day? You look so tired," said Doris, dragging a big chair forward, into which Mrs. Stephens sank gratefully. "Yes," continued the childish voice, "you look quite white like the tablecloth, just as white as the day

you fainted. Please—if you can help it possibly—don't faint again this afternoon. I thought my heart was going to jump right out on the floor, and the little boy said, 'She's dead,' and I said, 'She isn't,' and, oh! I wanted to knock him hard for saying anything so dreadful. He was sorry afterwards, so of course I forgave him. One must always forgive people."

Doris sighed at this conclusion.



"MADAME ROSE AND CAUGHT HER IN HER ARMS."

"Always forgive," echoed her mother; "of course. Yes, I saw Henri this afternoon—his father calls him 'Harry.' They live in a great house overlooking Hyde Park, and soon they are going on the sea to America. You have never been on the sea, Doris, and they want to take you with them. Madame has bought you a big French doll, with a bed, a perambulator, and portmanteau of its own. You will be very happy, won't you?"

Mrs. Stephens spoke cheerfully; she was not looking at the child. Doris put up her

hands and caught her breath with a little gasp. A sudden intuition of what this journey meant came like a flash of revelation to the infantile soul.

"She will take me away for always from you." The words came quickly.

Mrs. Stephens never moved a muscle. "God will see to that, Doris. We must only think of the present and what is best for us all."

Doris scrambled to her mother's knee and buried her face on the thin, wasted shoulder.

"I love you! I can't leave you! I love you, and I don't care how many dolls with perambulators are going on the sea."

She clung to Mrs. Stephens in a frenzy of fear. The awful agony of separation stabbed her young courage and laid it low. The whole world meant "mother"; in that one word lay the child's complete universe.

It seemed that no power on earth could drag her away now that she had fast hold of her mother's neck, and the little hands tightened, half strangling the fragile woman, who sat, apparently unmoved—white, stony, and calm.

"Doris," she said, when she could find her voice, "if you really loved me you would like to do something to please me. *I want you to go!*"

The words came with force and decision—there was a pleading look in the woman's eyes, as if imploring mercy.

The words sank deeply into the mind of the sensitive child. "*I want you to go!*" How cruel! how terrible! how hopelessly final!

Against such words there could be no argument. Doris struggled with her tears as the small face worked convulsively. Gradually the fingers clutching Mrs. Stephens's shabby gown loosened their hold.

"You want it to—to—make you happy?"

"To make me happy."

"You would rather I went away?"

"Yes."

Doris slipped off her mother's knee, standing for a moment irresolute, as if unable still to believe her ears.

"To make you happy," she repeated; "I see."

Never before had her mother demanded a sacrifice. Hitherto the hard places were smoothed for Doris, and love found ways to hide pain and sorrow from those innocent blue eyes.

Doris walked slowly through the open door and out into the little yard at the back of the house. Here she stood with her

face turned up to the sky, and her gaze fixed upon the wild clouds—driven by strong winds.

She felt like one of the clouds: they had to go just where the wind blew them, and she would be blown away—far across the sea.

She struggled to keep back her tears. What had she done, that mother no longer needed her? Why could it be that everything had altered—all in so short a time? Something soft and living rubbed against her foot. She bent down to stroke a black-and-white cat—an old and valued friend. "Your kittens have all gone," she said. "Mother gave them away, but they did not mind! Now mother is going to give me away, and I mind, oh! so much! I'd just like to lie down and die. If it wasn't to make her happy I'd cry and cry till she promised to keep me always. It's dreadfully hard to be brave, pussy, when things like this happen. Somehow, I never expected anything of the sort, but perhaps your kittens did not expect it either. I wish I had never been born!"

The cat stood on its hind legs and rubbed a furry cheek against Doris's tumbled curls, bent low over her dumb friend.

"I'll take you to bed with me to-night," she said. "I may get lonely and dream I am on the sea. When I hear you purring I shall know I am still at home. If father had wanted me to go I could have quite understood, but mother always said she loved me." Perplexity mingled with her sadness of heart as she carried the black-and-white cat upstairs.

"It's ever so difficult to be brave," she whispered in the velvety ear. "I feel sure I shall cry, but I don't mean to let mother see. It might spoil her happiness, and that would be a pity. You know, pussy, I mustn't mind about its hurting so much, because *she wants* me to go!"

Years had drifted down the even course of time, but in the dim distance, like a black spot upon her life, Doris remembered the days of silent suffering which followed her departure from home and parents. Gradually, in new scenes, surrounded by kindness and adulation, the "little angel" (as she was called) regained her flagging spirits. She thought less often of the pale woman she had loved, and grew to rely upon fresh influences. When, two years later, they told her Mrs. Stephens was dead, it seemed as if all the pain and horror had been borne long ago, the childish heart having then fully endured its fair share of human emotion.

So Doris grew up conscious of a love she believed to have been slighted, for her mother parted from her without shedding a tear.

To the last Mrs. Stephens played on the good feelings of the tiny martyr; had actually feigned joy when first they saw the great vessel which meant such a long good-bye.

"I wonder," said Henri Kelly, "how it is you have such intense sympathy with children."

He was a tall, intelligent looking young man, much improved in appearance since childhood, and spoke to a girl with sunny hair and the bluest eyes the world had ever seen.

"I know how intensely they feel just when people least suspect they suffer. I remember myself as a child—it seems like another person altogether, a little life which belonged to somebody else. When my mother gave me to your mother it was like crossing over the edge of the world into space—nothing mattered; I felt dazed, paralyzed, numb! Now I am one of the happiest girls alive!" She slipped her hand into his.

"I'm so excited about my coming-of-age party to-morrow," she continued. "People will be very surprised when my engagement is announced, as an extra attraction, and to lend an air of romance to the proceedings. We have always been looked upon as brother and sister. I don't believe anyone ever guessed we were in love."

"Don't make too sure. I believe we have been like that confiding animal the ostrich!"

Doris laughed.

"I don't care!" she said. "I dare say they will pretend to be surprised, which will do just as well. People expand when an engagement is first made known—they say delightful things, and all the wishes seem like blessings in one big shower!"

"Doris," he whispered, "my mother tells me she has a little packet to give you on your twenty-first birthday—something that came for you when your own mother died.

I asked that you might have it to-night. I thought it would make you sad to-morrow. She has put it in your room."

A wistful look came into the girl's eyes.

"I loved my mother dearly," she said, "but I suppose I was a tiresome child, and



"A WISTFUL LOOK CAME INTO THE GIRL'S EYES."

she was glad to be rid of me. I fell into good hands. I ought to be very grateful to Providence—and I am!"

With lover's kisses on her lips Doris went singing to her room.

The fresh beauty of her face was like an opening rose.

The moon made the night as light as day; she sat by her window, holding between her hands a paper parcel, sealed and addressed. The writing brought the past back suddenly, as if the long gap had never been. The spirit of the child returned, she was once more

little Doris with the aching heart and throbbing pulses.

From the torn string and broken seals a worn and faded diary—like a voice from the dead—appeared to speak its pitiful story of human sacrifice and mental pain.

The mother—whom Doris half suspected of hardness—rose now to justify herself from her long interval of silence. The short extracts, written in a hurried, tortured handwriting, gave the simple picture of Doris as a child; Doris loved more dearly than words could tell; Doris, the idol of a woman who had lost hope. As Doris read her eyes grew hot and sightless with unshed tears—tears that gathered and scalded beneath her lids. Every pulse quickened as she realized the heroism lying beneath the calm exterior of the woman who had given up, for love's sake, the very thing love yearned and tried to keep.

"I thought I was brave, mother," she said, as the vivid recollection of that parting filled her mind. "I little dreamed your sacrifice was greater far than mine. No wonder I bore my sorrow silently. I was your child with your blood in my veins!"

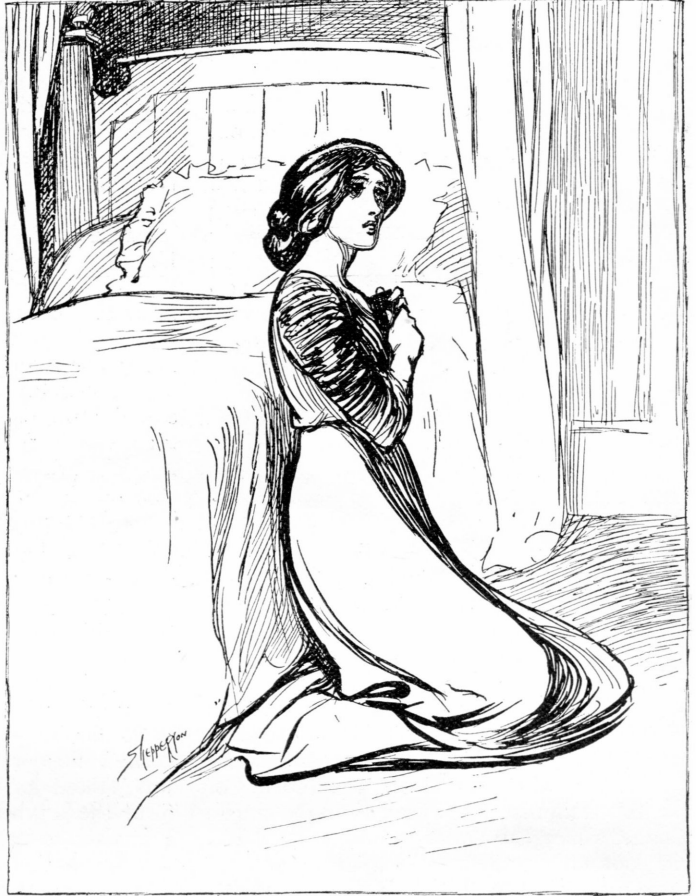
She stretched out her hands to the moon, fancying that on its rays the spirit of some being strangely noble, and infinitely dear, drew near to kiss the little child Doris. In that weird, unearthly embrace the mutual sacrifice became a thing of joy, no longer to be remembered with sadness, but crowned by the laurels of success.

Doris started up quivering—the faded

volume fell to the ground, and lay like a tribute at her feet.

She knelt down and raised it reverently.

"I must have been dreaming," she said; "I thought mother was in the room!"



"SHE KNELT DOWN AND RAISED IT REVERENTLY."

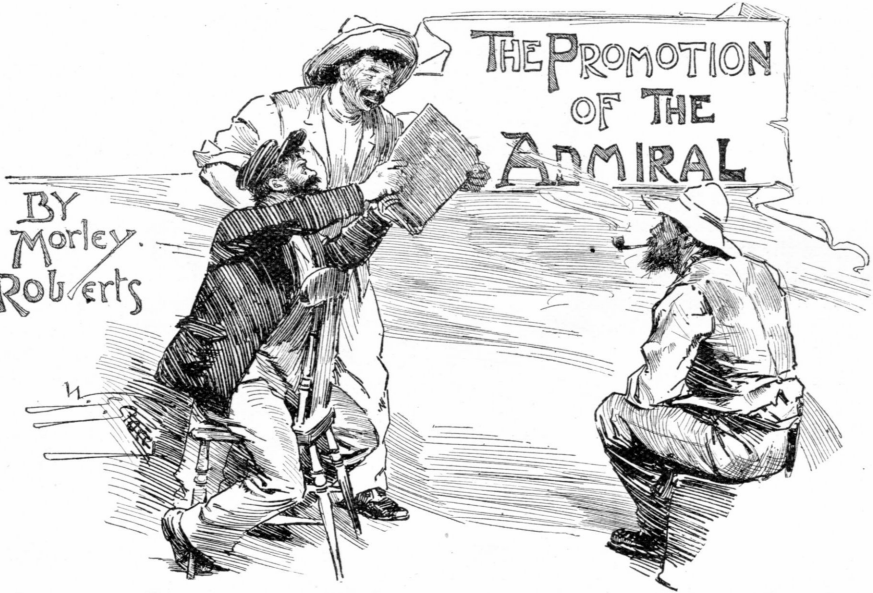
She opened the book at random, and her eyes sought the first words:—

"Poor little Doris cried herself to sleep; she did not know I was listening at the door. Tears are easily dried—it is only the tearless sorrow that really matters. Some day she will realize it was for her happiness, not mine. Some day I may hear her say: 'Mother, you were right!'"

Doris repeated the words slowly, softly.

"Mother, you were right. Mother, I am so happy! Perhaps you are listening at my door again—perhaps!"

BY
Morley
Roberts



R. SMITH, who ran a sailors' boarding-house in that part of San Francisco known as the Barbary Coast, was absolutely *sui generis*. If any drunken scallywag of a scholar who had drifted ashore on his boarding-house mud-flats had ventured in a moment of alcoholic reminiscence to say so in the classic tongue, Shanghai Smith would have "laid him out cold" with anything handy, from a stone match-box to an empty bottle. But if that same son of culture had used his mother tongue, as altered for popular use in the West, and had murmured: "Jerusalem, but Mr. Smith is the daisy of all!" Smith would have thrown out his chest and blown through his teeth a windy oath and guessed he was just so.

"Say it and mean it, that's me," said Smith. "I'm all right. But call me hog and I *am* hog, and don't you forget it!"

Apparently all the world called him hog. For that he was no better than one whether he walked or ate or drank or slept was obvious to any sailor with an open eye. But he was hard and rough and tough, and had the bull-headed courage of a mad steer, combined with the wicked cunning of a monkey.

"Don't never play upon me," he said

often. "For 'get even' is my motter. There ain't many walking this earth that can say they bested me, not from the time I left Bristol in the old *Dart* till now, when I'm known the wide world over."

So far as ships and sailormen were concerned he certainly spoke the truth. He was talked of with curses in the Pacific from the Prybiloffs to the Horn, from San Francisco to Zanzibar. It was long odds at any given time in any longitude that some seaman was engaged in blaspheming Shanghai Smith for sending him on board drunk and without a chest, and with nothing better to propitiate his new shipmates with than a bottle of vinegar and water that looked like rum till it was tasted. Every breeze that blew, trade-wind or monsoon, had heard of his iniquities. He got the best of everyone.

"All but one," said Smith, in a moment of weakness, when a dozen men who owed so much money that they crawled to him as a Chinaman does to a joss were hanging on his lips; "all but one."

"Oh, we don't take that in," said one of the most indebted; "we can't 'ardly believe that, Mr. Smith."

Sometimes this unsubtle flattery would have ended in the flatterer's being thrown out. But Smith was now gently reminiscent.

"Yep, I was done brown and never got the best of one beast," said the boarding-house keeper. "I don't ask you to believe it, for I own it don't sound likely, me being what I am. But there was one swab as give me a hidin', and he give it me good, so he did."

He looked them over malignantly.

"I kin lick any of you here with one hand," he went on, "but the man as belted me could have taken on three of you with both hands. And I own I was took aback considerable when I run against him on the pier at Sandridge when I was in Australia fifteen years ago. He was a naval officer, captain of the *Warrior*, and dressed up to kill, though he had a face like a figure-head cut out of mahogany with a broad axe. And I was feelin' good and in need of a scrap. So when he bumped ag'in me I shoved him over. Prompt I shoved him. Down he went, and the girls that knowed me laughed. And two policemen came along quick. I didn't care much, but this naval jossler picks himself up and goes to 'em. Would you believe it, but when he'd spoke a bit I seed him donate 'em about a dollar each, and they walked off round a heap of dunnage on the wharf, and the captain buttoned up his coat and came for me.

"I never seen the likes of it. He comes up dancin' and smilin', and he kind of give me half a bow, polite as you like, and inside of ten seconds I knew I'd struck a cyclone, right in the spot where they breed. I fought good (you know me) and I got in half-a-dozen on his face. But I never fazed him none and he wouldn't bruise mor'n hittin' a boiler. And every time he got back on me I felt as if I'd been kicked.

"He scarred me something cruel, I could see it by the blood on his hands. 'Twarn't his by a long sight, for his fists were made of teak, I should say. And in the end, when I seemed to see a ship's company of naval officers around me, one of them hit me under the ear and lifted me up. And another hit me whilst I was in the air, and a third landed me as I fell. And that was the end of it so far's I remember. When I come to, which was next day in a kind of sailor's hospital, I reached up for a card over my head, and I read, 'Concussion of the brain' on it. What's more—I believed it. If the card had let on that I'd been run over by a traction engine, and picked up dead, I'd have believed it. And when I reely came to my senses a med'cal student says as Captain Richard Dunn, of the *Warrior*, had bin to inquire when the

funeral was, so's he could send a wreath. They said he was the topside fighter in the hull British Navy, and I'm here to say he was."

He breathed fierce defiance, and invited any man alive to tell him he was lying.

"And you never got even?" asked the bar-tender, seeing that no one took up the challenge.

"Never set eyes on him from that day to this," said his boss, regretfully.

"And if you did?"

Smith paused—took a drink.

"So help me I'd Shanghai him if he was King of England!"

And one of the crowd who had put down the *San Francisco Chronicle* in order to hear this yarn picked it up again.

"S'elp me," he said, in breathless excitement, "'ere's a funny cohincidence. 'Ere's a telegram from 'Squimault, sayin' as how the flagship *Triumphant*, Hadmiral Sir Richard Dunn, K.C.B., is comin' down to San Francisco!"

"By Jove, let's look," said Shanghai Smith. He read, and a heavenly smile overspread his hard countenance. He almost looked good, such joy was his.

"Tom," he said to the bar-tender, "set up the drinks for the crowd. This is my man, for sure. And him an admiral, too! Holy sailor, ain't this luck?"

He went out into the street and walked to and fro, rubbing his hands, while the men inside took their drink and looked through the uncleaned windows at the boss.

"Blessed Mackinaw," said Tom, who had drifted West from Michigan, "I reckon never to have seen Mr. Smith so pleased since he shipped a crowd in the *Harvester* and got 'em away that night and shipped 'em in the *Silas K. Jones*."

"He's struck a streak o' luck in his mind," said one of the seamen; "it's this 'ere hadmiral. Now, mark me, mates, I wouldn't be that 'ere hadmiral for the worth of all California. Mr. Sir Blooming Hadmiral, K.C.B., et setter, is going to 'ave a time."

He shook his head over the melancholy fate of a British admiral.

"Rot," said one of the younger men, "'tain't possible to do nothin' to the likes of an admiral. Now, if 'twas a lieutenant or even a captain, I'm not sayin' as Mr. Smith mightn't do something. But an admiral——"

"You mark me," said the older man, "I'd rather be as green as grass and ship as an able-bodied seaman with Billy Yates, of the *Wanderer*, than be in that hadmiral's shoes. What do you say, Tom?"

Tom filled himself up a drink and considered.

"Waal," he answered, after a long pause, "it's my belief that it won't necessary be all pie to be an admiral if the boss is half the man he used to be. For you see it is quite evident he has a special kind of respect for this admiral, and when Mr. Smith has been done by anyone that he respects, he don't ever forget. Why, you know yourselves that if one of you was to do him he'd forgive you right off after he'd kicked the stuffing out of you."

This clear proof that Mr. Smith did not respect them and was kind was received without a murmur. And as the boss did not return the tide of conversation drifted into the narrower, more personal, channels of the marvels that had happened in the "last ship." And in the meantime H.M.S. *Triumphant*, known familiarly on the Pacific Coast Station as "The Nonsuch—two decks and no bottom," was bringing Rear-Admiral Sir Richard Dunn, K.C.B., to his fate in San Francisco.

"Was there ever such luck? Was there ever such luck?" murmured Mr. Shanghai Smith. "To think of him turnin' up all of his own accord, on my partic'lar stampin' ground! And I'll lay odds he's clean forgot me. I'll brighten up his mem'ry with sand and canvas and souji-mouji, so I will. Holy sailor! was there ever such luck?"

The morning of the following day Her Majesty's ship *Triumphant* lay at her anchors off Saucelito in San Francisco Bay, and was glad to be there. For this was in the times when the whole British Fleet was not absolutely according to Cocker. She leaked not a little, and she rolled a great deal, and she would not mind her helm except upon those occasions when the officer in charge of the deck laid his money and his reputation on her going to starboard when, according to all rules, she should have altered her course to port. But though she was a wet

ship with a playful habit of trying to scoop the Pacific Ocean dry, and though her tricks would have broken the heart of the Chief Naval Constructor had he seen her at them, she was the flagship in spite of her conduct, because at that time she was half the whole Pacific Squadron. The other half was lying outside Esquimault Dry Dock waiting for it to be repaired. And when the *Chronicle* said that "Dicky Dunn" was the admiral it had not lied. If any of that paper's reporters had known "Dicky" as his men knew him, he would have spread himself in a column on the admiral's character and personal appearance.

"E's the dead spit of a bosun's mate, to be sure," said the crew of the *Triumphant* when they received him at Esquimault. "An 'ard nut 'e looks!"

And a "hard nut" he certainly was. Though he stood five feet nine in height he looked two inches less, for he was as broad as a door and as sturdy as the fore-bits. His complexion



"A HARD NUT!"

was the colour of the sun when it sets in a fog for fine weather; the skin on his hands shone, and was as scaly as a lizard's hide. His teeth were white and his eyes piercing. He could roar like a fog-horn, and sing, as the crew said, "like any hangel." There wasn't the match of "Dicky" on any of the seas the wide world over. The only trouble was that he looked so much like the traditional sailor and buccaneer that no one could believe he was anything higher than a warrant officer at the most when he had none of his official gear about him.

Though the Admiral did not know it, one of the very first to greet him when he set his foot on dry land at the bottom of Market Street was the man he had licked so thoroughly fifteen years before in Melbourne.

"Oh, it's the same," said Smith to his chief runner, who was about the "hardest case" in California. "He ain't changed none. Just so old he was when he set about me. Why, the galoot might be immortal. Mark him, now; will you know him anywhere?"

"It don't pay me ever to forget," replied the runner. He had to remember the men who owed him grudges.

"Then don't forget this one," said Smith. "Do you find me a considerate boss?"

"Oh, well——" said the runner, ungraciously.

"You've got to do a job for me, Billy."

"And what?"

"I'm goin' to have thisyer admiral shipped before the stick on the toughest ship that's about ready to go to sea," replied Smith.

Billy flinched.

"Sir, it's the penitentiary!"

"I don't care if it's lynchin'," said Smith. "Help or get. I'm bossin' this job; which is it?"

And Billy, seeing that he was to play second fiddle, concluded to help.

"And," he said to himself, "if we get nailed I'll split. Calls himself a considerate boss. Well, Shanghai Smith *has* a gall!"

"Which do you reckon is the worst ship inside the Gate now?" asked Smith, after he had savoured his coming revenge for a few minutes.

"The *Harvester* ain't due for a month, sir." Smith looked melancholy.

"No, she ain't, that's a fact. It's a solid pity. Bates would have suited this Dunn first-class."

He was the most notorious blackguard of a ship-master yet unhung.

"There's the *Cyrus G. Hake*."

Smith shook his head contemptuously.

"D'ye think I want to board this admiral at the Palace Hotel? Why, Johnson hasn't hurt a man serious for two trips."

"Oh, well, I thought as he'd sure break out soon," said Bill; "but there's the *President*. They do say that her new mate is a holy terror."

"I won't go on hearsay," said Smith, decidedly; "I want a good man you and I know. One that'll handle this Dicky Dunn from the start. Now, what's in the harbour with officers that can lick *me*?"

"Well, I always allowed (as you know, sir) that Simpson of the *California* was your match."

Smith's face softened.

"Well, mebbe he is."

At any other time he would never have admitted it.

"And the *California* will sail in three days."

"Righto," said Smith; "Simpson is a good, tough man. Bill, the *California* will do. But it's an almighty pity the *Harvester* ain't here. I never knew a more unlucky thing. But we must put up with the next best."

"But how'll you corral the Admiral, sir?" asked Bill.

"You leave that to me," replied his boss. "I've got a very fruitful notion as will fetch him, if he's half the man he was."

Next evening Smith found occasion to run across a couple of the *Triumphant's* crew, and he got them to come into his house for a drink.

"Are these galoots to be dosed and put away?" asked the bar-tender.

"Certainly not," said Smith. "Fill 'em up with good, honest liquor at my expense."

The bar-tender hardly knew where good, honest liquor was to be found in that house, but he gave the two man-o'-war's men the slowest poison he had and they were soon merry.

"Is the Admiral as dead keen on fightin' with his fists as he was?" asked Smith.

"Rather," said the first man.

"Oh, no, he's tired," said the second. "'E allows he can't find no one to lick 'im. 'E never could."

"Oh, that's his complaint, is it?" said Smith. "And is he as good as he was?"

"I heard him tell the fust luff on'y the other day as 'e reckoned to be a better man now than he was twenty years ago. And I believe 'im. 'Ard? Oh, my! I do believe if he ran ag'in a lamp-post he'd fight through it."

It was enough for Smith to know that the Admiral was still keen on fighting. To draw a man like that would not be difficult. When he had turned the two naval seamen into the street he called for the runner.

"Have you found out what I told you?"

"Yep," replied Bill. "He mostly comes down and goes off at eleven."

"Is he alone?"

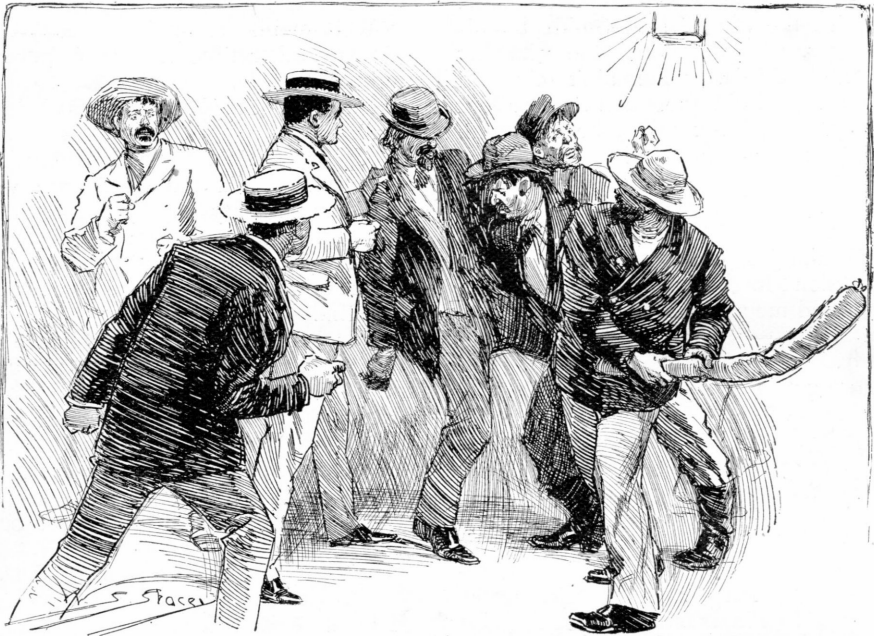
"Mostly he has a young chap with him. I reckon they calls him the flag-lieutenant; a kind of young partner he seems to be. But that's the only one so far. And the *California* sails day after ter-morrer, bright and early."

"Couldn't be better," said Smith: "after

was remarkably quiet. The two policemen at the entrance to the ferries had, by some good luck or better management, found it advisable to take a drink at Johnson's just opposite. And the Admiral was only accompanied by his flag-lieutenant.

"That's him," said Smith. "I'd know the beggar anywhere. Now, keep together, and sing!"

He broke into "Down on the Suwanee River," and advanced with Bill and Bill's two mates right across the Admiral's path. They pretended to be drunk, and so far as three were concerned there was not so much pretence about it after all. But Smith had no intention of being the first to run athwart



"HE SHOVED THE YOUNGEST MAN RIGHT INTO HIS ARMS."

waitin' all these years I can't afford to lose no time. Thishyer racket comes off to-night. Look out, Mr. Bully Admiral, I'm on your track."

And the trouble did begin that night.

Mr. "Say-it-and-mean-it" Smith laid for Admiral Sir Richard Dunn, K.C.B., etc., etc., from ten o'clock till half-past eleven, and he was the only man in the crowd that did not hope the victim would come down with too many friends to be tackled.

"It's a penitentiary job, so it is," said Bill. And yet when the time arrived his natural instincts got the best of him.

The Admiral came at last; it was about a quarter to twelve, and the whole water-front

the Admiral's hawse. When he came close enough he shoved the youngest man right into his arms. The Admiral jumped back and landed that unfortunate individual a round-arm blow that nearly unshipped his jaw. The next moment everyone was on the ground, for Bill sandbagged the Admiral just as he was knocked down by the lieutenant. As Sir Richard fell he reached out and caught Smith by the ankle. The boarding-house master got the lieutenant by the coat and brought him down too. And, as luck would have it, the youngster's head hit the Admiral's with such a crack that both lay unconscious.

"Do we want the young 'un too?" asked Bill, when he rose to his feet, swinging his sandbag savagely. And Smith for once lost his head.

"Leave the beast, and puckerow the Admiral," he said. And indeed it was all they could do to carry Sir Richard without exciting any more attention than four semi-intoxicated men would as they took home a mate who was quite incapacitated.

But they did get him home to the house in the Barbary Coast. When he showed signs of coming to he was promptly dosed, and his clothes were taken off him. As he slept the sleep of the drugged they put on a complete suit of rough serge toggery, and he became Tom Deane, able-bodied seaman.

"They do say that he's the roughest, toughest, hardest nut on earth," said Bill. "We'll see what like he shapes on the *California*. I daresay he's one of that lot that let's on how sailormen have an easy time. It's my notion the *California* will cure him of that."

By four o'clock in the morning Tom Deane, who was, as his new shipmates allowed, a hard-looking man, who could and would pull his weight, lay fast asleep in a forward bunk of the *California's* fo'c's'le as she was being towed through the Golden Gate. And his flag-lieutenant was inquiring in hospital what had become of the Admiral. And nobody could tell him more than he himself knew. So much he told the reporters of the *Chronicle* and the *Morning Call*, and flaring headlines announced the disappearance of a British Admiral, and the wires and cables fairly hummed to England and the world generally. At the same time the San Francisco police laid every water-front rat and tough by the heel, on the chance that something might be got out of them.

"What did I tell you?" asked Bill, in great alarm, as he saw several intimate friends of his being escorted to gaol.

"Are you weakenin' on it?" said Smith, savagely; "if I thought you was I'd murder you. Give me away, and when I get out I'll chase you three times round the world and knife you, my son."

And though Bill was so much of a "terror" he could not face Smith's eyes.

"Well, I ain't in it, anyhow," he swore.

But certainly "Tom Deane, A.B.," was in, and was having a holy time.

When the Admiral woke, which he did after half an hour's shaking administered in turns by three of the *California's* crew, who were anxious to know where he had stowed

his bottle of rum, he was still confused by the "dope" given him ashore. So he lay pretty still and said:—

"Send Mr. Selwyn to me!"

But Selwyn was his flag-lieutenant, and was just then the centre of interest to many reporters.

"Send the devil; rouse out, old son, and turn to," said one of his new mates. And the Admiral rose and rested on his elbow.

"Where am I?"

"On board the *California* to be sure."

"I'm dreaming," said the Admiral, "that's what it is. To be sure, I'm dreaming."

There was something in his accent as he made this statement that roused curiosity in the others.

"No you ain't, not much," said the first man who had spoken; "and even if you was I guess Simpson will wake you. Rouse up before he comes along again. He was in here an hour back inquiring for the trumpet of the Day of Judgment to rouse you. Come along, Deane; now then!"

"My name's Dunn," said the Admiral, with contracted brows.

"Don't doubt it!" said his friend. "And who done you? Was it Shanghai Smith?"

The Admiral sat up suddenly, and by so doing brought his head into violent contact with the deck above him. This woke him thoroughly just in time to receive Mr. Simpson, mate of the *California*, who came in like a cyclone to inquire after his health.

"Did you ship as a dead man?" asked Mr. Simpson, "for if you did I'll undeceive you."

And with that he yanked the Admiral from his bunk and dragged him by the collar out upon the deck at a run. Mr. Simpson was "bucko" to his finger-tips and had never been licked upon the high seas. But for that matter Vice-Admiral Sir Richard Dunn, K.C.B., had never hauled down his flag either to any man. It surprised him, as it would have surprised any of his crew, to find that he took this handling almost meekly. But then no one knows what he would do if the sky fell, and as far as the Admiral was concerned the entire world was an absurd and ridiculous nightmare. He rose at the end of his undignified progress and stared at the mate.

"Who—who are you?" he said.

Mr. Simpson gasped.

"Who am I—oh, who am I? Well, I'll oblige you by statin' once for all that I'm mate of this ship, and you're my dog."

But the dog shook his head.

"Nothing of the sort," he said, as he staggered with the remains of the opiate. "I'm a British Admiral, and my name's Sir Richard Dunn. Where's my ship?"

Any ordinary kind of back-answer or insubordination received only one kind of treatment on board the *California*, and when a man had been beaten to a jelly he rarely recovered enough spirit to inquire why he had been hammered. But this was a new departure in back-talk.

"Oh, you're an admiral, an admiral, heh?" said Simpson.

"Of course," said Sir Richard, and a sudden gust of rage blew the last opium out of him, "why, confound it, sir, what the deuce do you mean by laying your filthy paws on me? Where's your captain, sir? By all that's holy I'll smash you if you so much as look at me again."

Now, it is a remarkable fact that the utterly and entirely unexpected will sometimes shake the courage of the stoutest heart. It is possible that a tiger would itself turn tail if a lamb rushed at him with open mouth. And though Mr. Simpson would have tackled a prize-fighter, knowing he was a prize-fighter, the fact that one of the kind of man whom he was accustomed to wipe his boots on now turned upon him with entirely strange language and a still stranger air of authority for a moment daunted him utterly. He stood still and gasped, while the Admiral strode aft and went up the poop-ladder. He was met there by the captain, who had been the terror of the seas as a mate. A narrow escape of a conviction for murder had partially reformed him. He had also become religious, and usually went below when Sir Simpson or the second "greaser" was hammering anyone into oblivion and obedience.

"What is this?" asked Captain Blaker, mildly, yet with a savage eye. "Mr.

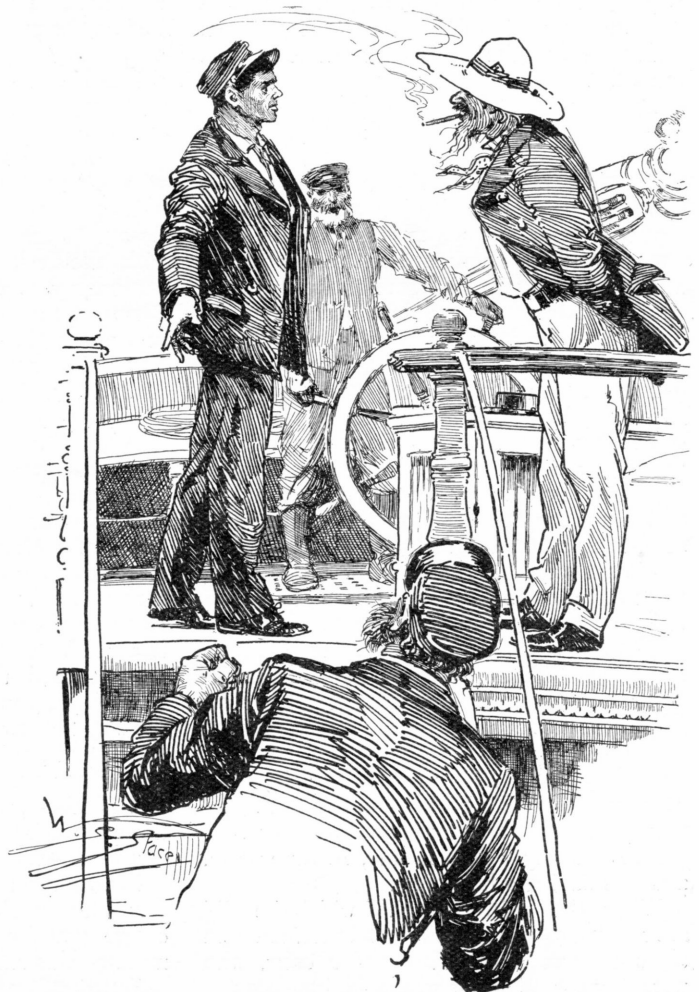
Simpson, what do you mean by allowing your authority (and mine delegated to you) to be disregarded?"

"Sir," said Mr. Simpson, and then the Admiral turned on him.

"Hold your infernal tongue, sir," he roared; "and, sir, if you are the master of this vessel, as I suppose, I require you to put about for San Francisco. I am a British admiral, sir; my name is Sir Richard Dunn."

"Oh, you're an admiral and you require?" said Blaker. "Waal I do admire! You look like an admiral; the water-front is full of such. Take that, sir."

And the resurgent old Adam in Blaker struck the Admiral with such unexpected force that Dunn went heels over head off the poop and landed on Simpson. The mate improved the opportunity by kicking him



"I AM A BRITISH ADMIRAL, SIR."

violently in the ribs. When he was tired he spoke to the Admiral again.

"Now, you lunatic, take this here ball of twine and go and overhaul the gear on the main. And if you open your mouth to say another word I'll murder you."

And though he could not believe he was doing it, Sir Richard Dunn crawled aloft and did what he was told. He was stunned by his fall and the hammering he had received. But that was nothing to the utter and complete change of air that he experienced. As he overhauled the gear he wondered if he was an admiral at all. If he was, how came he on the main topgallant yard of a merchant ship? If he wasn't, why was he surprised at being there? He tried to recall the last of his life as an admiral, and was dimly conscious of a late evening somewhere in San Francisco, at which he had certainly taken his share of liquor. A vague sense of having been in a row oppressed him, but he could recall nothing till he had been yanked out of his bunk by that truculent brute of a mate then patrolling the poop.

"I—I must be mad," said the Admiral.

"Now then, look alive there, you dead, crawling cat," said Mr. Simpson, "or I'll come up and boot you off the yard. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir," said the Admiral, meekly, and as he put a new mousing on the clip-hooks of the mizzen-topmast staysail tripping-line block he murmured, "I suppose I never was an admiral after all; I don't seem to know what I am."

And the hardest nut among the Admirals of the Active List wiped away a tear with the sleeve of his coat as he listened to the sacred commination service, with all its blessings, intoned in a down-East twang by the eminent Mr. Simpson.

"He's crazy," said Simpson to the second greaser; "says he's an admiral. I've had the Apostle Peter on board and a cook who said he was St. Paul, but this is the first time I've run against an admiral before the mast."

"Does he look like it, sir?" asked Wiggins, laughing.

"He looks the toughest case you ever set eyes on," said Simpson. "But you'd have snorted to see the way the old man slugged him off the poop. And yet there's something about him I don't tumble to. I guess that's where his madness lies. Guess I'll cure him or kill him by the time we get off Sandy Hook. Now, then, you admiral, come down here and start up the fore-rigging, and do it quick, or I'll know the reason why."

And the Knight Commander of the Bath came down as he was bid and, having cast a perplexed eye over Simpson and Wiggins, who sniggered at him with amused and savage contempt, he went forward in a hurry.

"This is a nightmare," he said; "I'm dreaming. Dammé, perhaps I'm dead."

When he had overhauled the gear at the fore—and being a real seaman he did it well—Wiggins called him down to work on deck, and he found himself among his new mates. By now they were all aware that he believed he was an admiral, and that he had spoken to Simpson in a way that no man had ever done. That was so much to his credit, but since he was mad he was a fit object for jeers. They jeered at him accordingly, and when they were at breakfast the trouble began.

"Say, are you an admiral?" asked Knight, the biggest tough on board except Simpson and Wiggins.

And the Admiral did not answer. He looked at Knight with a gloomy, introspective eye.

"Mind your own business," he said, when the question was repeated.

And Knight hove a full pannikin of tea at him. This compliment was received very quietly, and the Admiral rose and went on deck.

"Takes water at once," said Knight; "he ain't got the pluck of a mouse."

But the Admiral went aft and interviewed Mr. Simpson.

"May I have the honour of speaking to you, sir?" he said, and Simpson gasped a little, but said he might have that honour.

"Well, sir," said Sir Richard Dunn, "I don't know how I got here, but here I am, and I'm willing to waive the question of my being a British Admiral, as I can't prove it."

"That's right," said Simpson. "Oh, I'll have you sane enough by-and-by, my man."

The Admiral nodded.

"But I wish to have your permission to knock the head off a man called Knight, for'ard. It was always my custom, sir, to allow fights on board my own ship when I considered them necessary. But I always insisted on my permission being asked. Have I yours, sir?"

Simpson looked the Admiral up and down.

"Your ship, eh? You're still crazy, I'm afraid. But Knight can kill you, my man."

"I'm willing to let him try, sir," said the Admiral. "He hove a pannikin of tea over me just now, and I think a thrashing would do him good and conduce to the peace and order of the fo'c's'le."



"KNIGHT HOVE A FULL PANNIKIN OF TEA AT HIM."

"Oh, you think so?" said Simpson. "Very well, you have my permission to introduce peace there."

"I thank you, sir," said the Admiral. He touched his hat and went forward. He put his head inside the fo'c's'le and addressed Knight:—

"Come outside, you bully, and let me knock your head off. Mr. Simpson has been kind enough to overlook the breach of discipline involved."

And Knight, nothing loth, came out on deck, while Simpson and Wiggins stood a little way off to enjoy the battle.

"I'd like to back the Admiral," said Wiggins.

"I'll have a level five dollars on Knight," said Simpson, who remembered that he had, on one occasion, found Knight extremely difficult to reduce to pulp.

"Done with you," said Wiggins.

And in five minutes the second mate was richer by five dollars, as his mates carried Knight into the fo'c's'le.

"I don't know when I enjoyed myself more," said Simpson, with a sigh, "even if I do lose money on it. While it lasted it was real good. Did you see that most beautiful upper-cut? And the right-hand cross-counter that finished it was just superb. But I'll hev to speak to the victor, so I will."

And he addressed the Admiral in suitable language.

"Don't you think because you've licked him that you can fly any flag when I'm round. You done it neat and complete and I overlook it; but half a look and the fust letter of a word of soss and I'll massacre you myself. Do you savvy?"

And the Admiral said:—

"Yes, sir."

He touched his cap and went forward to the fo'c's'le to enter into his kingdom. For Knight had been "topside joss" there for three voyages, being the only man who had ever succeeded in getting even one pay-day out of the *California*. The principle on which she was run was to make things so hot for her crew that they skipped out at New York instead of returning to San Francisco, and the fresh crew shipped in New York did the same when they got inside the Golden Gate.

"I understand," said the Admiral as he stood in the middle of the fo'c's'le, "that the gentleman I've just had the pleasure of knocking into the middle of next week was the head bully here. Now, I want it thoroughly understood in future that if any bullying is to be done, I'm going to do it."

All the once obedient slaves of the deposed Knight hastened to make their peace with the new power. They fairly crawled to the Admiral.

"You kin fight," said one.

"I knew it just as soon as you opened

yer mouth," said another; "the tone of yer voice argued you could."

"It's my belief that he could knock the stuffin' out o' Mr. Simpson," said the third.

"'Twould be the best kind o' fun," said another admirer of the powers that be, "for Blaker would kick Simpson in here and give the Admiral his job right off. He's got religion, has Blaker, but he was an old packet rat himself, and real 'bucko' he was, and believes in the best men bein' aft."

And though the Admiral said nothing to this he remembered it, and took occasion to inquire into its truth. He found that what he knew of the sea and its customs was by no means perfect. He learnt something every day, and not least from Knight, who proved by no means a bad sort of man when he had once met his match.

"Is it true," asked the Admiral, "what they say about Captain Blaker giving anyone the mate's job if he can thrash him?"

"It used to be in the Western Ocean," said Knight, "and Blaker was brought up there. He's a real sport for all his bein' sort of religious. Yep, I'll bet it's true."

He turned to the Admiral suddenly.

"Say, you wasn't thinkin' of takin' Simpson on, was you?"

"If what you say's true, I was," said the Admiral. "It don't suit me being here."

"Say now, partner," put in Knight, "what's this guff about your bein' an Admiral? What put it into your head?"

And Sir Richard Dunn laughed. As he began to feel his feet, and find that he was as good a man in new surroundings as in the old ones, he recovered his courage and his command of himself.

"After all, this will be the deuce of a joke when it's over," he thought, "and I don't see why I shouldn't get a discharge out of her as mate. Talk about advertisement!"

He knew how much it meant.

"Look here, Knight," he said, aloud. "I *am* an Admiral. I can't prove it, but my ship was the *Triumphant*. I don't want to force it down your throat, but if you'd say you believe it, I should be obliged to you."

Knight put out his hand.

"I believes it, sonny," he said, "for I own freely that there's suthin' about you different from us: a way of talk and a look in the eye that ain't familiar in no fo'c's'le as I ever sailed in. And if you was lyin' how came you to lie so ready, bein' so drunk when Simpson hauled you out o' yer bunk? No, I believe you're speakin' the trewth."

And Sir Richard Dunn, K.C.B., shook hands with Charles Knight, A.B.

"I won't forget this," he said, huskily. He felt like Mahomet with his first disciple.

"And now, in confidence," said the Admiral, "I tell you I mean to have Simpson's job by the time we're off the Horn."

"Good for you," cried Knight. "Oh, he kicked me somethin' cruel the time him and me had a turn-up. Give it him, old man, and here's a tip for you. If you get him down, keep him down. Don't forget he kicked you, too."

"I don't forget," said Sir Richard. "I don't forget, by any means."

Yet he did his duty like a man. Though many things were strange to him he tumbled to them rapidly. One of his fads had been doing ornamental work even when he was an Admiral, and he put fresh "pointing" on the poop ladder-rails for Blaker in a way that brought everyone to look at it. There was no one on board who could come within sight of him at any fancy work, and this so pleased Simpson that the Admiral never had a cross word till they were south of the Horn. Then by chance the mate and the captain had a few words which ended in Simpson getting much the worst of it. As luck would have it the Admiral was the handiest to vent his spite on, and Simpson caught him a smack on the side of his head that made him see stars.

"Don't stand listenin' there to what don't concern you, you cursed lazy hound," he said. And when the Admiral picked himself off the deck Simpson made a rush for him. The Admiral dodged him and shot up the poop-ladder. He took off his cap to the captain, while Simpson foamed on the main deck and called him in vain. At any other time Blaker would have gone for the seaman who dared to escape a thrashing for the moment by desecrating the poop, but now he was willing to annoy Simpson.

"Well, what do you want?" he roared.

The Admiral made a really elegant bow.

"Well, sir, I wanted to know whether Western Ocean custom goes here. I've been told that if I can thrash your mate I shall have his job. They say forward that that's your rule, and if so, sir, I should like your permission to send Mr. Simpson forward and take his place."

There was something so open and ingenuous in the Admiral that Captain Blaker, for the first time on record, burst into a

shout of laughter. He went to the break of the poop and addressed the mate.

"Do you hear, Mr. Simpson?" he inquired, genially.

"Send him down, sir," said Simpson.

"Are you sure you can pound him?"

Simpson gritted his teeth and foamed at the mouth.

"Kick him off the poop, sir."

The Admiral spoke anxiously.

"I'm a first-class navigator, sir. Is it a bargain?"

And Blaker, who had never liked Simpson, laughed till he cried.

"Are you willing to stake everything on your fightin' abilities, Mr. Simpson?"

And when Simpson said "Aye" through his teeth the Admiral jumped down on the main deck.

Now, according to all precedents the fight should have been long and arduous, with varying fortunes.

But the Admiral never regarded precedents, and inside of ten seconds Mr. Simpson was lying totally insensible under the spare topmast. To encounter the Admiral's right fist was to escape death by a hair's breadth, and it took Charles Simpson, able seaman (*vice* Mr. Simpson, chief officer), two hours and a quarter to come to.

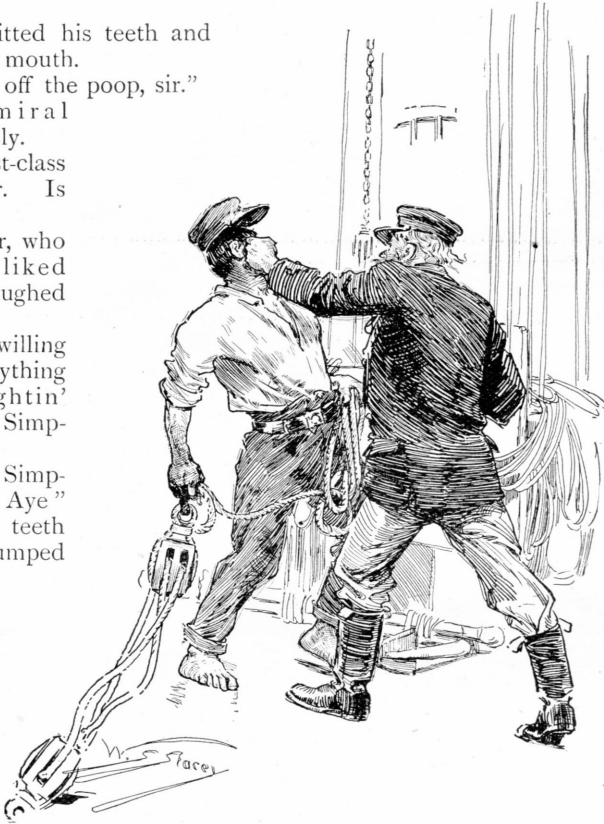
"And I tho't he could fight," said the disgusted skipper; "come right up, Mr. What's-your-name, you're the man for me. There ain't no reason for you to trouble about my second mate, for Simpson could lay him out easy. All I ask of you is to work the whole crowd up good. And I don't care if you are an admiral, you are the right sort all the same. I guess that Simpson must have reckoned he struck a cyclone."

And Blaker rubbed his hands. Like

Simpson at the fight between the Admiral and Knight, he did not know when he had enjoyed himself more. He improved the occasion by going below and getting far too much to drink, as was his custom, and the promoted Admiral took charge of the deck.

"Ability tells anywhere," said Sir Richard Dunn. "I didn't rise in the Service for nothing. Ship me where you like, and I'll come to the top. If I don't take this hooker into New York as captain and master I'll die in the attempt."

He had quite come to himself and was beginning to enjoy himself. His natural and acquired authority blossomed wonderfully when he took on the new job, and, as Blaker never swore, the Admiral's gift of language was a great vicarious satisfaction to him. Wiggins accepted the situation without a murmur. Even Simpson himself bore no malice



"THE ADMIRAL WAS THE HANDIEST TO VENT HIS SPITE ON."

when his supplanter not only showed none, but after knocking the bo'sun's head against a bollard gave his place to the former mate. Though he kept the men working, and got the last ounce out of them, none of them were down on him.

"I tell you he's an admiral, sure," they said.

"He's got all the ways of one, I own," said Bill, an old man-o'-war's man. "I spoke to an admiral myself, once; or, rather, he spoke to me."

"What did he say?" asked the rest of his watch.

"He said," replied Bill, proudly, "he upped and said, 'You cross-eyed son of a dog, if you don't jump, I'll bash the ugly head off of you!' And you bet I jumped. Oh, he's all the ways of *some* admirals, he has!"

"Well, admiral or none," said the rest of the crowd, "things goes on pleasanter than they done when you was mate, Simpson."

And Simpson grunted.

"And he gets more work out of us than you done either, Simpson, for all yer hammerin' of us."

"I'll likely be hammerin' some of you again shortly," said Simpson. And as he was cock of the walk in the fo'c's'le, whatever he was in the ship, the others dried up.

Nothing of great interest happened till they were well east of the Horn and hauled up for the northward run. And then Blaker took to religion (or what he called religion) and rum in equally undiluted doses.

"I'm a miserable sinner, I am," he said to the Admiral; "but, all the same, I'll do my duty to the crowd."

He called them aft and preached to them for two hours. And when one man yawned he laid him out with a well-directed belaying-pin. The next day, when it breezed up heavily and they were shortening sail, he called all hands down from aloft, on the ground that their souls were of more importance than the work in hand.

"Come down on deck, you miserable sinners," said Blaker, through a speaking-trumpet. His voice rose triumphantly above the roar of the gale. "Come down on deck and listen to me. For though I'm a miserable sinner, too, there's some hopes for me, and for you there's none unless you mends your ways in accordance with what I'm tellin' you."

Even with the speaking-trumpet he could hardly make himself heard over the roar of the increasing gale and the thunderous slatting of the three topsails in the spilling-lines.

"Don't you think, sir, that they'd better make the topsails fast before you speak to them?" said the Admiral.

"No, I don't," replied Blaker, "not much, I don't, not by a jugful. For if one of 'em went overboard I'd be responsible before the Throne. And don't you forget it."

"Damme, he's mad," said Sir Richard, "mad as a March hare. She'll be shaking the sticks out of her soon."

He leant over the break of the poop and called up Wiggins.

"Mr. Wiggins, one word with you."

Wiggins came up, as Blaker roared his text through the trumpet.

"Will you stand by me, Mr. Wiggins, if I knock him down and take command?"

"I will, but mind his gun," said Wiggins. "When he's very bad he'll shoot."

It was not any fear of Blaker's six-shooter that made the Admiral hesitate. To take the command even from a madman at sea is a ticklish task, and may land a man in gaol for all his being a Shanghaied admiral.

"I tell you, Mr. Wiggins, that Simpson is a good man. I'll bring him aft again."

And Wiggins made no objection when Simpson was called up by the Admiral.

"Mr. Simpson," said the mate, "this is getting past a joke. Have you any objection to taking on your old job if I secure this preaching madman and take command?"

Simpson was "full up" of the fo'c's'le, and as he had a very wholesome admiration for the Admiral he was by no means loth to return to his old quarters.

"I'm with you, sir. In another quarter of an hour we shall have the sticks out of her."

And still Blaker bellowed Scripture down the wind. He was still bellowing, though what he bellowed was not Scripture, when Simpson and Wiggins took him down below after five minutes of a row in which the deposed captain showed something of his ancient form as the terror of the Western Ocean. As they went the Admiral, now promoted to being captain of a Cape Horner, picked up the battered speaking-trumpet and wiped some blood from his face which had been in collision.

"Up aloft with you, and make those topsails fast," he roared. "Look alive, men, look alive!"

And they did look alive. For "Dicky Dunn" never needed a speaking-trumpet in any wind that ever blew. When things were snugged down and the *California* was walking north at an easy but tremendous gait he felt like a man again. He turned to Simpson and Wiggins with a happy smile.

"Now we're comfortable, and things are as they should be, Mr. Simpson, let the men have a tot of grog. And how's Mr. Blaker?"

"Waal," said Simpson, cheerfully, "when we left him he wasn't exactly what you would call religious nor resigned."

But if Blaker was not happy the Admiral was thoroughly delighted.

"Now you see what I said was true," he declared at dinner that night. "If I hadn't been an admiral and a man born to rise, how could I have been shipped on board this ship as a foremast hand and come to be captain in six weeks? I'll be bound you never heard of a similar case, Mr. Simpson."

And Simpson never had.

"Was it Shanghai Smith, do you think, as put you here?" he asked.

The Admiral had never heard of Shanghai Smith.

"When I get back I'll find out," he said.

to find us crews. If you could get back to San Francisco and hammer an owner some of us would be obliged to you, sir."

"Ah! when I get back," said the Admiral. "This will be a remarkable yarn for me to



"WHEN WE LEFT HIM HE WASN'T EXACTLY WHAT YOU WOULD CALL RESIGNED."

"And if it was I'll not trouble the law, Mr. Simpson. I never allow any man to handle me without getting more than even."

"You don't," said Simpson. If his manner was dry it was sincere.

"But I don't bear malice afterwards. Your health, Mr. Simpson. This kind of trade breeds good seamen after all. But you are all a trifle rough."

Simpson explained that they had to be.

"When the owner's scheme is to have one man do three men's work, they have to get men who will make 'em do it. And when the owners get a bad name, and their ships a worse, then men like Shanghai Smith have

tell, Mr. Simpson. I still feel in a kind of dream. Would you oblige me by going to Mr. Blaker and telling him that if he continues to hammer at that door I'll have the hose turned on him."

And when Simpson went to carry this message the Admiral put his feet on the table and indulged in a reverie.

"I'll make a note about Shanghai Smith and settle with him in full. But I shall rise higher yet. I know it's in me. Steward!"

"Yes, sir," said the steward.

"I think I'll have some grog."

He drank to the future of Admiral Sir Richard Dunn, master of the *California*.

An Hour with a Bird-Doctor.

By FRANK HOLMFIELD.

"RING its neck!"



Such was the "cure" at one time almost universally recommended in the case of some unfortunate feathered friend whose ailment seemed

at all serious.

Human nature, however, is apt to rebel against a course of treatment that, if short, sharp, and sure, deprives us of a pet whose companionship would be sadly missed. And when it occurred to someone that the study of birds' ailments would form an interesting and, at the same time, a lucrative calling, lovers of all kinds of feathered beauties were delighted. Nowadays there is hope for almost all serious cases of injuries or ailments of birds. The professional bird-doctor, with his medicine case and surgical instruments—and also his little bill!—finds plenty to do in alleviating pain and curing disease.

Perhaps the busiest practitioner amongst ailing feathered pets is Mr. E. W. Little, of Blandford Street, W., who might boast of having, during a long and successful career, the most aristocratic of bird society as patients, for his practice largely lies throughout the residential quarter of which Park Lane forms the centre, and where the fashion of keeping winged pets has been growing steadily during the past decade or so. The sweetly warbling canary, the comical big-billed toucan, or the talking parrot may be

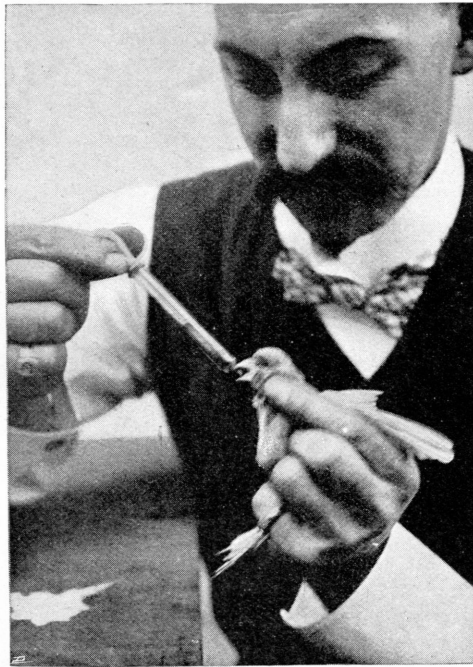
found nowadays in most West end houses. Indeed, not so very long ago there was some talk of holding a pet bird show, and it may be that during next season such a function will become an established institution, just as are cat and dog exhibitions.

The writer recently paid a visit to Mr. Little's surgery and operating-room in the interests of readers of *THE STRAND MAGAZINE*, and a most instructive hour was spent in witnessing the skilful treatment rendered by

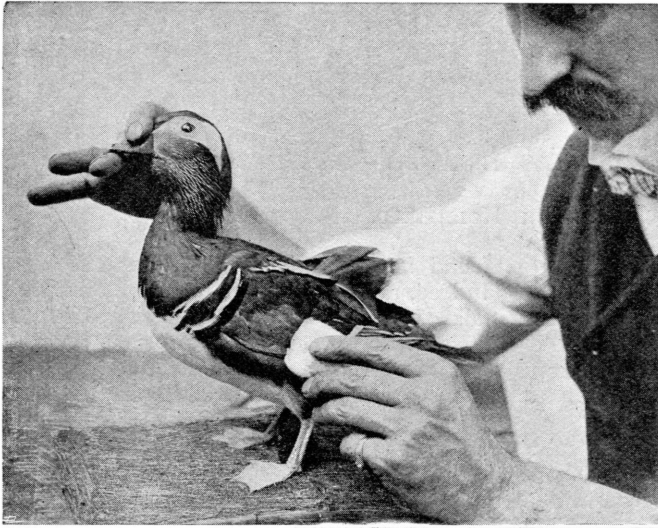
London's busiest bird-doctor to a number of winged creatures, which included almost every feathered form to be seen as the pet of a home.

The ailments to which bird-flesh is heir are surprisingly numerous. Phthisis is the greatest and most insidious enemy to be dealt with. Parrots especially are liable to this terrible disease. Most of the birds of that species imported into England suffer from its attacks. Mr. Little made the surprising statement that out of every fifty parrots brought to this country only five manage to escape

the ravages of phthisis. It spreads like wildfire where birds are placed together in large numbers. Mr. Little related particulars of the hard case of an importer who lost £70 worth of birds owing to having inadvertently introduced into his establishment a parrot suffering from that disease. If treated in its early stages phthisis in birds is curable.



From a] GIVING A BIRD A DOSE OF MEDICINE. [Photo.



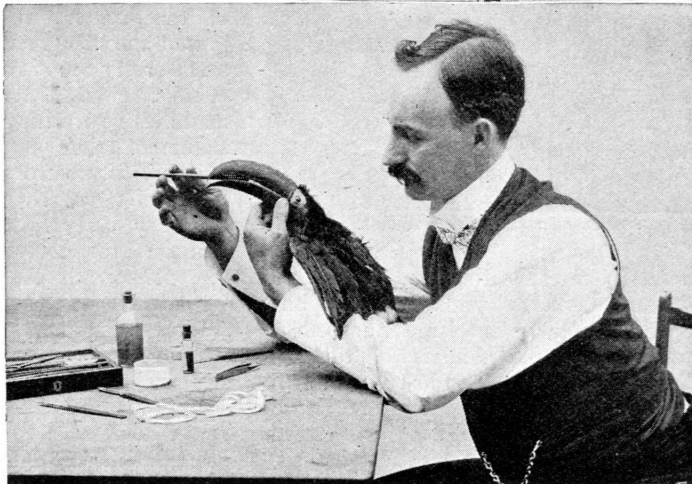
CLEANING A DUCK WITH OIL AFTER
From a] AN OPERATION. [Photo.

Enteric is another scourge amongst birds, being very contagious, and to which seed-eating birds are particularly liable. Pet canaries are a constant source of worry, their delicate throats rendering complaints such as colds, asthma, and inflammation always ready to attack them.

The writer, amongst other interesting medicinal and surgical treatment, witnessed the



REMOVING A HORNY GROWTH FROM
A PARROT'S BEAK.
From a Photo.



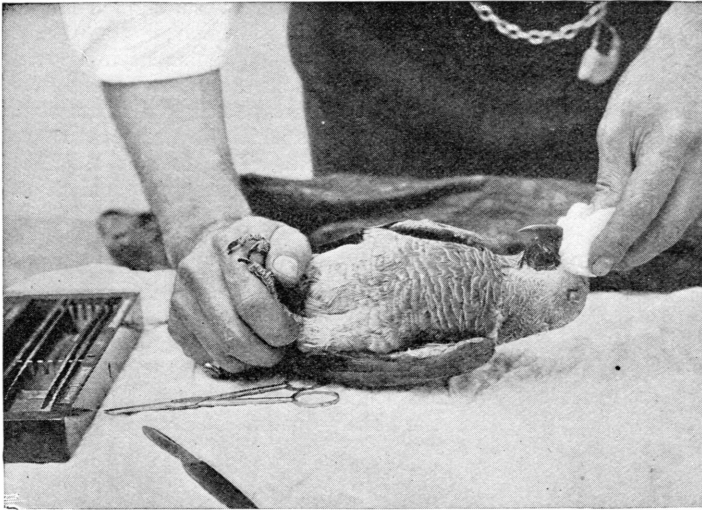
From a]

GIVING A TOUCAN A PILL.

[Photo.

rather delicate operation of administering a pill to a refractory pet toucan, which had evidently made up its mind that it would *not* be doctored. Although this creature will swallow a grape whole in the ordinary way without, as it were, turning a feather, it seemed on this occasion to instinctively understand that the juicy fruit at first offered by the doctor contained something more sinister than seeds; and again and again, no matter how carefully the pill was concealed inside the grape, the sagacious

bird would not "bolt" it, but very gravely proceeded to eject the pill from its capacious beak and then swallow the grape, exhibiting at the same time an almost human expression of the eye, as though it would say, "You can't fool me!" Finally the doctor was compelled to resort to more ruthless measures by ramming the pill down the toucan's throat with an instrument,



From a)

CHLOROFORMING A PARROT.

[Photo.

The photographer has succeeded in snapping the scene, including the miserable expression of the toucan's eye, as though it had realized that the doctor had got the better of it, at last!

Another very refractory patient was a parrot that suffered from a horny growth over one of its nostrils. As soon as the doctor touched the bird it seemed to realize that something very unpleasant was about to happen, and it acted accordingly. It indulged in "the finest flow of language ever heard," and, as it had evidently received most of its lingual education on board ship, the language was certainly not of the kind usually indulged in in polite society. Its struggles were absolutely terrific. In the end the creature had to be wrapped around with a length of thin twine to prevent its mad wing-flapping. Then, after a good deal of persuasion on the part of the doctor, "Poll" allowed the operation to be performed, and she was carried out of the room shouting, "I want a bit o' bread!" "I want a bit o' bread!" together with remarks of a less Parliamentary nature.

Although Mr. Little does not care about employing chloroform, surgical cases frequently occur in which the use of that drug becomes very necessary. There is a certain risk in placing birds under its influence. To minimize that risk a special preparation has been introduced, and this has the effect of rendering the bird to be operated upon unconscious of pain, with a minimum danger of the drug proving fatal. We give an illustration showing how the anæsthetic is

administered to a valuable parrot, which was about to be operated upon for the removal of a tumour.

Canaries, being naturally fragile and nearly always delicate in our climate, are a class of patient to which the bird-doctor gives special study and attention. They form, as a rule, the larger portion of his *clientèle*, for, as drawing-room pets, they are by far the greater favourites of the winged world. The treatment accorded them has to be of the most delicate description, whilst the handling

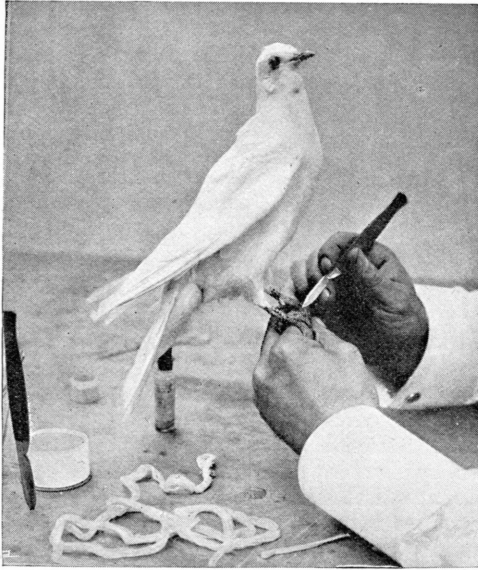
of their bodies for various ailments is in itself an operation demanding the utmost care, as an inadvertent squeeze might cause their death. The affection showered by owners of canaries upon their little pets is often quite touching; many ladies making it a stipulation that they are present whilst any necessary operation is being carried out. Tears are shed freely on such occasions, and joy becomes manifest as soon as the poor little birdies are pronounced "out of danger."



PUTTING SPLINTS ON A CANARY'S BROKEN LEG.

From a Photo.

We are enabled to reproduce the photograph of a treasured pet in the form of a canary whose leg had been broken by the fall of its cage from a first-floor window-sill to an area below. The difficulties in the



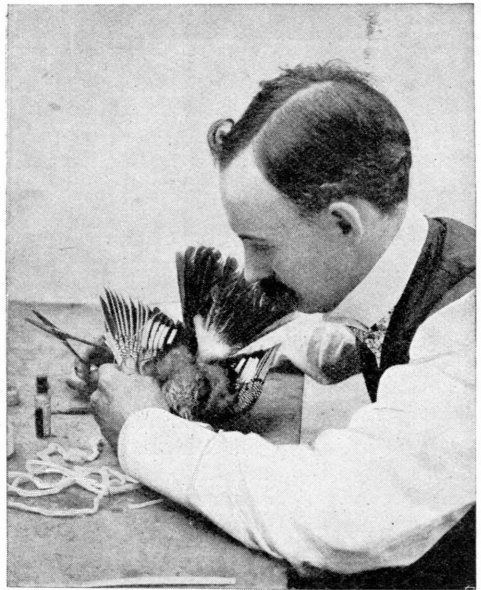
TAKING SCALES FROM A PIGEON'S LEG.
From a Photo.

way of making a successful "splice" are enormous, the bird naturally pecking away at the splints or bandage until it loosened. But Mr. Little has solved the problem. His method is a professional secret, and we may not describe it. Yet the system he employs is so effective that the injured bird will not even attempt to remove the bandage, and the leg is thus allowed to become as sound as before the break. The instance of clever bird surgery shown turned out, fortunately, an excellent cure, and the canary is now as strong on its legs as ever. Here it may be said that the bones of the legs or wings of a bird are those which, by careful surgical treatment, may be set—a broken breast-bone is almost invariably a hopeless injury, to which the bird must succumb.

Cage birds are great sufferers from the overgrowth of claws, which if not seen to in time may result in permanent injury. In gripping the perches the points of overgrown claws are apt to scrape the lower part of the leg, causing sores which, in time, will render the bird a cripple. The doctor's assistance in good time prevents a great deal of unnecessary suffering.

A very delicate operation is the removal of old scales from pigeons' claws, but the process never fails to improve the appearance of a bird, especially when the pigeon is intended for exhibition at a show.

There are many other ailments and injuries which are treated from time to time by the bird-doctor, but we have given,



FIXING A BROKEN WING WITH WIRE.
From a Photo.

perhaps, a sufficient number of instances to show that the existence of such a profession means the alleviation of much suffering amongst the denizens of the feathered world.

Sandow in Plaster of Paris.

A UNIQUE CAST.

Illustrations from Photographs by Arthur Weston, 16 and 17, Poultry, E.C. The copyright of Sandow's Grip Dumb-bell Co.



Y friend the Superior Person had been visiting the South Kensington branch of the British Museum, and he came back in high dudgeon. When I met him, indeed, he was literally spluttering with wrath. Evidently his very superior susceptibilities had suffered cruel outrage. "Great Scot!" he ejaculated, in replying to my look of inquiry, "what will the Museum be coming to next? A penny show with marionettes and performing dogs, I suppose. They've actually got a cast of Sandow the Strong Man—music-hall people in the British Museum, faugh!" And the S.P., having delivered himself of this outburst, turned on his heel and tempestuously took himself off.

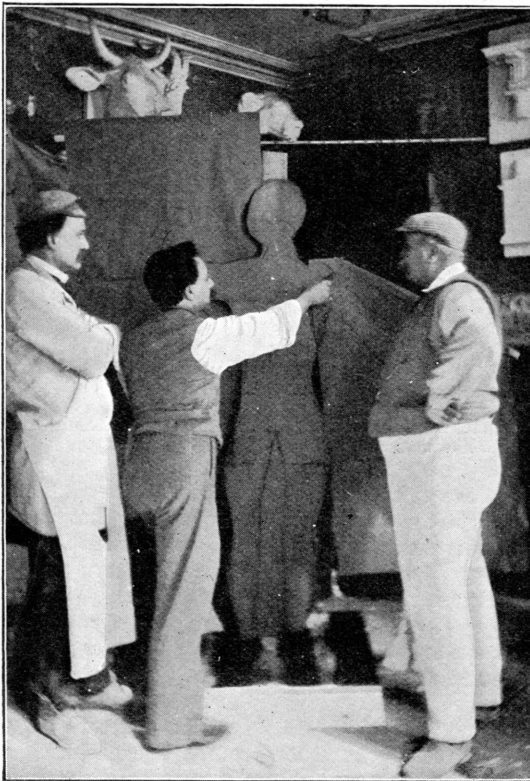
Now, although I am very far from sharing his opinions on most subjects, his remarks certainly excited my curiosity. That there should be a cast of Eugen Sandow in the Museum did not surprise me very much—on the contrary, it seemed to me that the authorities would have been remiss in not seizing the opportunity of handing down to future generations a permanent record of the most perfect specimen of physical culture of our days—perhaps of any age. Still, I know what popular prejudice is—even in these enlightened days individuals still exist who regard the cultivation of the body as a thing to be frowned upon, who are perfectly willing to hold up to our admiration the beautiful human

forms of classical times, but regard any attempt to emulate these worthies as pernicious in the extreme. So after examining the cast (about which I shall have a good deal more to say in a moment) it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to see Professor Ray Lankester and ascertain how the new departure of having the cast of a living man on view had come about.

Professor Lankester was good enough to devote a few minutes of his valuable time to me, and gave me a very clear idea of his object in advising the Trustees to have the cast made. It serves a twofold purpose, and is interesting to anthropologists for two reasons. Firstly, it presents a perfect type of a European man (and in course of time Professor Lankester hopes to have types of all the races), and, secondly, it furnishes a striking demonstration of what can be done in the way of perfecting the muscles by

simple means. A good many people, he remarked, are fond of insisting that the mighty men of muscle which were portrayed in marble by the sculptors of the classical age were simply products of the sculptors' imagination: fancy presentments of men as they might be, rather than of any who actually existed.

But here we have a cast of a man who lives and breathes at this very moment which comes favourably out of a comparison with any of them. A cast, mind you, as Professor Lankester was careful to bid me remember—a model would have



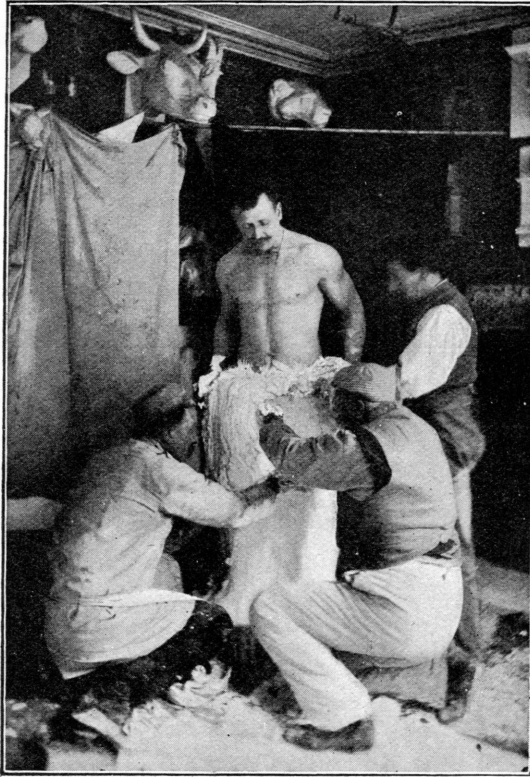
ROUGH PAPER OUTLINE FROM WHICH THE "SHELLS" ARE MADE.

been of small value; but here we have the actual mould of the living figure, which must be correct in every detail. In the times to come this will show the world that such men as the great sculptors portrayed have most indubitably existed in the flesh. I am glad to say that Professor Lankester demurs very strongly from the notion entertained by a good many people that Sandow's wonderful development entitles him to be regarded as a "monstrosity" rather than as a physically perfect human being. As he so logically put it to me, who is to say what are the limits of muscular development—where the line is to be drawn where healthy development leaves off and monstrosity begins?

The ordinary athlete regards himself with his fairly well-cultivated muscles as superior physically to the man who spends all his time sitting at a desk or engaged in indoor occupation. Why should he be loth to admit that Sandow is as much ahead of him in this respect as he is of the ordinary individual? Certainly the judgment of the Curator of the Natural History Department of the National Museum is one that ought to carry weight, and I think enough has been said to show that he is fully alive to the educational value that the cast may prove to the public. He is probably the last man in the world who would be moved by considerations of what is likely merely to amuse and to gratify the idle curiosity of a certain section of the public.

But, as he also pointed out to me, the cast is interesting for another and entirely different reason from those already enunciated. It is practically unique of its kind; probably no such cast has ever been attempted, not to say satisfactorily completed. Of course,

casts of hands, and feet, and faces are common enough, and now and again a cast of the whole living body in a recumbent, relaxed position has been taken; but this cast is entirely different, being no less than of the complete figure, posed, and with the muscles in a tense condition. The latter fact renders it doubly valuable from an anatomical point of view, as the muscles are shown standing out with great clearness, and of course this would not have been the case had the cast been taken from the figure in a condition of relaxation. Naturally this added very greatly to the difficulty of carrying out the work—not the least part of it falling upon the subject. Indeed, Messrs. Bruciani, the famous cast-makers, who undertook and carried out the work, told me that at the beginning they were exceedingly doubtful whether the attempt would be a success. The process was a long one and a tedious one—indeed, from first to last it occupied over a month. As it is highly probable that the majority of the readers of *THE STRAND* are ignorant of the process of cast-making a brief description of the work as kindly explained and shown to me by Messrs. Bruciani will give them



MOULDING OF FIGURE FROM FEET TO HIPS (FRONT).

a clearer idea of the exceptional difficulties which have just been tackled with such excellent results.

The ordinary process is a comparatively simple one. A mould roughly corresponding in shape but somewhat larger than the object of which the cast is to be taken is made. This is placed round the object and the intervening space filled in with plaster of Paris in a semi-fluid condition, and this, of course, moulds itself to the exact shape of the object it covers. The latter has prior



POSING FIGURE—THE SUPPORT FOR RIGHT ARM WILL BE NOTICED.

to the commencement of operations been oiled in order to prevent the plaster from sticking. When the plaster sets it is carefully removed in sections, and these, when placed together, form a perfect mould. Into this plaster is again poured; when this hardens the mould is broken off and the cast itself remains.

Now, all this seems simple enough, and so it is when an inanimate object is concerned or a portion of the human frame in repose. For in order to insure success while the mould is being made it is absolutely necessary that the subject should be practically still. That is so obvious that it is perhaps scarcely doing justice to the intelligence of the ordinary reader to lay stress upon it; the smallest movement tends to disturb the hardening plaster and mars the perfection of the mould. Is it surprising, therefore, that, as it takes from ten to fifteen minutes to complete each one of the separate pieces of which the complete mould is made up, Messrs. Brucciani were rather dubious as to the result? However, they got to work, and slowly, piece by piece, not without occasional disappointments and failures, the thing got itself completed. They are quite sure that

no one but Sandow could possibly have "sat" for such a work of art. Fancy, you young men who are fond of baring your right arm and displaying that little lump of biceps you refer to as your "muscle"; fancy setting your teeth and keeping that muscle "up" for a quarter of an hour! And without moving it more than the proverbial hair's breadth! This is what had to be done, and, mind you, whether it was the arm, or the neck and shoulders, or the legs that were being operated upon, the whole pose had to be struck, all the muscles contracted, as otherwise the pieces would never have fitted properly when they came to be joined.

Certain mechanical devices had, of course, to be adopted to insure that the pose should be exactly the same on each occasion. The strain of holding the muscles tense was so great that only about a couple of moulds could be taken at one "sitting," and so Sandow had to submit himself to the ordeal day by day for nearly a month. The photographs which we publish give a very fair idea of the whole process. They were, of course, taken at the time, and the whole series



MOULDING CHEST AND ABDOMINAL MUSCLES.



TAKING MOULD OF BACK AND SHOULDERS—THE SLIGHTEST MOVEMENT OF ARM WOULD DISTURB THE "DELTOID" AND "LATISSIMUS DORSI" MUSCLES.

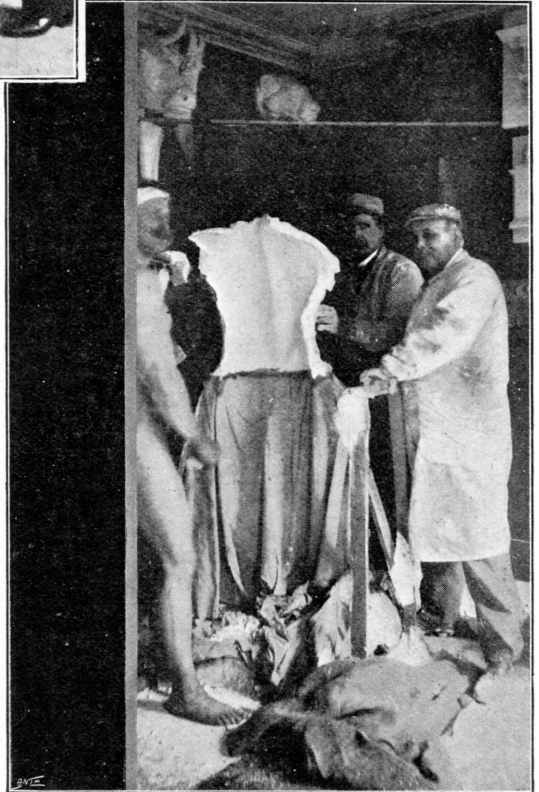
(of which we give the most striking) show how the work was conducted from beginning to end. In the first instance, an outline in paper, roughly to measurement, of the figure in the pose proposed to be taken up was made; this was simply to serve as a guide for the making of the "shells" for supporting the plaster forming the moulds.

The mechanical arrangements for securing the same pose each time to which I have alluded were very simple. The position of the feet on the floor was marked out, there was a support for the right elbow, and also for the fingers of the right hand—this insured that the right arm should be in the proper position as regards the body and also flexed always at the same angle. The position of the other hand was also marked, and that of the top of the head. These were helps in taking up the pose, but, of course, practically none at all in keeping it so far as the muscles were concerned

—they had to be kept contracted purely by an effort of will. It may be noticed that in the hands are clasped the grip dumb-bells; this was in order to facilitate the keeping the muscles tense and rigid.

The dumb-bell in question is made in two parts, with springs between them which have to be compressed before the two halves can be brought together—by bringing them together and then keeping them there the muscles were kept in the proper tense and immovable condition necessary for the successful execution of the cast.

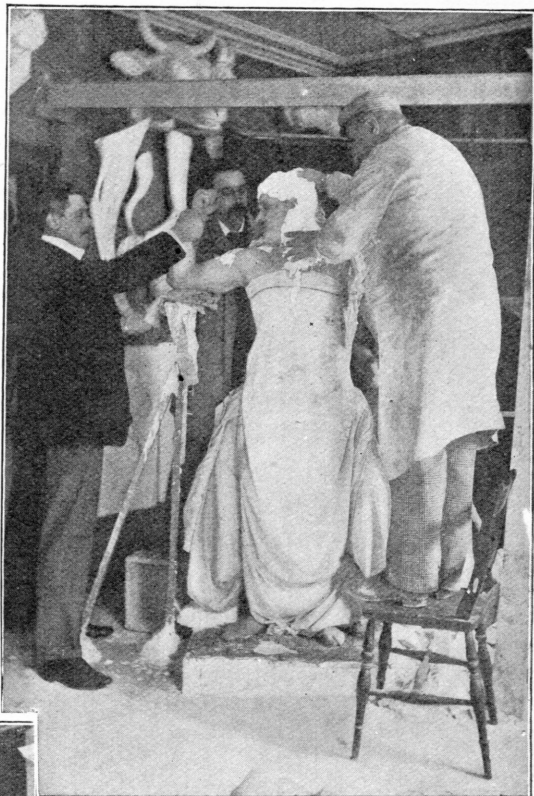
After the shells were made it was necessary to mark out the figure into sections, each of which was moulded separately. A certain amount of margin was allowed in each piece, this being taken off afterwards according to the most absolutely correct measurements before the numerous sections were fitted together. Of course, by comparison, the work entailed over some of the sections was easy; thus, the filling in of the shell round the legs was in a manner plain



HERE IS THE MOULD OF BACK JUST TAKEN OFF.

sailing by contrast with the difficulty and anxiety entailed over other portions of the figure which it was so much harder to keep perfectly still. Possibly most trouble had to be taken over the front of the figure from the waist upwards—it will be noticed that the abdominal muscles are set, and that some of the chest muscles are brought out also. To “set” one’s chest or abdomen long enough to be measured is simple enough, and is usually managed by holding the breath. Obviously this was out of the question in this instance; even Sandow could hardly be expected to refrain from breathing for the space of a quarter of an hour! How he managed it will be told in a minute in his own words.

In spite of almost complete immobility on the part of the subject it is more than probable—indeed, a careful survey of the completed cast as it stands in the Museum convinces me of the fact—that the cast in some respects does not, and cannot, do perfect justice to the living subject. Even an almost imperceptible movement affects the plaster, and slight



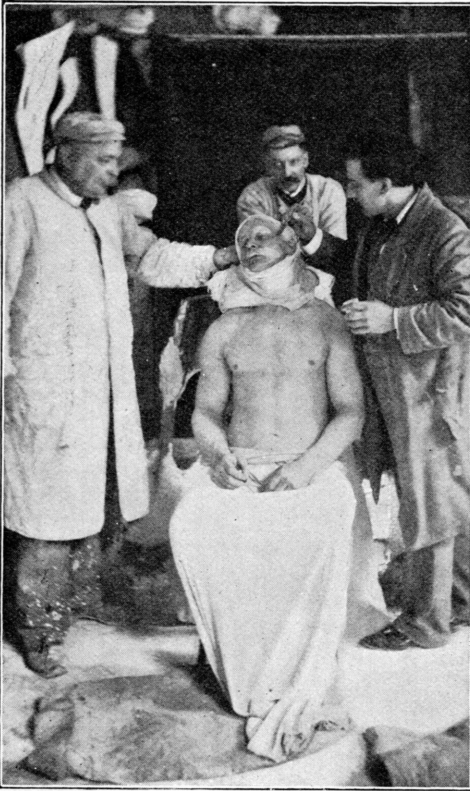
TAKING HEAD AND NECK—THE HAIR IS COVERED WITH A CLOTH.



MOULDING UPPER PORTION OF BACK AND NECK.
Vol. xxii.—59

movement there must have been, with the natural result that a few of the very finest lines may have been lost. This, to a close observer, especially if he be endowed with some knowledge of anatomy, is specially to be noticed in the muscles of the chest and the lower portion of the throat—very fine, indeed, are they in the cast, but here and there the effect of what a painter would call very minute *nuances* seems to be lost—at all events, that is the impression made upon those of us who have had numerous opportunities of inspecting the original.

Thus the cast is certainly not flattering; on the contrary, if it falls short at all it is that, while it represents very finely the development and the general contours of Sandow, it here and there is deficient in those fine lines, those little shades of muscle which soften the massiveness of the build and cause even his herculean figure to look shapely and graceful. Not that I mean to imply for a moment that the cast in any way gives an impression of unwieldy strength and coarseness of development—one has only to look at many of the classical statues in Great Russell Street to see that it does



MAKING READY TO TAKE FACE—HAIR, NECK, AND MOUSTACHE COVERED WITH CLOTHS.

not suffer by the comparison ; all I mean is that, beautiful piece of workmanship as it is, the dead plaster does not and cannot represent in its full perfection a form the charm of which to no small extent depends upon the fine gradations and mobile finish of its development.

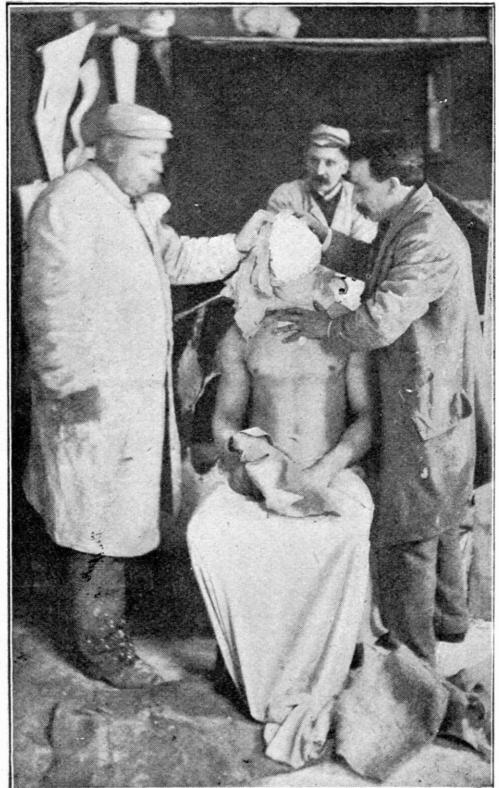
Again, there are certain minor points of difference which the captious critic will no doubt seize upon with unholy glee. Do a few hairs in the moustache take a turn unseen in that of the original? Is the hair of the head a trifle too regular in its curliness? Well, let it at once be explained that there are limits even to the cast-maker's craft—that the taking of a mould of the separate hairs of a man's head is out of the question. The general contour of both hair and moustache were cast, but they were covered over with a piece of linen for the purpose, otherwise the consequences would have been very disastrous to the victim. He would have emerged from the ordeal, in fact, balder than the new-born babe; as it was, in spite of the body and limbs being well oiled before the plaster was put on, the removal of the latter caused him a

good deal of trouble. So the hair and moustache, having been roughly cast as described, were modelled afterwards from photographs specially taken for the purpose. These and the eyes (the cast of the face, of course, being taken with the eyelids closed) were finished by skilled craftsmen, and are the only parts of the figure in which there is any possibility of any error having been made. Personally I have seen Sandow standing by the cast, and have carefully compared the two heads; I don't think that there is much to choose between them. Always excepting the fact that the cast is lacking in the fresh colouring and blue eyes of the original.

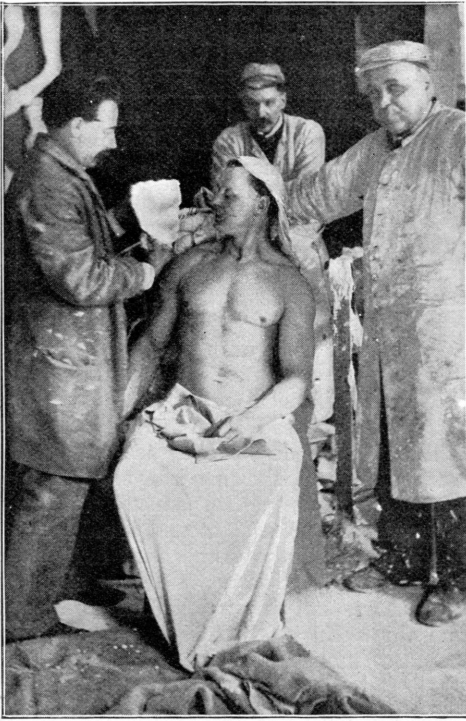
Here is another point which will probably interest both the earnest student as well as the curious layman. What are the dimensions of the cast? Here they are as taken by Messrs. Brucciani, with mathematical exactness :—

ACTUAL DIMENSIONS OF CAST.

	in.		in.
Chest	49	Thigh	25
Waist	36	Calf.	17½
Biceps	18	Ankle	9
Forearm	15½	Neck	17
Wrist	7¾	Height	69



A VERY TRYING TEN MINUTES.



A SIGH OF RELIEF—THE MASK IS FINISHED.

Now, the probability is that a question will at once arise in the minds of a good many people, and especially of those who have read Sandow's book: How do these measurements taken from the cast compare with those given by Sandow himself? Do they exactly agree, and if they differ, are they larger or smaller? And, if so, why? These are quite fair questions, and as a preliminary to answering them I give the dimensions as they appear in the book. Here they are:—

DIMENSIONS AS GIVEN IN BOOK.

	in.		in.
Chest	48	Thigh.....	26
Waist	30	Calf.....	18
Biceps	19½	Ankle.....	8½
Forearm	16½	Neck.....	18
Wrist	7½	Height	69¼

It will be noted that the figures are not identical—that in most cases those given in the book are bigger than those of the cast, whereas in one or two instances the reverse is the case. This is capable of a very simple—I might say obvious—explanation. The measurements given in the book are those of each limb taken separately, in the position which gives the greatest measurement and with the muscles contracted to their maximum extent. In the pose for the cast the conditions were far otherwise. To begin with, in no one case is any

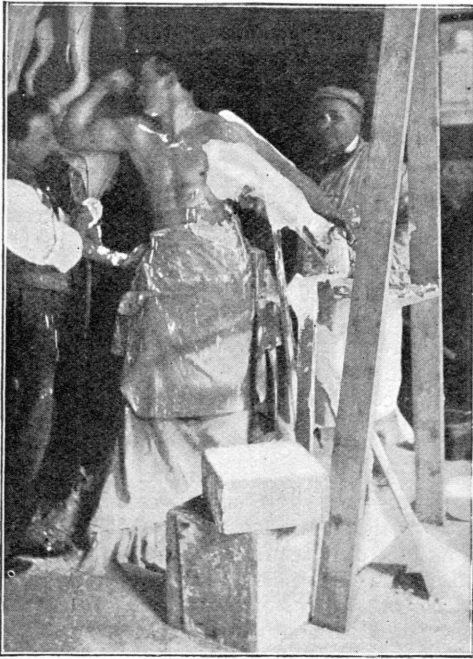
particular limb placed so as to bring the muscles out to their fullest extent. Again, as so many groups of muscles are contracted at once, it is apparent that the amount of nervous energy which in the other case would be concentrated upon the muscles of one limb is spread over a much wider space; and, lastly, it would have been quite impossible to keep up for a quarter of an hour or even ten minutes a tension which it was a strain to retain for a few seconds for measuring purposes. Had it been attempted the result would have been dire failure—after a minute or two the tension would have relaxed and the mould been spoiled.

On the other hand, in the cast the chest is 49in. as compared with 48in. (normal) of the book; the waist is 36in. compared with 30in.; but the height is only 5ft. 9in. as compared with a quarter of an inch more. Regarding the latter—the figure in the cast is not perfectly upright; the contraction necessary to show the development of the abdominal muscles takes a shade off the height. The forcing out, again, of the muscles makes the waist measurement much greater than it would be were the chest fully expanded and the former drawn in, while the extra inch round the chest is due to the slight increase from the normal which the pose entails.

And what does Sandow himself think about it all? Naturally he is pleased and



TAKING THE MOULD OF THOSE MIGHTY BICEPS.



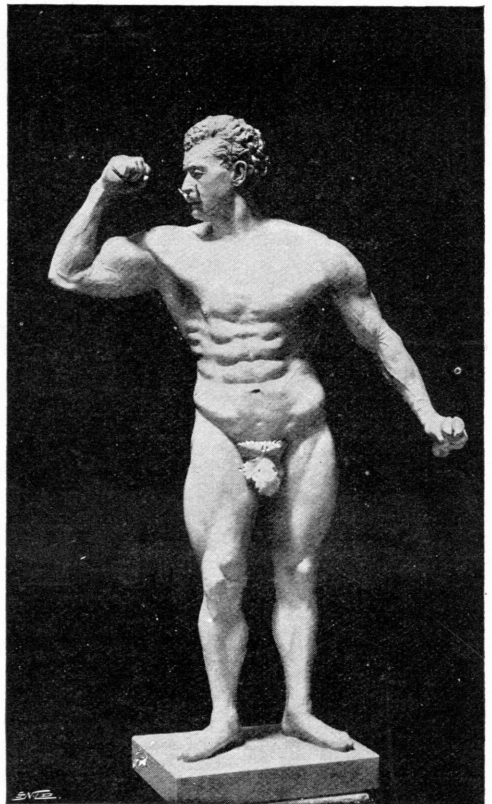
MOULDING STRETCHED OUT LEFT ARM—THE GRIP DUMB-BELL IS HELD IN THE HAND TO KEEP THE MUSCLES TENSE.

gratified that his cast should be thought worthy to be placed in the National Museum to serve as an object-lesson to generations yet unborn; but when I saw him he was chiefly concerned to talk about the sufferings he had endured over the process. He told me that it was the hardest job he'd ever had in all his life; "in fact," said he, "I should like you to say that I regard it as the greatest feat of endurance I have ever performed. Good heavens," he went on, "time after time I thought I'd have to give it up, the strain was awful. I used to finish up after each piece was done fairly 'blown,' perspiring and winded much more than after the most arduous weight-lifting performance I have ever accomplished.

"The operation is painful too—one feels as if one were being suffocated, especially when the mould of the face is being taken. They tell me that only about one man in two hundred can stand having his face done, and I'm not a bit surprised. But if that is the case I don't believe that one in a million could be found who could stand to have his chest done—mind, in a strained position, I mean. Really, when my chest and abdomen were being moulded, what with the peculiar 'biting' feeling of the plaster as it dried on the skin, and the difficulty in regulating the breathing, I thought I should

burst. How did I manage about breathing so as not to disturb the plaster? Oh, it was difficult, I confess. I had to keep the muscles of the chest and abdomen still, and take very small, quick breaths, never entirely filling or emptying the lungs, but just taking in—almost continuously—enough fresh air to take the place of that I used up; at the same time keeping the muscles set so as not to disturb the outer contour. A very troublesome job that; the worst of the whole business, and it was a tiresome business from beginning to end.

"Of course, I was only too glad and proud to do it. I grudge no trouble and time in the cause of physical culture. And I hope I sha'n't be accused of undue egotism if I say that I really do believe that having the cast before them, showing how an originally delicate child can perfect himself physically by simple and natural means, should be of benefit to those who come after us. I am glad to have had it done; as I have said, the doing it was not very enjoyable. Indeed, I don't think I'd go through it again for any amount of money."



THE CAST, WHICH YOU SHOULD GO TO SOUTH KENSINGTON TO SEE.

How Turlupin Won the Princess.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN. TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF JÉRÔME DOUCET.

BY G. H. WOODHOUSE.



AT the back of his garret Turlupin kept an old chest which he had never dared to open, although there was nothing alarming in its appearance. It was not of oak heavily banded with iron, nor was it of leather all studded with nails. It was simply a small box of common wood, painted dark green, with a bunch of flowers painted on the top of the lid. Still, Turlupin, so far, had been afraid to open it.

One morning—it was a Friday and the thirteenth of the month, but Turlupin was not superstitious—he climbed the stairs, determined at last to see what the wonderful box contained. When he first raised the lid he thought the chest was empty, and having got so used to the idea that it must contain something mysterious and wonderful he felt quite disappointed. At last, however, he espied something lying in a corner, and putting in his hand drew out a pair of gloves. He found they were white ones. At least they had been white once, but they were soiled with use and yellowed with age, and the dust which covered them had certainly not improved their appearance. Still, they had been white once, and therefore we will continue to flatter them by calling them a pair of “white gloves.”

Turlupin put them on, and as he did so they reminded him of a wedding, naturally his own. Having put them on he went downstairs in such a hurry that he forgot to close the lid of the box, and, putting on his best hat—he only had two, for he was very poor—he immediately started to find the fair unknown who, he was sure, was destined to become his wife.

He had not walked very far along the high road when he met an old woman riding to market on her donkey. On either side she carried a pannier of apples, which she hoped to be able to sell.

Turlupin stopped and raised his hat politely.

“Madam,” he said, with a low bow, “I have the honour to ask your daughter’s hand in marriage.”

The old dame laughed so heartily that you could have heard the apples rattling together.

“Of my daughter, you foolish fellow!” she cried. “My old donkey, perhaps! Why, you are not half rich enough for a daughter of mine, I can tell you.”

Turlupin answered, quietly: “You deserve that I should take you at your word,” and the donkey, with a loud “hee-haw,” seemed quite to agree with him.

Perhaps it did really understand him, for you must know that donkeys are not half so stupid as people pretend to believe; but whether it did or did not, it started off so suddenly that the old woman was taken by surprise and, losing her balance, was left sitting in the road with her apples rolling in all directions around her.

The good-natured Turlupin came to the rescue and lifted her to her feet, after which he picked up her apples and caught the donkey for her.

“Let this be a lesson to you,” he said, as he left her to continue on her way. “Choose an honest man for your daughter’s husband because he *is* honest, not because he is rich.”

Turlupin had walked about three leagues farther when he met an old man hobbling along with the aid of his stick.

“Good-day, friend,” he said.

“Good-day to you, stranger,” the old man replied.

“I have the honour to ask your daughter’s hand in marriage,” Turlupin continued.

“I am sorry. I am afraid you are a little late, for she has been married this last thirty years; and her daughter even is married too. Otherwise I should have been quite willing to accept you as a son-in-law; I like the look of you.”

Turlupin thanked him for his good opinion and went on his way once more.

The next person he met was also a man, and again he was unsuccessful, for although the man had seven children they were, unfortunately, all boys.

Decidedly, Turlupin was unlucky so far, and his ill-luck seemed likely to continue, for the next person he met informed him, when he had made the usual request, that she was an old maid who was very satisfied with her condition and had no desire to change it.

Turlupin was beginning to grow tired of



"HE MET AN OLD WOMAN RIDING TO MARKET."

his journey. He had been walking for nearly ten hours and he was both hungry and thirsty. The gloves, too, to which he was not used, caused him considerable inconvenience and made his hands feel hot and very uncomfortable.

He was in two minds whether to turn towards home or not when he came face to face with a great noble, dressed all in red, embroidered with gold.

Turlupin stopped him.

"My lord," he began, "I have the honour to propose for your daughter's hand."

For a moment the nobleman looked very much surprised, but at length he said:—

"My friend, I am glad to meet you—if you really want what you say. You do really wish to marry my daughter, the Princess Harpigelle? Very well, you shall do so, and what is more, do so as soon as you like. What is your name?"

"I am called Turlupin, my lord."

The King, for really it was he, immediately led Turlupin to the palace and sent for his daughter, the Princess Harpigelle.

"My daughter," he said, "my kingdom has at last produced a man who knows you so little or else is so brave that he asks for your

hand in marriage. Here he is. I offer him to you as a husband."

Harpigelle looked scornfully at Turlupin, albeit she felt rather uneasy at his calm and assured bearing. She was amused, however, and surprised at the white gloves he wore so proudly.

"Well! as you please," she said, carelessly; "but does he know the conditions?"

As Turlupin did not appear to understand the Princess continued: "You must bring me, within a year from to-day, the teeth of a nightingale, the feathers of a carp, and the scales of a lion," and, having spoken, Harpigelle, with a mocking curtsy, ran laughing from the room.

"You have heard her, my friend," said the King, sadly. "This is the thousandth time at least that I, her unhappy father, have heard her make the same demands from the suitors I have invited to the palace."

Turlupin, however, appeared in no way moved.

"Since she demands these things, sire," he said, "the only thing to do is to endeavour to find them with as little delay as possible. In a year from now, come what may, I will place in her own hand what she asks."

The monarch patted him on the back approvingly.

"That is capital," he said, "capital! Go then, Turlupin, and return quickly. I long for your success, for you are worthy to become my son-in-law."

Turlupin went first to the heart of a great forest. "It is there," he said to himself, "that I shall have the best chance of finding a nightingale which possesses the teeth I require, for nightingales love old trees and lonely places."

He chose an old oak, gnarled and mossy with age, and sat upon the soft grass at its foot, his back leaning against the trunk, and then he waited patiently.

The birds, frightened at first, hid themselves among the thickest foliage, but gradually, seeing that Turlupin was motionless, they began to move about above his head, emboldened and curious, and some of the less timid at last fluttered to the ground and moved about around him.

Turlupin had taken the precaution to bring some corn with him, and this he threw in handfuls towards the birds. Greedily they picked it and waited for more, but Turlupin did not gratify them at once. When evening came, however, he gave them another meal, and for several days continued to feed them regularly. The birds were now almost tame, and perched on his hands and feet and head, and would even let him handle them. In vain, however, he examined the nightingales. Not one of them could he find possessing any teeth.

His bag of corn rapidly grew empty, until at last it was quite exhausted. Then he began to dig with his knife, and found beetles and grubs among the moss and grass with which to feed his little friends. One day he uncovered a golden ring. Taking off a glove he put his finger through it, and, pulling with all his might, drew up a golden cage. Inside the cage a bird sat pining, with drooping wings.

Turlupin, always kind-hearted, opened the little door. The bird came quickly out and, fluttering its feathers and uttering little cries of gratitude and pleasure, was suddenly transformed into a most beautiful maiden, who addressed him thus:—

"Turlupin, I am the Queen of the Birds! Your kindness has won my people's hearts, and you have rescued me from the power of the Giant of the Forest, who had cast a spell over me. I know what you are seeking—what you so earnestly desire—and, at the needful hour, I will teach you how to procure it. In the meanwhile I give to your voice all the sweetness and the knowledge which my subjects themselves possess. The gift will enable you to give pleasure to yourself and to others. From this moment you are able to sing as sweetly as any nightingale."

With a noise like the soft rustling of feathers the fairy disappeared, and Turlupin was alone once more.

Turlupin thereupon set out for home and, when he reached it, he found to his surprise that he had been absent for half a year. He still, therefore, had six months before him in which to accomplish his two remaining tasks.

"Fish," he reflected, "are found in rivers, and it is at the water's edge, therefore, that I must seek the wonderful carp which Harpiggelle has ordered me to find."

He proceeded to establish himself upon a small island situated in the middle of the nearest large river and, full of confidence in the future, began his search.

Our hero had taken the precaution to bring with him a number of jars which contained every variety of the worms and grubs of which fish are so greedy that they swallow the hooks as well, and he also had paste, flies, and grasshoppers in order to be able to suit all possible tastes.

Turlupin at once began to feed the fish, and by throwing in the food less and less far each time was able to bring them so near the bank that he could see and distinguish them quite easily.

Alas! all the carp he saw were covered with scales instead of feathers. Their shining sides gleamed in the sun as they leapt from the water, and the wretched Turlupin saw his bait exhausted without setting eyes once on the strange fish he was so anxious to find.

In time all the bait was gone, and there was nothing more to give the shoals of greedy fishes which hungrily lined the shore in a compact, expectant mass.

One day, walking along the water's edge, he knocked his foot against a sharp stone, and, stooping to examine what had hurt him, saw that the stone was surrounded by a strongly knotted cord. This he picked up and pulled.

Presently a wicker trap appeared weighted



"A WICKER TRAP APPEARED, AND IN THE TRAP HE DISCOVERED A GORGEOUS FISH."

with a stone, and in the trap he discovered a gorgeous fish. Its scales were of all the colours of the rainbow, its fins were of strange and fantastic shapes, and its eyes gleamed with an expression altogether unlike anything Turlupin had ever seen before.

But the fish was already gasping, and so Turlupin, taking it from the trap in which it had been imprisoned, gently replaced it in the water.

The water sparkled and became luminous, and, to his boundless surprise, from the spot where he had replaced the fish Turlupin saw the figure of a beautiful maiden rising slowly out of the water. She was clad in a robe of glittering scales, and in her hand she bore a golden water-lily as a sceptre.

"Turlupin," she said, "my subjects love you for the kindness you have shown them, and you have rescued me from the spell

which the wicked Giant of the Water had thrown over me. I wish now to do you a service. I know what your wish is and what you seek. At the hour of your need you shall find that which the Princess Harpigelle has demanded of you. Remember this, you who have lived amongst my dumb subjects, that although speech is a precious gift, silence is at times more valuable."

As she spoke the last words she disappeared below the surface of the river.

Turlupin, well pleased with this adventure, returned home once more, and found that his absence had lasted three months. He still had three more in which to accomplish the third feat set him by the Princess Harpigelle.

"It is more than I shall need," he told himself confidently, and started, furnished with as much meat as he could carry, for the desert where lions abounded, and where he hoped to find the animal of which he was in search. He soon reached it, and made his way towards a small oasis, where he seated himself at the foot of a banana tree and calmly awaited the course of events. He hadn't to wait long, poor Turlupin!

A furious roaring shook the air and, pit-pat, pit-pat, an enormous lion came trotting up. It must be confessed that Turlupin felt as though very cold water were trickling down his back, but he was a brave man and, better still, he had a mind free from reproach.

He took a large piece of raw meat and threw it to the great beast, which caught it in its huge jaws and then, without so much as a "Thank you," pit-patted away out of sight as quickly as it had approached.

Turlupin heaved a sigh of relief and felt distinctly happier. His content did not last long, however. A mournful cry was heard and a hyena crept stealthily near. The result, of course, was the same—the giving of another piece of meat, followed by another trotting off without a word of thanks.

Turlupin did not feel quite so easy in his

mind. The night seemed the longest he had ever known. No sooner did he begin to doze than a thousand strange voices of the night sounded all around him, rousing him effectually again and again.

At dawn he was approached successively by a jackal, a tiger, and a lioness, and he began to realize that his stock of meat would not last long among so many and such hungry guests, and he began to wonder how he could obtain a fresh supply and, above all, find shelter for himself from the voracious appetites of his new friends. He espied a palm tree a little distance away, and it seemed to offer him a refuge high enough to protect him from the attacks of the savage beasts with which the desert evidently swarmed.

He lost no time in climbing this tree, and from its top saw that he was surrounded by the desert which, on all sides, stretched as far as eye could reach. Not even a blade of grass broke the level monotony of the view. Only, on his left, he saw in the distance a large black hole, and at the same time heard the mournful roaring of a lion, which seemed to proceed from its mouth.

Turlupin climbed down the tree and went towards the hole, which he found had been covered over with branches and leaves and then with sand. This covering was all broken away, and at the bottom of the pit a huge lion was lying groaning, evidently in great pain.

Deceived by the apparently solid nature of the sand-strewn opening the animal had trodden upon the covering and fallen into

the pit and, having broken a paw in its fall, was unable to jump out of the trap. Turlupin, with nothing but his own white gloves to protect him from the lion's terrible claws, lay down and, leaning over the side of the hole, was able to reach the injured paw and examine it.

He bound it up as best he could, using a large handkerchief he was fortunate to have in his pocket, and then he gave the starving beast the remainder of his stock of meat. The poor lion greedily devoured it and, strengthened by its meal and thanks to Turlupin's skill in bandaging, managed to leap out of the trap and approach its deliverer.

Turlupin felt somewhat alarmed, but judge of his relief when the lion suddenly changed into a beautiful lady, who addressed him thus:—

"Turlupin, I am the Fairy of the Sun. You have delivered me from the enchanter who held me prisoner, the Giant of the Desert. In return I wish to do something for you, for I know what your dearest wish is and what it is that you are in search of. You shall have it when you need it. You have lived amongst the inhabitants of the desert, and you will, I hope, remember that

courage is man's greatest virtue."

And saying this she vanished suddenly.

Turlupin had succeeded in accomplishing his tasks and triumphantly set out for the King's palace. It was night when he arrived, but he caught sight of the Princess Harpigelle, who, leaning from the window, was gazing at the stars,



"A STRANGER ENTERED THE LISTS MOUNTED UPON AN ASS."

Turlupin be-
thought him of
the Fairy of the
Birds and of her
gift, and began
to sing the ever-
beautiful song of
the nightingale.

Harpigelle
listened, enrapt-
ured. When the
song was over
she leaned out
and, addressing
the singer, who
was hidden in
the shadow of the
wall, cried, "Oh,
singer divine!
willingly would
I become your
bride!"

Turlupin, dis-
guising his voice,
replied, "But,
Princess, did you
not pledge your
word to Tur-
lupin?"

"Poor Tur-
lupin! he has
been gone a year,
and to-morrow is
the last day left
him in which to accomplish the task I set him.
It is impossible for him to return in time."

"If that is so, Princess, then give me your
hand."

Harpigelle did so, and, raising himself
upon a projecting stone, Turlupin carried it
to his lips and bit it until it bled.

With a cry of pain Harpigelle disappeared
from the window and Turlupin quickly hid
himself in the trees which surrounded that
part of the palace garden.

Next morning the heralds went through
the town proclaiming a tournament. The
Black Knight had bidden defiance to the
King and his barons, but such was his
reputation for prowess that none could be
found to accept the challenge.

At the hour appointed the King, the
Princess, and the whole population flocked
to the lists where the Black Knight awaited
his rival. It was the last day the challenge
would remain open, and if no champion
could be found the challenger would take
possession of the kingdom and deprive the
monarch of his throne.



"RAISING HIS FLAIL, HE BROKE HIS ADVERSARY'S LANCE
WITH A SINGLE BLOW."

There was a sudden commotion amongst
the crowd, and a stranger entered the lists
mounted upon an ass. Instead of a helmet
he wore a cotton night-cap pulled down over
his face, with two holes cut out of it to
enable him to see; instead of a lance he
carried a flail.

He approached the foot of the throne,
picked up the Black Knight's gauntlet and
put it upon his right hand; his left hand was
already covered with a white glove. The
Black Knight, scornful, flew upon him. The
new-comer, however, raising his flail, broke
his adversary's lance with a single blow.

The Black Knight, furious, threw himself

upon him, sword in hand. All present believed that all was over with the poor stranger ; but he, brave and strong, used his flail shrewdly, and at last stretched his foe on the ground.

The crowd, delighted, roared with applause, and the victor, drawing off his gauntlet, laid it at Harpigelle's feet and knelt before her.

"Sir," she said, "you are a brave man, a perfect lion. I am ready to become your wife."

The unknown replied :—

"And Turlupin?"

But while the Princess was replying that it was hardly likely that the absent one had accomplished his tasks the conqueror had disappeared.

All day long no one could speak of anything but the encounter and the mysterious conqueror, until a magician, pointed cap on head, appeared in the market-place. All crowded round him and eagerly demanded a story.

Harpigelle, who was walking in that direction, attended by ladies of the Court, had also the curiosity to demand a story, but the magician remained obstinately silent in spite of her promises and threats. The Princess grew angry.

"Have you no voice, then?" she demanded. "One would think you were as dumb as a carp!"

Then the magician took a pen and wrote upon a piece of parchment :—

"Princess, you wish to know your fate. It is that you shall marry Turlupin."

"Turlupin?" she cried. "He is far away and not at all likely to be here. Besides, listen! even now it is striking twelve, and with the last stroke the year is up."

As the last stroke sounded the magician took off his cap and, bowing, said : "Your Highness, I am Turlupin!" He took her hand.

"Look," he said, "at this bite, still fresh. It was made by the tooth of the nightingale that sang last night beneath your window. See that gauntlet you carry at your girdle, that gauntlet of steel scales! They are the scales of the lion which only this morning fought to save your father's kingdom ; while this quill pen with which I wrote your fate is the feather of the carp which refused to speak to you."

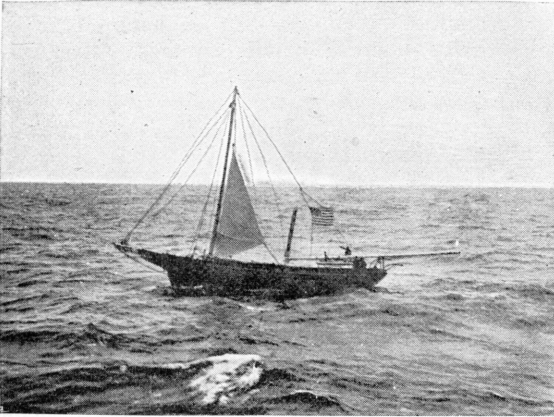
Harpigelle married Turlupin. Softened and tamed she became the best of wives, while Turlupin became a great and wise King. Turlupin, we must not forget to add, carefully replaced the old white gloves in the chest where he had found them, in the hope that perhaps they would lead another man to fortune and happiness, as they had led him. But he forgot to leave in the chest at the same time his courage, honesty, and simple good-nature, the qualities to which alone he owed his happiness and success, and without which no one can hope to be happy or successful.



"A MAGICIAN APPEARED IN THE MARKET-PLACE."

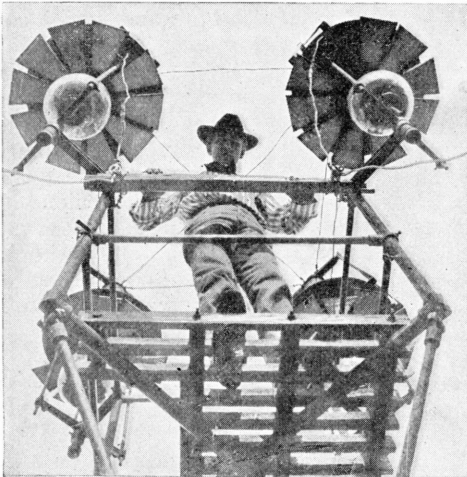
Curiosities.*

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]



A BRAVE MARINER.

"This is the way in which an Atlantic gale dealt with the fishing smack *Sea Fowl* on the Grand Banks. For six hours the wind blew at the rate of seventy miles an hour, driving the little craft and its crew before it. The next morning she was sighted by the steamship *Vedamore*, and the captain asked if they wished to be taken off by his crew. Although 400 miles from the nearest land, with the main-mast broken off but a few feet from the deck, and only a small bit of canvas left for a sail, the plucky Yankee skipper hoisted his flag and said he would work his way in as best he could. The *Sea Fowl* came from Rockland, Me., and had been on the Banks two months catching cod. The photograph was taken from the steamship as she passed the wrecked schooner." — Mr. E. W. Bearden, Shelbyville, Tennessee.



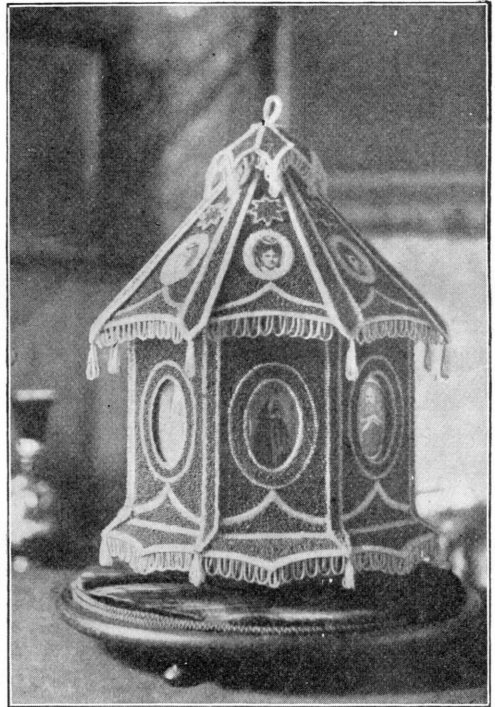
AN ACCIDENTAL FLYING-MACHINE.

"This photograph might, at first glance, represent a 'new-styled' flying-machine. As a matter of fact it is but a photo. of an electric tower. The camera was placed on the platform beneath and the picture taken in a vertical position. If the reader holds the picture in a horizontal position above his head the

flying-machine vanishes and the picture becomes almost natural." — Mr. E. W. Bearden, Shelbyville, Tennessee.

A MONUMENT OF PATIENCE.

"I send you a unique specimen of shell-work done by my grandmother, Mrs. Feek, Station Road, Burnham Market, Norfolk, when she was considerably over sixty years of age. The foundation of this 'Album House,' as the maker calls it, is of wood, and was made by a local carpenter from a cardboard model designed and put together entirely by the old lady. As will be seen, it is octagonal in shape, and holds sixteen photos., eight in the lower part of the house and the same number in the roof. The ornamentation of the house is, in every detail, the work of Mrs. Feek, and is composed of white crystal beads for the borders and fringes and of shells for the inner parts. The beads are all sewn on to sections of cardboard



of the same shape as the sides of the house, and the shells are fastened to the cardboard with gum. All the shells employed were gathered by Mrs. Feek herself, and they are so minute that, in getting them from the beach, sand, stones, and shells had all to be gathered up together and taken home en masse, to be separated at leisure—and in the work of separation no fewer than seven sieves of different sizes were employed by Mrs. Feek—after which the shells were all oiled to bring out the colours. All these shells were so very tiny that in using them in her work the old lady had to put them into position with a pin, as they were too small to be manipulated by the fingers." — Miss Florence Chinery, 5, Adelaide Road, Ashford, Middlesex.



WHEN IS A STEEPLE NOT A STEEPLE?

"Here is a photograph of a pinnacle that never occupied the summit of a church tower. It is in the churchyard of St. Thomas's, Barrowford, Lancashire. It appears that, in 1839, the church then being without pinnacle on its tower, a gentleman offered to find one if the congregation would supply the remaining three. He fulfilled his promise by furnishing one, but, the other three not being forthcoming, he had it placed in the churchyard, where it now stands with the following inscription upon its base :—

In 1839

I should have mounted high,
But, alas ! what is man ?
Poverty and discord
Have tied me to the ground,
And here I am left alone."

—Mr. Arthur Smith,
171, Barkerhouse Road,
Nelson, Lancs.

"THE TREE WENT ON GROWING."

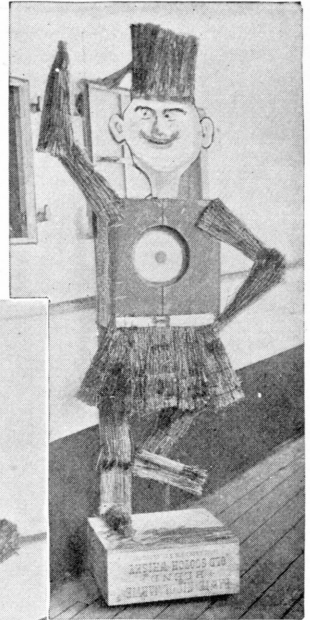
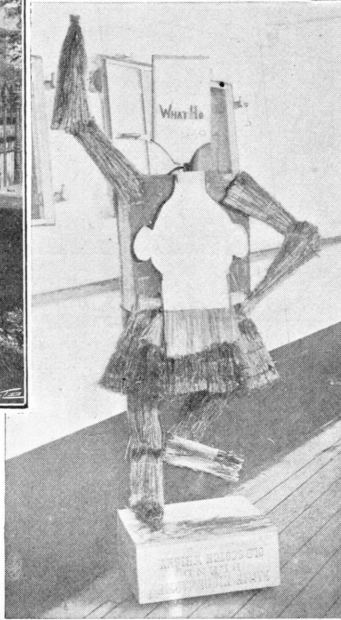
"I send you the photograph of an old oak tree, growing near Monterey, which is one of the curiosities of the district. The tree has evidently been blown down at some early date, the sand banking up to form a hill behind it, and it has continued its growth along the ground."—



Mr. A. H. Cowan, "The Knoll," Loomis, Placer Co., California.

FUN ON BOARD SHIP.

"Thinking the inclosed photographs might be of interest to the readers of THE STRAND I send them to you. The Scotchman, as he was called, was made of two whisky-cases and the



straws off the bottles. It was a ladies' event in the sports on the way home from the Cape, and caused a great deal of fun. When the target was hit the head fell down as shown in photo. number two. Some very old travellers said it was quite original."—
Mr. A. S. Pitt, 113, Brompton Road, Eastbey, Portsmouth.

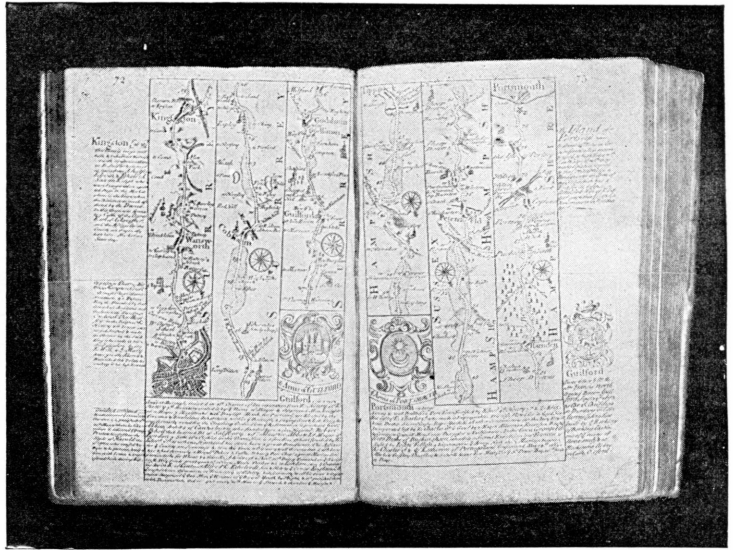
AN OLD ROAD-BOOK.

"Road-books abound nowadays, and at first sight this might be taken for a photograph of one of the latest, but it is not. It is an old book of 1736, one of the pioneers of such literature, and was issued before bicycles were dreamed of or even the majority of the roads were made. The above view gives the now-familiar Portsmouth road. It is interesting to see what it was like nearly a hundred and seventy years ago. London appears to end at the turnpike where the 'Dullidge' road turns off, that is, about a mile and a half from London Bridge, and from there to Wandsworth is a hedged road with various country houses and seats sprinkled along it. An examination of these pages gives a great amount of detailed information in a simple fashion that might well be copied by the cycle guides of to-day. One sees at once if the road is open or hedged, up or down hill, the cross-roads, the rills and rivers, and the very material of which the bridges are made. The margins are filled with the history of any remarkable place on the road, and nothing could be clearer either in matter or in printing. The road begins at the bottom left-hand corner and proceeds upwards, then continues from the bottom of the second column, and so on throughout. To make this plan possible the road must be drawn fairly straight, and, as this might prove misleading, at frequent intervals come the familiar-

looking wheels, with their little fleur-de-lys pointing always to the north. It is a wonder that such a simple, easy, and compact plan has not been more frequently copied."—Mr. John Brook, c/o Mrs. Back, Swinegate, Grantham.

A SHELL THAT "GOT TIRED."

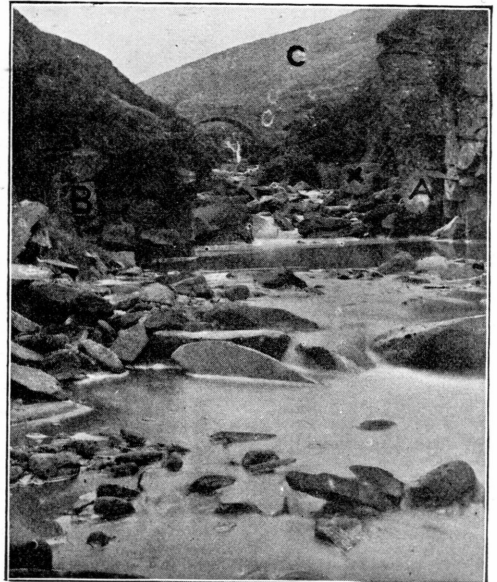
"This is a photo. of a shell which began to burst but 'got tired' and failed to finish the job. Artillerymen state that such an occurrence is almost unprecedented, and amongst the many and various curios of the South African War we have not met with such a thing before. The shell is a 15lb.

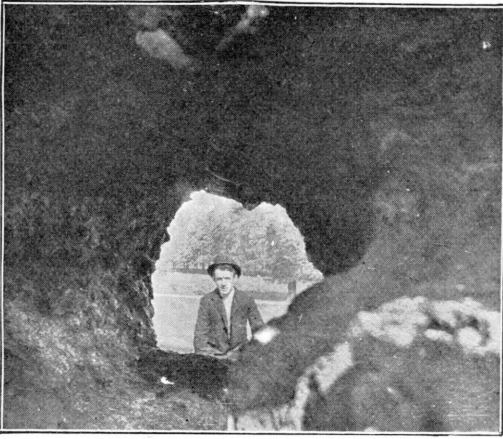


shrapnel, and was fired by A Battery, Royal Australian Artillery, in February last, when repelling an attack made by Boers on Vryburg, Bechuanaland. The casing of the shell was blown off, but all the rest remained solid. The shell was picked up by a scout, and photographed for THE STRAND by Mr. W. Klisser, Vryburg."

THE PRIZE-FIGHTER'S PARADISE.

"In the photo. which I send you A stands for Staffordshire, B for Cheshire, and C for Derbyshire. By sitting on the stone X a person can be in all three counties at once. This spot has been the scene of many prize-fights, because, by moving three or four yards, the fighters could resume a fight, started in one county, in another county, under the very eyes of the sheriff of the first county holding a warrant for their arrest. The warrant was, of course, rendered useless by their movements."—Mr. S. Bidder.





A NATURAL PICTURE-FRAME.

"The young man in the accompanying photo, is not peering into the entrance to 'Aladdin's Cave,' as might be supposed, he is only looking through a hole in an old trunk of a tree, which, by the way, makes an excellent and novel picture-frame."—Mr. George Skinner, junr., 27, Medora Road, Brixton Hill.

"POSSESSION IS NINE . . ."

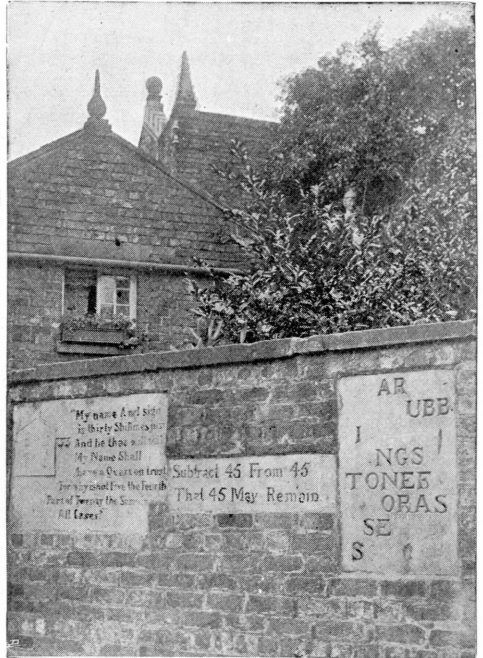
"The man in the chair defied a street railroad company and a force of policemen for ten days. He owned a drug store in Baltimore, in front of which the railroad company wished to lay tracks. He objected, and when they attempted to put down the rails he



dug a hole in the centre of the roadway, placed a chair in it, and sat there. His neighbours, who sympathized with him, placed two American flags upon the chair to show their admiration. Either the druggist or one of his family occupied the chair night and day, until the railroad company paid him £200, which he claimed for his damages."—Mr. D. Allan, Willey, Baltimore.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

"The photo. I send you is that of a garden wall abutting on the public footpath at Bebington, near Birkenhead. The owner of the wall may be observed in the garden amongst the foliage, but I did not interview him, as it was not necessary to obtain his

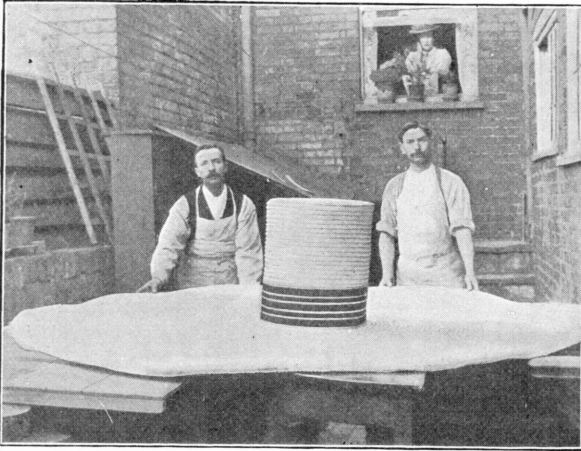


permission to take the photo, seeing that the matter chiselled on the stones is specially provided for the edification and amusement of the public. Your readers will make out the interpretation without using the stone in the manner suggested."—Mr. J. J. Burnley, 100, Wallasey Road, Liscard, Cheshire.

TAKEN BY CANDLE-LIGHT.

"I send you a photograph taken by candle-light, on an ordinary plate, with an exposure of half an hour. It was taken by the light of fifteen candles, no other light of any kind being used."—Miss H. M. McKenzie, The Cedars, Sunderland.



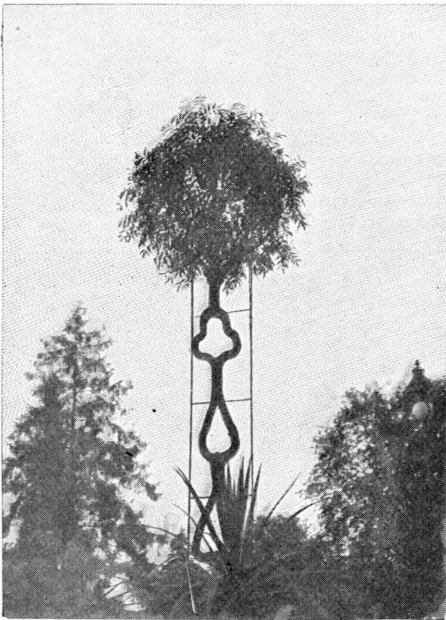


GOLIATH'S HAT.

"This monster hat was recently made by Mr. J. G. Field, of Wellington Street, Luton, for exhibition purposes. It measured 7ft. 4in. across the brim and contained upwards of 300yds. of broad Jumbo plait. The crown, which was 18in. deep and measured 54in. round it, had to be trimmed and lined before the brim was sewn on. The brim itself required the services of four men to shape it, and took upwards of three hours to sew on a 'box' machine."—Mr. H. Field, 83, Guilford Street, Luton, Beds.

A REMARKABLE TREE.

"I send you a photo. of a remarkable tree, now growing in the Jardin d'Acclimation, Paris. A notice is affixed near stating the facts of the case.

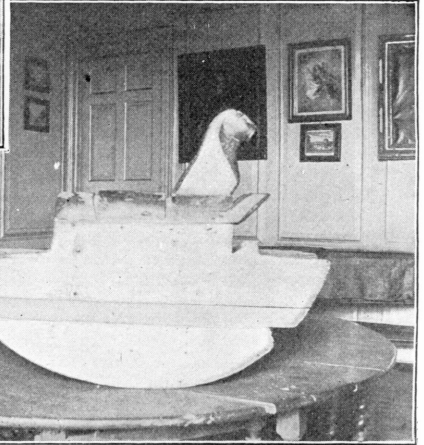


The tree is really formed from five separate and distinct young trees, which have been trained to grow together into one thick trunk, this again being trained

to open out into the shapes seen in the photograph. Nothing unusual can be noticed about the trunk, which is covered with a perfect coating of bark."—Mr. R. H. Stevens, 40, Gannow Lane, Burnley, Lancs.

A KING'S ROCKING-HORSE.

"I beg to send you a photo. of King Charles I.'s rocking-horse. This old 'curio' is now kept at Cheshunt Great House, where I was fortunate enough to obtain the picture."—Mr. W. E. Sutton, Prospect House, Cheshunt.



"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST."

"While I was leaning over to pick some flowers a friend of mine, unknown to me, secured a snap-shot, with the accompanying 'freak' result—a caricature of a bulldog, the hat forming the head and the waist the body of the animal. By holding the picture at arm's length and covering the skirt portion the effect is more striking. Modern millinery and a camera have, in this instance, combined to produce an extraordinary picture—that of a vicious brute who owes his photographic existence to a chiffon hat, a military collar, and a shirt-waist. The picture was taken by Mr. J. E. Bourke, of this city."—Miss Lillian Ferguson, the *Examiner*, San Francisco,